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High Times

April '77

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The Village Voice Reviews Lettucene Wild Lettuce “Opium” from Woodley Herber

By Howard Smith & Brian Vander Horst

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High Times

THE MAGAZINE OF HIGH SOCIETY

April 1977

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Lines

Now That Pot's Almost Legal, How About Amnesty

Big deal. Since he took office in January, President Jimmy Carter has taken a couple of steps toward effective national reform of the marijuana laws. Most impressively, he persuaded the nation's top narc, DEA chief Peter Bensinger, a Ford administration holdover and longtime "hawk" on the pot issue, to soften his hard line and throw his support to the decriminalization forces. Secondly, another Ford administration official, chairman Robert DuPont of the National Institute of Drug Abuse, has been allowed to come out with his unique and imaginative support for legal homegrown weed. Finally, First Lady Rosalynn Carter has spoken out categorically on the need for decriminalization—surely a policy that emanates from high-level talks in the executive boudoir.

It is too soon to tell whether the coming reform will take the form of Senatorial legislation, an amendment to the Constitution ratified by each state, a presidential edict to federal narcotics agents firmly discouraging them from actively enforcing these archaic laws, or even a favorable Supreme Court decision if a properly briefed grass case happens to be on their docket. One thing is certain: the Carter administration will take the necessary measures to bring some type of legal status for marijuana within our grasp. At last, we can see the light at the end of the tunnel.

Of course, this hardly means that pro-pot activists and their sympathizers can sit back and relax. Smokers—and voters—must remain vigilantly on top of the developing legislative revolution in order to make sure that grass is legalized properly: no monopolies, no profiteering (dope is far too expensive already) and no government-inspected limit on the psychoactive ingredients of different strains, denying independent consumers access to the more or less potent weed of their choice.

But above all, there must be an immediate amnesty for anyone ever arrested, indicted or convicted for a marijuana-related offense.

Even with grass "practically" legal, America's jails are filled with countless thousands of prisoners of weed, with hundreds of thousands more waiting for their cases to be tried. Most of these prisoners are first offenders, others are law-abiding citizens who only made the mistake of getting caught and quite a few are entirely innocent victims of overzealous policemen and juries. A few are "major" dealers and smugglers. However, no matter what the extent of the charges against them, all of them must be freed as soon as Congress realizes that they have committed no real "crime" at all—if not sooner.

It's like this: Anyone ever charged with a marijuana-related offense must be given a totally clean slate. Records of marijuana offenders must be destroyed, their history of "crime" and convictions wiped clean. And it shouldn't matter whether they had a joint or a ton. As we have stated before, a ton is just 32,000 legal joints in the same place at the same time. Too many lives that would otherwise have been blameless and productive have been wasted and twisted by the police dossiers that follow them through our databank society. Even those who have been convicted and have paid their debts to society must be vindicated. President Carter must not allow another American life to be senselessly thrown away.

The practical applications of this plan must surely appeal to those who run this country. Emptying the prisons of their pot cons will ease all the tensions and problems that afflict our already overcrowded penal system. Clearing the court dockets of time-wasting pot cases will be a favor to everyone. And returning the P.O.W.s and those in danger of joining them back to the mainstream of American life will produce a hefty sector of voters—multiplied tenfold if you count parents, friends and random paranoid types—in time for a national show of gratitude at the polls, Mr. President.

The time has come for amnesty. Over 100 years ago, a Northerner freed the black people of the South. It's time for a Southerner to free the black ganja people of the entire nation. President Carter has spoken out like another Lincoln on the issue of human rights within the Soviet bloc—let him bring the "morality" doctrine of human rights and dignity in politics home to America, where he seems to have a bit more influence.

Ted Kennedy's Satellite Spies

Senator Edward M. Kennedy is sponsoring a new bill that will provide funds for a network of satellites that will hover 200 miles off our shores to watch, he says, for leaky oil tankers. Next thing you know he'll want to put TV cameras on all our highways and streets in case someone throws some paper on the ground. Ecology is a noble cause, but it can also be a hypocritical excuse for more spying on the American people, not least among whom are our bold marijuana merchant marine. If Teddy's really crying over spilled oil, why doesn't he get on the bandwagon to force the oil industry to clean up its act at its own expense, instead of giving the aerospace industry a billion dollars to spy on honest Yankee skippers? ■

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shot of our stash, he swooped down from his perch in the trees and took a taste for himself. As you can see, it laid him right out. —J. Reed and R. Rico, Carpenteria, Ca.

Nirvana in a Sow's Ear

Tom Robbins's "Superfly" in the December issue was informative and accurate, except for his statement that the Buddha committed suicide by eating a poisonous mushroom. It is well documented that he died of food poisoning from diseased pork eaten at the home of a wealthy raja. Any evidence to the contrary would be a revelation to Buddhist scholars.

—Craig Watson, Elkhart, Ind.

Author Tom Robbins replies: Sanskrit texts tell us the Buddha died from eating "pig's ears." Now, in that part of the world there grows a toxic fungus popularly known as the pig's ear mushroom, because that is what it resembles. I regret that I have forgotten its scientific name. Many experts believe the Buddha ate this mushroom—some say accidentally, some say on purpose. This theory was first called to my attention by John Cage, the Zen-influenced composer and one of our most astute amateur mycologists. Of course, there is always the possibility that the texts meant "pig's ears" literally and that the Buddha was poisoned by tainted pork, a common occurrence in prerefrigeration India. We'll probably never know for sure.

Street Dreams

I strongly disagree with Richard Ashley's views on the return of real acid to the street in his "Whatever Happened to LSD?" in the January 1977 issue. Street dope analysis groups have been claiming for years that street acid samples are really LSD, when in most cases they are not.

Last summer I conferred with Sandoz Pharmaceuticals in Basel, Switzerland. Their laboratory analyses from the United States and the rest of the world have consistently found that virtually no street acid is up to the levels of purity necessary to trigger the LSD reaction. It doesn't mat-

ter that "red BBs weigh in at 300-plus micrograms" if the crystal matter is laced with by-products and decomposition impurities.

Almost nothing else—windowpane, microdots, tabs, blotter, liquid or sugar cubes—can provide the experience catalyzed by pharmaceutical LSD.

—Bruce Eisner, Van Nuys, Ca.
Contributing Editor Richard Ashley replies: Of course, you're right, Bruce. The LSD available on the streets doesn't meet Sandoz standards of purity. It never did. When I said "good acid" was around again, my standard of comparison was the street acid of the Sixties.

The analyses I chiefly relied upon were made by Pharm-Chem. They don't report that most samples are of pharmaceutical quality; they say (as I did) that most are "relatively free of impurities." Perhaps we should call such stuff "street acid" rather than "LSD," but since no pure LSD is likely to go public in the foreseeable future, this seems a distinction of little practical importance.

Your statement that "virtually no street acid is up to the levels of purity necessary to trigger the LSD reaction" has, I'm afraid, no basis in fact. The LSD reaction is a Platonic idea in search of a body it can never find. For while there are strong family resemblances between LSD experiences, there isn't a single reaction common to every case—not even dilated pupils.

Southern Comfort

Thanks for Haden-Guest's piece on Uncle Sam's garden last November. This shot will prove that Carlton Turner isn't the only



Mississippi pot farmer. We tried for sinsemilla, but a few determined males slipped past our defenses. The smoke was still fabulous.

—Names withheld,
Hazlehurst, Miss.

Japanese Tea Ceremony

Grass grows wild in northern Japan, where our air base is located. This field averaged a height of 15 to 20 feet tall. Although the



U.S. Air Force and the Japanese have sent out destruction teams, they haven't made a dent in the abundance.

—D. O. and J. S.,
Misawa Air Base, Japan

No Decriminalization Without Cultivation

Thanks for your "Freedom" editorial in November's "Lines." With decriminalization making inroads in several states, we must still question the logic behind all such laws. Decrim without cultivation makes no sense.

In Ohio, for example, possession of up to 100 grams is a misdemeanor. But one can neither buy nor sell any quantity without facing felony charges.

Concerned citizens must unite to combat insane laws and wasted tax money. The weapons will be those of all pressure groups—organization and money.

—Keith Forfia, Orrville, Ohio

Cartoon in Stereo

Trina Robbins's cartoon, "Lulu's Back in Town" (October 1976), is the most offensive piece of stereotyping I've read in a long time. With dialogue like "Give me a pigfoot an' a bottle of beer," I thought I was listening to "Amos 'n' Andy." And cool Mr. Otis perpetuates the age-old myth that all black men do is play the numbers and sell their women.

I'm no spaced-out militant. As a matter of fact, some of my best friends are white. But I feel you owe your black readers an apology.

—Steve Allen McCray, Philadelphia, Pa.

Trina Robbins replies: If this dude had ever investigated his own heritage, he would know that "Gimme a Pigfoot..." was a song made famous by Bessie Smith. In fact, most of the dialogue was also quoted from popular songs. A pigfoot, by the way, was a joint in 1930s Harlem.

MAO Safety

Since advertisers don't provide safety information about yohimbe, I thought I should. Yohimbe is a monoamine oxidase

(MAO) inhibitor. MAO inhibitors change the metabolism of many substances, their psychoactive effects are due to altered adrenal function. Anyone with diabetes, kidney or heart disease should not experiment with yohimbe. Moreover, yohimbe should not be used with mescaline, LSD, MDA, MDMA or amphetamines.

The bark gives best results when consumed as a tea or powdered in a capsule. Avoid chocolate, cheeses, sherry, bananas, pineapples, sauerkraut and other foods containing tryptophans for 12 hours before and after use. The combination may trigger a dangerous rise in blood pressure combined with shortness of breath.

In case of adverse reaction, get medical help. Yohimbe is legal, so it's no bust to see a doctor. Sodium amylal is the best antidote for yohimbe poisoning, but let a physician do it. Self administration of barbs during a panic is mighty dangerous. Most people overdo it. —J. H., Vancouver, B.C.

Holy Toledo!

We're not letting the lack of Colombian bring us down here in Ohio. This lovely



lady escaped the frost on the patio last winter by living in my kitchen. She still hasn't flowered, but the buzz from the leaves is terrific. —Ann B., Toledo, Ohio

Reich On!

Your "Bay Area Bombers" article [*High Times*, January 1977] was interesting, but Steve Long erred in his discussion of Tribal Thumb when he claimed the group is "organized loosely around the philosophy of the late Marxist psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich." Since Reich is dead and can't de-

fend himself, I thought I should do it for him. Though he began as a Marxist in the 1920s Reich later denounced Marxism veering from left to right and becoming a strict conservative. Reich was not even known as a psychoanalyst when he died, he had developed an original theory and therapy known as orgonomy—the study of orgone, or life energy.

—Julian Lasky Robinson, Jr.
Woodmere, N.Y.

Herbal Honesty

I was pleased to see Woodley Herber's advertisement in your January 1977 issue. The company used both my article in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and a subsequent story in *Time* to promote their psychoactive herbal preparations. They could have gone a little further and noted that such mixtures are reasonably safe, and the adverse reactions I reported are rare. It's refreshing and reassuring to know that the DEA and other enforcement agencies are not the only ones able to interpret medical articles for their own purposes. Woodley Herber's statements are more in tune with psychopharmacologic reality. —R. K. Siegel, Ph.D.,
UCLA Department of Psychiatry,
Los Angeles, Ca

Album Notes

I'm a crazy dude who grooves on non-hallucinogenics like Bigfoot, mountains and Jimmy Buffett. But your intro to the Buffett interview (December 1976) says his first album was ABC's *A White Sport Coat* and a *Pink Crustacean*. I disagree. I bought a copy of *Down to Earth*, on Barnaby, before his first ABC release.

—E. Wilson Burdoff, Jr., Suitland, Md. □

Apology to Premier Fidel Castro

The cover of last month's *High Times* showed three "puppet" heads of state engaged in carrying out antinarcotics counterinsurgent warfare on behalf of the United States government. One of the figures had the word Cuba above the breast pocket of his fatigue jacket. This figure was not intended to represent you or the Cuban revolutionary government in general.

Robert Singer, author of the cover story "The Rise of the Dope Dictators," stresses in his argument that Cuba is not involved in the network of Caribbean banana republics engaged in antinarcotics work as the article describes.

The word Cuba on that cover is therefore totally incorrect and misleading. We are truly sorry for this accidental libel upon the Republic of Cuba.

—The Editors.



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Rope, Soap and Dope

Q: I'd like to learn more about my plants than just how to smoke them. What can you tell me about hemp fiber and seeds—they used to be important items of trade didn't they? —Van Vinsky, Moscow, Pa.

A: Hemp was cultivated for its fiber throughout Europe—most extensively, in Poland (yes) and the center and south of Russia. French hemp was much esteemed in the world market. Indeed, Rabelais rhapsodizes at length on the virtues of the herb "Pantagrueion" in Gargantua and Pantagruel and tells how to heal burns and earaches with it. However, he adds that the after-dinner cakes the ancient Greeks made from its seeds "harm the head, filling the brain with noxious, painful vapors."

Bolognese and Athenian Hemp were remarkable for their height, and Italian Garden Hemp produced an especially fine fiber. In the United States, most was grown in Kentucky. In England the cultivation was confined to Lincolnshire, Yorkshire and a few other districts rich in alluvium.

Hemp was sown thickly, crowding produces smoother fibers, used to make nearly indestructible clothing. Coarser types were used for ropes and sails.

One major hemp by-product was oil of hempseed. It has an acid odor but a mild taste, which the Nepalese favor in their cooking. It was once used in Russia for lamps although the wick was apt to clog. Hempseed oil was also used to make paints, varnish and a desirable soft soap.

Good-by, Halo

Q: I've heard a lot about a kind of camera that can photograph your astral body. Is it for real, or is this somebody's hoax?

—Ashiri Royceman, Brooklyn, N.Y.

A: Developed in the Soviet Union, Kirlian photography reveals glowing halos around human hands, plant leaves, rocks and blocks of wood. Subjects generally put one finger directly on a photographic plate around which a strong electric field is generated. Some believe the glowing streamers on the developed film are an image of the aura of life.

The Philadelphia research team of Pehek, Kyler and Faust think they have figured out how these auras are produced. In thousands of photos they found only two factors that changed the halos: the amount of water on the finger and the amount of electricity fed into the apparatus. The coronas are apparently made by the electric energy that accompanies water evaporation from many objects.

Embond Your Brain

Q: One of the ways of supposedly increasing the honorable herb's potency is by treating it with formaldehyde. Is there any truth to this, and would it be safe to smoke? Seems like it might embalm your brain.

—R. J., Philadelphia, Pa.

A: Embalmed weed and hash are sold occasionally, sometimes truthfully labeled, sometimes called "superdope." They reportedly give an oppressive, disorienting, three-hour trip.

Formaldehyde hardens and preserves protein, which is why it's used in mortuaries. Naturally, it'll tend to do the same for your lungs. Some of it will dissolve in the blood and be distributed throughout the body. Its toxic effects depend on the amount inhaled and how often it is smoked. It is a cumulative poison. That means it's not excreted and the more you consume, the more damaging it is.

Hangover Helper

Q: No matter how great the grass is, I still like to get roaring drunk once in a while. But I always feel like a mud pie next morning even though many of my friends are fine. What causes hangovers, and is there any way to avoid them?

—Sanford McElroy, Lodi, N.J.

A: Alcohol disrupts the brain's regulation of water and salt levels in the body, causing dehydration and unquenchable thirst. The throbbing headache comes from dilation of blood vessels in the brain. Alcoholic irritation of the mucous membrane in the stomach produces the nausea and vomiting.

Fatigue also contributes, booze masks it through a wee-hour party, but it shows up the next day. Thus, remedies like black coffee, forced walking or another shot are like beating a dead horse—they only postpone the inevitable.

The best way to control hangovers is to slow down the absorption process: by diluting the drinks, avoiding carbonated mixers or eating while you tope. Fatty protein foods like cheese or meat are best. Their slow digestion gives the liver more time to metabolize the alcohol. Bubbles speed uptake, which is why champagne and Alka Seltzer hit your head so fast.

All liquors contain impurities that help make your head spin. The most common is fusel oil, most of which is removed in distillation and used as a paint thinner. Vodka and gin contain the least. The others—in ascending order, blended scotch, brandy, rum, pure malt scotch and bourbon—produce worse Katzenjammers.

Some tipplers wear their fuzzy tongue as a badge showing how much fun they had the night before, but research shows that guilt and anxiety actually make hangovers worse. Relaxed people drinking in a permissive setting feel better next morning than those who are worried or uptight, says Dr. Morris Chafetz in his new book *Why Drinking Can Be Good for You*.

O. J. Symptoms

Q: What's this I hear about moldy dope? They say you chop up an orange and mix it into the pot, then seal the mess in plastic

and bury it for three months. Come on. Is this another snipe hunt?

—J. D., Piscataway, N.J.

A: What? Moldy grass sometimes develops by accident when importers are forced to bury their goods. Leaky packages and rainwater also do the trick. Most who've smoked it say the mold messes up the taste without affecting the potency. The blue mold that often grows on rotten oranges is a *Penicillium*. If nothing else, it should keep your stash from catching pneumonia.

Bee Boo

Q: I love exploring the taste differences in honeys made from different kinds of flowers. Do any of the psychoactive plants transmit their properties to honey made from them?

—Devious David, Harrisburg, Pa.

A: Reports of honey highs occasionally filter out of Jamaica's Blue Mountain ganja regions, but no cannabis combs have ever been verified by outsiders. Dr. Vera Rubin once tried to check out rumors of a Thai monk who made his own, but she never found him.

To our knowledge, no dope but pot has ever been tried in the apiary. Bees were kept at the federal pot farm in Mississippi for several years. They loved the pollen but never got around to making a drop of honey, says Carlton Turner, director of the pot farm, although they did get so tame you could hold them in your hand without being stung. Maybe the answer to killer bee hordes is to turn Nicaragua into a huge hemp farm, from Atlantic to Pacific.

Greatest Hits

Q: For years I've been keeping a "dope cellar." From every notable lid I get hold of, I save about an eighth and wrap it tight in a baggie and foil. The idea is to smoke these antique nickels the day prohibition ends. Assuming it'll be a few years before that glorious day, will my collection hold its potency, or will it all be memories and dust? —Wesley Kobylak, Rochester, N.Y.

A: The main thing is to protect the dope from light, as foil will. Tests at the University of London School of Pharmacy show potency is kept nearly intact for two years in a cool, lightless, airtight container. Your Sixties stashes may have aged by legalization, but well wrapped weed should keep more than half its original strength.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Forum," including all highs, sex, health, law, science and technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Be specific for most accurate responses. Anonymous queries are accepted. □

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Volunteers Get Off Without Help

You can trip every time you sit down, according to experiments by Dr. Harry Hunt, a Canadian psychologist, and his associate Cara Chefurka at Ontario's Brock University.

The research team seated a group of people on straight-backed chairs in an empty room. Some were told to just relax, some were asked to concentrate on how they felt; others practiced introspection techniques; and the rest pretended that they had taken a psychedelic and were waiting for it to take effect. Half the volunteers smoked pot frequently, and a quarter of them had some experience with psychedelic substances.

Within ten minutes, many of the subjects, especially those in the last two groups, reported altered states of consciousness, they saw stationary objects moving, they saw unusual color patterns and they felt like they were floating. Those who had been exposed to psychedelics saw more intense colors and reported that their experiences in the experiment were similar to LSD trips or intense grass highs.

The experimenters concluded that the focusing of consciousness "on itself" rather than "outward" in the usual way produces "anomalies of awareness" as a natural function of the mind.

Lady's No Tramp, Doctors Admit

Recent medical tests on coke showed none of the risks long reported by scientists and drug agencies. According to doctors at New York Medical College, tests on 200 opiate addicts who also used cocaine prove that coke does not produce psychotic reactions, increased breathing or pulse rate, palpitations or a need for increasing doses to maintain the high. Drs. Richard Resnick and Elaine Schuyten-Resnick found that post-snow depression is largely a myth, too, and paranoia is caused by social setting rather than the stimulant.

Drinking Dads Damage Genes

Fathers who are heavy drinkers may damage their chromosomes, according to Dr. F. M. Badr. The damage manifests itself in dominant mutations of the genes that in turn may cause birth defects and death of

fetuses. Dr. Badr conducted a survey of 100 families at St. Vincent's Hospital in Worcester, Mass. The results of his survey indicate that the father, as well as the mother, is responsible for "fetal alcohol syndrome." Dr. Badr plans to investigate the matter further with an additional 20,000 families.

Sage Replaces Food Chemicals

Professor Stephen Chang of Rutgers University's Cook College in New Jersey has discovered that the oils of rosemary and sage are excellent natural preservatives for food. The food-science professor has patented his method of preparing the rosemary-sage mixture and hopes to have it on the market soon. Chang says the natural preservatives will be cheaper, easier to produce and less toxic than the endless numbers of chemical additives that are now pumped into mass-produced food.

Alcoholism, Smoking Cured by Meditation

A sensory deprivation tank is being used by a San Diego, California, therapist in a three-year project to help people stop chronic drinking or smoking and achieve other psychological goals, such as increased honesty in self-evaluation. Mark Kammerman of the United States International University claims the experience of deep meditation is produced easily in the tank and is effective in solving many kinds of problems. The tank slows the body's metabolic rhythms in much the same way meditation does and causes the brain to emit alpha wave frequencies characteristic of serenity.

PCB Fertilizer Grows Carcinabis Sativa

Dried sludge from sewage treatment plants, one of the cheapest, most popular organic fertilizers for homegrown vegetables and weed, may cause cancer. Polychlorinated biphenyl (PCB) pollution from industries in 37 American cities means sludge from many areas contains the cancer-producing poison.

A study at the University of California at Riverside found that about 10 percent of

the PCBs in soil was picked up by growing plants. Test levels averaged 12 parts per million (ppm). The Food and Drug Administration has set no safety levels for plants, but the limit for fish is 5 ppm.

The Guelph Institute in Canada found that PCBs are most readily absorbed by leafy plants that contain lots of oils or resins. Since one use of PCBs is in fire retardants, the substances aren't likely to be destroyed by smoking.

While numerous labs can test for PCBs, one that will test your pot and send a confidential reply is WARF Institute, Box 2599, 3301 Kinsman Blvd., Madison Wisconsin 53701.

Washington Develops Ersatz Cigarette

A synthetic cigarette that tastes like tar and nicotine is now being developed thanks to a grant of \$183,000 from the National Cancer Foundation of the Health Education and Welfare Department. Part of the grant is going to the Arthur D. Little Corporation, which has isolated several food-additive chemicals that resemble the taste of real tobacco smoke. The rest of the grant is going to other companies for the production of decancerized tobacco and cereal fillers that are just like the real thing.

Sound Damages Pink Elephant Ears

Four subjects were kept drunk for 50 hours by Professor Martin Robinette at the University of Utah. A new trend in higher education? Not at all. The professor was conducting a study that indicates the dangers of high-decibel music are greatly enhanced by alcohol use. During a 50-hour drunken state the ears of the subjects were apparently more susceptible to high-intensity sound than they were during a 50-hour sober state. Alcohol was found to decrease the functional ability of the stapedius muscle, a protective mechanism in the middle ear.

Foot Doc Prescribes Barefootin'

After 16 years in Africa and India, foot surgeon Paul Brand says barefootin' is the cure for corns, bunions, hammer toes, athlete's foot and ingrown toenails. Feet lose



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muscle and nerve function when trapped in shoes all day long, he asserts, and Americans should kick off their shoes every chance they get

I've Got Juice Under My Skin

A time-release skin implant that brings on flu-like symptoms the minute a reformed drinker falls off the wagon has been developed by University of Winnipeg researcher Dr. Allan Wilson. The implant, composed of Antabuse, an anti-alcohol compound, is effective for approximately six months.

Science Helpless Against Farting

A Minnesota man who's been seeking relief from excessive flatulence for five years now has doctors fuming about how little they really know about the human exhaust system. The poor man, who breaks wind as often as 140 times a day, has been given x-rays, chromatographic analysis, endoscopy, antibiotics, acidophilius, charcoal and special diets without success. The University of Minnesota medical team that treated him said a milk-free diet provided partial relief, but the only real improvement came when the man ate nothing at all.

Alcoholics' Kids Deride Booze Risks

Children of alcoholic parents view drinking as harmless because they can't admit their parents have a problem with it, concludes a Philadelphia sociologist as a result of a survey of tenth graders in an area where there is a high rate of alcoholism. The students with drinking parents were themselves heavy drinkers and considered school alcohol education programs "subversive." At the same time, these students shunned the use of other drugs in the belief that they are of greater danger than alcohol.

High Pressure Gas Stops Mouse Tumors

Cancer remedies come and go, but an offshoot of research on plastics offers new hope. Baylor University chemist Malcolm Dole found that hydrogen destroys free radicals—unstable compounds thought to trigger the normal cell's reproductive system into cancerous growth.

Dole tested his discovery by placing mice in a pressurized atmosphere of hydrogen and oxygen. After ten days, experimentally induced tumors began to regress

and disappear, and healthy mice showed no ill effects from the treatment. Dole and his colleagues plan to run more tests on mice and other species. In the meantime, they warn against premature enthusiasm.

Protein Tablet May Tame Allergies

Hay fever, asthma and hives occur when immunoglobulin E, an antibody in the blood, overreacts to pollen, dust and various foreign protein substances, according to Dr. Robert Hamburger at the University of California in San Diego. Dr. Hamburger has synthesized an anti-allergy protein tablet that blocks about 50 percent of the sneezing and congestive effects of immunoglobulin E. He is confident that further refinement of his discovery will yield complete relief.

If the Coil Fails, Take It Out


Women who continue to wear intrauterine devices after becoming pregnant run the risk of dying from infected, or septic, spontaneous abortions, reports the federal Center for Disease Control in Atlanta. Doctors said the IUDs should be removed at the first sign of pregnancy.

Fakery Contaminates "Pure Sciences"

An anonymous questionnaire sent to 200 English scientists revealed plenty of unreported faking and "intentional bias" going on in laboratory experiments. Ninety percent of the scientists who replied to the questionnaire, circulated by New Scientist magazine in London, said they knew of such cases. They felt that university scientists were the worst fakers, but drug companies were also singled out for pressuring scientists to support new medicines.

Pigs Jog for Science

A group of hairless black porkers are taking steps for mankind. Every day they run five miles on a treadmill while physiologist Max Sanders monitors their heart functions in a University of California laboratory on the San Diego campus. "The pig may not be the most glorious animal," Sanders concedes, "but its heart structure is similar to a human's."

Early results indicate that biochemical and subcellular changes that let the heart pump and repair itself more easily are brought about by running. Sanders, a miler himself, says jogging certainly increases one's running ability, but he won't know whether it prolongs heart life until tests are completed in about three months. 



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ACLU Sues to Stomp Jailbugs

The American Civil Liberties Union filed suit last December to force San Mateo County to get rid of the bugging system in its county jail. In a class action filed in San Francisco Superior Court, the ACLU contends the eavesdropping violates the right to privacy of pretrial prisoners, their lawyers and visitors. The case is being argued under the Bill of Rights, the California constitution and the 1988 federal Crime Control and Safe Streets Act. San Mateo District Attorney Keith Sorenson counters that a prisoner "doesn't have the same privacy he might have in a hotel."

The new jail, built with a bug in every room, is the worst he's heard of, says lawyer Chuck Marson, although many other prisons listen to some of their inmates' conversations. Patty Hearst's talks with her attorney were recorded in her San Mateo cell, and transcripts of conversations from the jail's pay phones regularly turn up in court.

Although the tapes are admissible in federal and, possibly, in state courts, their main use, Marson explained, is as a prosecution weapon in plea bargaining or keeping defense witnesses off the stand. The case affects only San Mateo prisoners, but it will set precedent for future suits in other areas. A decision is not expected until April or May at the earliest.

Medical Records Sold to Insurance Companies

A Denver, Colorado, company indicted for stealing confidential medical records and selling them to insurance companies is part of a national network of such firms, investigators say. Employees of Factual Services Bureau, Inc., with offices in 15 cities, impersonated doctors to get data for insurance brokers deciding on patients' policies, according to a grand jury report.

Without adequate laws, a national health insurance plan will lead to an Orwellian computer network in which everyone's health history will be immediately available to employers, government agencies and police, predicted Dr. Alfred Freedman, president of the National Commission on Confidentiality of Health Records. Even today, Factual Services is "only the tip of a nationwide iceberg," he warned.

L.A. Landlords Make Tenants Quake

Los Angeles property owners have apparently defeated a proposed law that would have made them reinforce their buildings mostly in low-income areas, against earthquakes. A recent survey disclosed over 14,000 buildings in danger of collapse dur-

ing the long-expected major earthquake, and the Department of Buildings and Safety wrote the law to shore up residents' chances of survival. The measure was quickly tabled by the City Council at the request of 400 building owners, who predicted bankruptcy, unemployment and general business decline.

Human Guinea Pigs to Get Protection

A Congressional advisory panel is proposing comprehensive rules for most medical research on humans in the United States. Two years ago Congress ordered the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to adopt regulations that protect children, fetuses, prisoners and the mentally ill from violation of their rights and safety in the name of science.

Recommendations on prisoners were completed last October. The advisory committee asked for a de facto ban on prison experiments because no known jail can meet noncoercion standards. Members agreed no inmate can be a true volunteer as long as filthy, crowded cells, unpaid work, censorship and boredom make a paid stint as test subject seem like a "holiday in the Bahamas." Final rules must be issued by HEW by May 1. HEW has already followed the panel's advice that fetal research be allowed only under detailed safety measures with the mother's consent.

Psychosurgery is one of the most controversial issues before the National Commission for the Protection of Human Subjects. Several witnesses called it some patients' only hope. Others said operations to control violence by destroying part of the brain are so easily abused for political and personal reasons that they must be outlawed. A preliminary rules draft would allow this surgery in prisons and mental hospitals only when all other treatments have failed. Each operation would require approval by a court, a board of doctors not involved in psychosurgery, and the prisoner's or patient's legal guardian.

General guidelines for children and mental patients are expected late this year. Ethical procedures governing "average citizen" volunteers will be a legal by-product of rules for special groups.

Jersey Proposes Tough Pollution Law

New Jersey legislators are trying to improve on federal air quality standards with a law of their own to help end the state's reputation as America's air pollution and cancer capital (New Jersey's cancer rate is 14 percent above the national average). The bill would set strict limits on industrial air contaminants, outlaw all known

carcinogens except tobacco and impose a new cigarette tax to help pay for cancer research.

Court Ungags Student Sex Survey

The District Court in Manhattan has ruled that the editor of a New York City high school newspaper cannot be prevented from distributing a questionnaire on students' sex lives. Jeff Trachtman, 17, of Stuyvesant High School, sued the Board of Education after school officials halted his survey of juniors and seniors.

Judge Constance Baker Motley ruled that far from inflicting "irreparable psychological damage," as the board had contended, publication of the confidential quiz would help kids by reassuring them that their needs and problems were shared by others. She ruled, however, that the school could bar such surveys among younger students.

G.I. Court Limits Barracks Shakedowns

Shakedown searches of military barracks are still OK, states the U.S. Military Court of Appeals, but dope evidence from them can't be used for trial or additional searches. A majority of the tribunal ruled that soldiers are entitled to a reasonable amount of privacy in their quarters.

The decision overturned the court martial conviction of George A. Roberts, jailed for pot possession after a "fishing expedition" search of his barracks room. Dissenting justice Albert Cook held that the base commander was justified in the shakedown "to ferret out the instruments of danger to his community."

Secretary-Spy Upsets Coke Case

Discovery that a legal secretary was a government informer has led to acquittal of four cocaine defendants and new trials for three others. Lawyer Samuel Antonelli had been charged with coke sales after his girl friend and secretary, Susan Reichard, reported to prosecutors on conversations with Randall Company, whom Antonelli was defending on import charges.

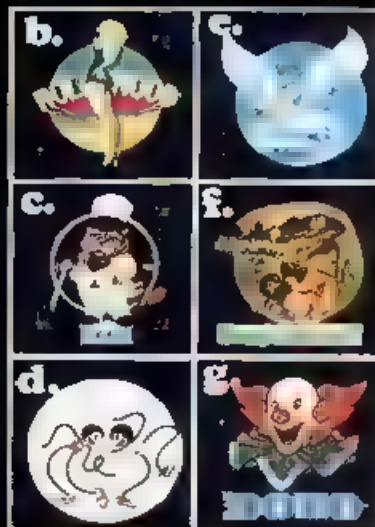
Antonelli and three codefendants were released, but Company and two others previously charged got new trials. The Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, Ohio, said spying on the lawyer-client relationship might require acquittal of Company, but only if his lawyer can prove the spying prejudiced his case.

Much of the case information in "Law" courtesy of Peter Meyers, NORML Legal Department. □

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Frank Sturgis

By Ron Rosenbaum



Ken Schill

Interview

The Watergate bust in 1972 put an end to Frank Sturgis's long career of clandestine operations, but new stories about the intriguing activities of this 52-year-old soldier of fortune are still surfacing.

After pleading guilty—and spending 14 months in jail—for his role in the break-in, Sturgis has remained relatively quiet about his clandestine background even after other Watergaters published their soul-searchings.

In 1975 and '76, however Sturgis (born Frank Fiorini) did testify in executive session before the Rockefeller Commission and the Church Committee investigating covert and dirty-tricks operations of the U.S. intelligence community. The stories Sturgis tells here about his work for the CIA, for the White House "plumbers," for pro- and anti-Cubans are the most extensive public account since that still-secret sworn testimony.

For instance, Sturgis was a close confidant and military adviser to Fidel Castro from the early days in Cuba when Sturgis personally piloted smuggled arms to clandestine landing fields and then trained the rebels in their use. What Castro didn't know was that Sturgis (a fierce anticommunist) had been recruited by the CIA and reported to the Agency even after a victorious Fidel appointed him chief of intelligence for the Cuban air force.

Narrowly escaping betrayal, Sturgis fled to Miami where he became a leading figure in the murky world of anti-Castro exiles, soldiers of fortune, arms smugglers, CIA invasion plots and assassination attempts against Castro. A decade of Caribbean intrigue later, Sturgis was recruited by former Bay of Pigs Invasion leader Bernard Barker for operations on behalf of the "special investigations unit"—the "plumbers"—led by another CIA-Bay of Pigs figure, E. Howard Hunt.

Since he got out of prison for his Watergate offense, Sturgis says he's retired from the intelligence community. But controversy continues to follow him: a recent book on the Kennedy assassination (Coup d'Etat in America by Alan J. Weberman and Michael Canfield) attempts to link Sturgis and Hunt to the events in Dallas on November 22, 1963. The book alleges that photos of two "tramps" questioned in Dallas that day were in fact pictures of Sturgis and Hunt. The charge became celebrated enough to be investigated—and discredited—by the Rockefeller Commission.

Both Hunt and Sturgis have denied the allegations, but ironically the controversy has turned Sturgis himself into something of an "assassination-ologist." Friends in the intelligence community have leaked documents and tips, and Sturgis has developed his own startling theory of assassination conspiracy, detailed in this interview.

High Times: You had extensive training in guerrilla warfare techniques during World War II, right?

Sturgis: I joined the Marine Corps just as I turned 17 years old. In 1941 I volunteered for Edson's Raiders, an outfit that did a series of operations behind the lines. You must understand, we were losing the war and naturally the type of operations we were being trained for were behind-the-lines types of operations: island hopping, jumping, by submarines and destroyers.

High Times: You went into Japanese-occupied islands and...

Sturgis: Went behind the lines and disrupted communications and supply lines, sent back intelligence information, prisoners if possible.

High Times: Had you always wanted to be a soldier?

Sturgis: Before the war I had strong leanings toward becoming a Catholic priest. And, if the war hadn't come about, I would have. But then the war came, and I felt very patriotic and very strong in wanting to defend this country.

High Times: Do you feel perhaps that patriotism became a substitute for the priesthood, that kind of devotion?

Sturgis: Yeah. I didn't realize that volunteering to join the service would radically change my whole concept of life. I was wounded twice. I received several medals and commendations. My last major operation was in Okinawa. I was sent back from a hospital ship with shellshock. They called it "psychoneurosis hysteria." I jumped ship many times to try to get back to my unit.

High Times: They said psychoneurosis hysteria. How were you feeling, or how do you remember feeling?

Sturgis: Couldn't sleep. You see, the rule in the Pacific at that time was that if a man was wounded twice he was sent back to the United States automatically. Well, not only was I wounded twice, I spent over the enlisted time and even volunteered to stay longer.

High Times: So they thought you were crazy?

Sturgis: Well, I'd been in so many battles, I think possibly I was trying to prove something to myself by going in service, not ever having killed a person in my life, then being trained and brainwashed to kill people in all different aspects of warfare and in hand-to-hand combat. Killing people in so many different manners. Going behind lines. Killing people with stilettos. With a knife. Silent killing. I was trained at this, and I was very good at it.

Naturally, during wartime, you're brainwashed to a point psychologically, where you have to kill the enemy, but now, after the war is over, you have a professional man who's been trained and cannot adjust

mentally to civilian life. So when I was discharged from the Marine Corps, I became a plainclothes police officer.

Later I got myself involved with the United States Navy. I took up flight training and became a pilot. I was discharged from that, I received an honorable discharge and joined the United States Army, where I went to Europe with the occupation forces during the early Fifties Berlin blockade.

High Times: You were in Berlin?

Sturgis: Yeah. During the blockade. Word came down to us that the Russians would overrun us with the thousand tanks they had surrounded the city with. We were prepared to defend our positions, but they gave us about two-and-a-half-minute survival time. If they made their push, it would be over in two and a half minutes. Oh, it was very tense.

After that stopped I was retransferred immediately. And sent to EuCom headquarters in Heidelberg, Germany, where I worked with the Army Security Agency, my first intelligence work.

High Times: Where did you go then?

Sturgis: Well, I was in Berlin, with a soldier friend of mine, and we heard some screaming and a ruckus that was going on in an alley. We went to investigate because we heard a woman's voice, and we got mixed up with three young Germans and had a nice little battle with them. The girl was pretty well beaten. Later I found out that she was a Hungarian actress, Jewish, and the three Germans belonged to the Nazi youth party that still was operating underground in Germany.

Having saved her life, I developed a very good relationship with this young lady, who started visiting me at the barracks and all. I didn't realize until later on that she was a girlfriend of one of the army colonels who was on General Clay's staff. The colonel found out about us and shipped me out of Berlin. Through a fickle finger of fate, I wound up with the Army Security Agency.

When I returned to the States, while I was still going with her, I became very suspicious of some of her activities. I found out that she was working very hard for the liberation of Israel, and I told her I would certainly help her in Israel if I could, because I was very sympathetic to the underdog. I returned to Europe, met her again and helped her in her activities over a period of years.

High Times: This was Israeli intelligence?

Sturgis: Well, with her, basically. I assisted her as a courier in some of the work she did for Israel. As the years went by, her work became more serious, and there were some things that I could not do for her. Eventually, I lost contact with her, and to this day, I don't know whether she is alive or dead.

High Times: You met Fidel Castro in the mid-Fifties?

Sturgis: It was in Miami at the Flagland Theater, where he had a meeting with the Cuban colony. One of his principal underground chiefs in the Miami area was the owner of the Pollack Restaurant in downtown Miami. So, through Mr. Pollack, whom I got to know, I met Fidel. I was introduced, and Fidel says, "I can use people like you. With your past experience, I can use people like you in the revolution." Fine, when you need me, call me, I told Fidel.

When he went to Cuba a few months later, I didn't get any call, so I told Prio [Sturgis's friend, ex-Cuban President Carlos Prio]—I was working with his organization—"I'm going to Cuba. If you're not going to send me to the Escambray Mountains, where I know you've got people, then I'm going to go to Cuba with Fidel. Because he's fighting there, and he needs help."

High Times: I'm fascinated by this picture of Fidel visiting Miami, because I don't think much has been written about that

Sturgis: He came to Miami first, and then he went to New York.

High Times: What did he look like back then? Do you remember?

Sturgis: No beard. He had a mustache, but other than that he was clean shaven like everybody. Naturally, short hair like me. Fidel was just another political figure. He came into the picture from outside the country, from Mexico. Remember, I was in touch with Prio, and Prio was the ex-president. I'm the type of a person who won't meet you if I can meet the president.

High Times: What was Fidel's relationship to Prio at that time?

Sturgis: Prio felt that this man really wanted to go to Cuba and fight and that he did have connections inside Cuba. See, Fidel had people inside of Cuba. At that time, I was very ignorant of the past life of Castro and the people with him.

High Times: How did you get there the first time you went to join Fidel?

Sturgis: Through the underground. From Havana I went into Santiago de Cuba, which is the capitol of Oriente province, through the Catholic Church in Bayamo, to the Catholic Church in Manzanillo, where the priest turned me over to the general manager of the Coca-Cola plant in Manzanillo, who was a Castro sympathizer. He helped me get to a small finca [ranch] in the mountains, where I waited for a 26 July patrol, which received the order to send me up to see Fidel. I spent eight days in the mountains before I came to a small town called Santo Domingo this side of Pico Turquino, which is the highest mountain in Cuba, less than 9,000 feet.

I waited in Santo Domingo for a couple of days until Fidel's entourage came into that area, and he was told I was there. They woke me up and said, "Fidel's here. Why don't you come with me?" I says, "Fine." And I went over to see Fidel, I say, "Fidel,

don't you remember me?" Fidel says, "Ah, Frank, si. You're going to have dinner with me." So, fine, I sat down on this little porch on the side of a mountain and had dinner with him and Fidel's private secretary.

I told Fidel, "You know you can use me. You need my help." I says, "Look at your people. They need training, need weapons and so forth. I'll show them how to use the weapons they've got to the best of their advantage. They don't even have to use the weapons. With this undergrowth here," I says, "you can kill the enemy with a bow and arrow if you know how to do it."

High Times: How many men did he have then, and what'd they look like?

Sturgis: Less than 400 men. Ragged, you know. Many of them were barefooted. They had weapons from 1800 and something and shotguns... Pitiful men.

High Times: Did you alter his concept of tactics or strategy?

Sturgis: I helped quite a bit in training some of the officers and men in that

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type of fighting. And I started to develop a reputation among the exiles or rather, the guerrillas in the mountains. Because they looked at me and said, "This guy's crazy." You know, one time they called me *el jefe de caballo loco*—that means Chief Crazy Horse—because I acted like an Indian and all. I was doing the same type of warfare I did when I was in the South Pacific for three years.

I was the type of a person who said, "Hey, I will help you fight for liberation. I have no ambitions to being a leader of your country because I'm an American. But I will help you now, and when Cuba is free, I will even continue to help you without even receiving a position." So I was well respected for this.

Now Fidel did have an underground organization throughout the Western hemisphere, people experienced in underground and terrorist tactics. They were the first ones in this hemisphere that did airplane hijacking. They were the first ones that did kidnapping Juan Fangio, the world's racing champion in Havana, was

kidnapped in 1958. I was involved in that. **High Times:** You helped kidnap him?

Sturgis: Fangio, the Argentine world champion race driver. He was held for three days, indoctrinated as to why he was being kidnapped, why he was being held and so forth. When he was released, he was worth a million dollars. They had a worldwide press conference, and all he spoke about was Fidel, the revolution, the people.

High Times: But before long you were asked by the CIA to spy on Fidel.

Sturgis: In 1958 I was recruited by a CIA station chief in Santiago de Cuba. On one of my missions out of the mountains, I came into Santiago and checked into the Casa Grande Hotel, which had a gambling casino. I was seated by myself at one of the tables playing bingo. An American approaches my table and says, "May I sit down?" I say, "Certainly," because it's a custom. And he started playing bingo.

After we played for a few hours, he eventually identified himself and then told me my whole life story. I was very surprised that he knew so much about me. So I says, "You must be an American agent to know so much about me." And he says, "Yes, I am. I don't want to show you right now, but when I go to the men's room later, come after me and I'll show you my identification."

He turned out to be the vice-consul of the American Consulate in Santiago. He also said he was a Central Intelligence agent. He waved the flag at me and says, "Well, you're an American and I know you got three honorable discharges. I know that you were with Fidel. I know that you know Fidel. We need somebody like you among the guerrilla forces. We have other people, but you are Fidel's friend. We can use you, but don't take the chances that you're taking. I've been checking up on you, and there's a good chance that the Cuban secret police will arrest you. So we want you to be very careful."

So that's how I started to spy for my government. He told me that he wanted to find out if Fidel had communists with him. I felt from the discussion that they had recruited other people. Later I found out that they hadn't. They had people, but not on the level I was... right there with Fidel. The American ambassador, Ambassador Smith, one time told the State Department that they would like to get a CIA man up there who was on that level with the top leadership. I was there. He was not aware of it, but I was there.

High Times: On a personal level—when you went back and you were working for the Americans and you couldn't tell Fidel, did you feel strange?

Sturgis: Yeah, I felt strange. You must understand what position I was in. Here I was, a rebel officer, training guerrillas for Castro against Batista. If Batista caught me—and the Batista intelligence service eventually did catch me—the American

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Embassy saved my ass, they got me released. If Fidel found out who I was, there was a chance he'd kill me too. I was in a hell of a position.

High Times: Did Fidel ever suspect or question you?

Sturgis: No, no. Never. Not until the revolution was over and I started the mass recruitment of people for the embassy and so forth. Eventually the second chief of Cuban intelligence saved my life. He had a meeting with me one night at a downstairs steak house, and in the dark he told me, "Frank, Raul's [Castro's brother] suspicious of you. He thinks you are a government agent, and you better be careful. If I were you, I'd leave Cuba."

So I got a little excited, and I says, "Fuck him. He's going to mess with me, I'll kill him."

Well, he says, "You tried to kill him before. You're hot. The reason I'm telling you is because your life is in danger."

I didn't go back to the air force base because that's where they thought I'd be. I had been appointed by Castro to become chief of security and intelligence for the Cuban air force. I was on his staff.

So here I was, chief of one of Castro's intelligence services and at the same time working for the American intelligence service, spying on Castro and involved in so many private conspiracies, knowledge of which I turned over to American intelligence. They broke up the [attempted Cuban] invasion of Panama because of my involvement in these conspiracies. Broke up the invasion of the Dominican Republic, where I was involved in the conspiracy.

High Times: What do you think made Raul suspicious?

Sturgis: Well, there were many counter-revolutionaries who were eventually rounded up through Cuban intelligence. I had recruited a number of these people for the American Embassy; several of them were caught, and little by little the net was closing in on me. Because of the torture, a number of people talked, and eventually it came down to me because of the description. "Well, what's he look like?"—"Tall. He had an accent, an American accent, but he looked like a Cuban."

How many people they got there that looked Cuban but had an American accent? Well, you figure how many Americans were involved over there. Maybe half a dozen. Then they're going to figure—well, it can't be William Morgan, light hair, light skin, short stocky build. This one here is a tall gringo, Latin-looking. . . me.

High Times: Why would the Agency take someone who was in such a good place, as you were, and have them do something with as much security risk as this massive recruiting? Why not just leave you in place and let you communicate what was going on inside?

Sturgis: That's a good question. I didn't realize it at the time, but the bulk of CIA

agents working out of the American Embassy were very pro-Castro. They knew that even though I was helping them spy on the Castro government, I was also involved in other conspiracies to overthrow other countries. But it was with their knowledge because I was infiltrated then. If I was uncovered, they might have a chance to tell me to get the hell out of Cuba, but other agents I recruited for them would continue the work. I didn't realize this, but they were sacrificing me, and there's a good possibility that they could have betrayed me.

The American ambassador Earl Smith accused the CIA station chief of the American Embassy in Havana of being a goddamned communist in 1958. And practically all the agents under his command were very pro-Castro. So the CIA actually helped him. For instance, they helped many newspaper people in 1958 and got those newspaper people, who were considered very Left, to meet and speak with

**"This Central
Intelligence agent says,
'We need somebody
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We have other
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are Fidel's friend.
We can use you.'"**

Fidel and members of the 26 July underground. Eventually these people, like Herbert Matthews of the New York Times, made a big Robin Hood hero out of Fidel Castro, with the help of the CIA.

High Times: At the time that you were tipped off about Raul's suspicions—the brief time between when Fidel took power and when you left—you were also Minister of Games of Chance and ran the casinos?

Sturgis: No, no. I know there have been a lot of things said. That was badly interpreted. You see, when I arrived in Havana, the first week Fidel came up there, I left the Cuban army, rebel forces, and I went into the air force and was made chief of security. I placed agents out of the country.

Now, at the same time, I think it was in February, I was at the prime minister's office, and Fidel says, "You see all the disorganization going on. I need you to help Pastorita Nuñez." (He was the minister in charge of the gambling casinos.) So I was named the Cuban government's man in control of the casinos.

I made my presence known to all the casino operators, and one of the orders that I received from the ministry was that all gambling tables had to be licensed. They had to come over to my office, and I would have stickers made: if this casino was allowed to have only ten tables in operation, each table would have to cost you \$1,500 extra in taxes. So, naturally, that's where I got to meet many of the operators of the gambling casinos. I never owned one. I have never worked for any gambling casino in Cuba or outside of Cuba. I have never been associated with the mob in Cuba or outside of Cuba, before, then or now. . . never in my life.

At one time Fidel ordered me to close the casinos, and I did. They were closed for ten days. He said this loud and clear: "I'm going to run them goddamned American gangsters out of Cuba." Fidel did it. It was one of the first businesses he ever confiscated, the gambling hotels and casinos. They were worth \$100 million.

Naturally, the American crime syndicate was very angry with Fidel. He did arrest several of the people connected with the gambling casinos there. Santo Trafficante, for one. So naturally this gambling syndicate wished that Castro would drop dead. Because they were hoping that their investment would be returned, and the only way it could be returned then was if Castro were overthrown or eliminated.

High Times: Did they ever approach you?

Sturgis: The ones who were operators of the casinos never approached me, but I did make friends with many of them, and one person whose name I gave to the Senate Intelligence [Church] Committee did approach me and offer me a million dollars to kill Fidel. I had to decline because of my involvement with American intelligence and also my position with Fidel Castro.

High Times: Why would they think that you would be disloyal to Fidel or would . . . ?

Sturgis: Well, they left that money. . . you know, "Frank, do you want to make a million dollars? You kill that son of a bitch, you got a million dollars."

High Times: This name you gave was in executive session?

Sturgis: Yeah. Sure. This name was given to all the different committees that I appeared before under oath. He's dead now. He died a few years ago. But they were aware of him, and they knew of the contact and so forth.

High Times: Did I read somewhere that while you were still in air force security you tried to convince American intelligence that you should do away with Fidel, that you were in the best position to do that?

Sturgis: I had a discussion with my C.O. in the Embassy when I turned over intelligence information to him. "Say, hey, look, you know, this guy here is pretty bad."

"Well, I agree with you, Frank," he says. "It would be in the best interest not only of



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Cuba, but of the United States if this son of a bitch was dead."

I say, "Well, I can do it. I can have it done or I can do it."

He says, "No, you can't put yourself out, but I can have it done. You got to wait. I can send a proposal upstairs, but unless we get a green light, you know, I would sit still."

I say, "O.K." What I know today I wish I knew then.

High Times: Which was?

Sturgis: A few years ago I found out that Christ, the majority of the CIA staff in the embassy was pro-Castro. And who knows what they were telling Castro, because they were advising him like crazy. Some are still in the Agency.

I told the Intelligence Committee who these people were. But I couldn't put it in the papers or magazines or anything because I would be uncovering these people. As much as I feel that they are very procommunist and possibly communist agents, I can't prove it. Let the Intelligence Committee worry about that. They asked me who I thought they were and I told them, starting with the chief of station of the Cuban Embassy.

High Times: If they had given you the go-ahead to do away with Fidel at the air force base, how would you have done it?

Sturgis: Well, I prepared myself for eventually getting the green light to eliminate Castro. I prepared a group of officers who I knew were against Fidel, and I instructed them that one day we were going to go ahead and trap Fidel and kill him. I sent out a handful of officers who I trusted, gave them positions of the buildings on each side of the Cuban air force base so that they realized the distance and got the feel of it.

And I always looked for places to kill him. I decided that a handbag with explosives could have done it, or possibly one evening I would go upstairs and set plastic explosives into the wall with a device that could be set off. There was an opportunity. I felt, of not only getting rid of Fidel but of destroying the whole damn general staff that controlled all the military services in the country. I was prepared. Again, if I knew then what I knew today, I would have eliminated Castro without permission of the CIA.

High Times: I understand because of a book that attempts to link you to the JFK assassination that you've been getting tips on the assassination from friends of yours in intelligence work?

Sturgis: Some friends of mine who were connected to an intelligence service—I'm not saying which service—passed this information over to me so I could be aware of some of this evidence, because they knew that I had been accused of being a conspirator to kill the president of the United States.

I told the Senate Intelligence Committee this: there were documents detailing the assassination of John F. Kennedy and plans

for an early attempt on his life in Wisconsin in September of 1963. Security on JFK was very tight. We have documents and notes stating that Castro had JFK killed. There were calls to the Russian Embassy and the Cuban Embassy billed to Oswald's and Ruby's room, receipts dated in September 1963, receipts for a motel room outside of New Orleans in two names, Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby.

High Times: Let me ask you something before we go on. If you were Oswald and Ruby, and you were working for the communists, why would you leave such a trail leading directly to Cuba and Russia?

Sturgis: They're not experienced intelligence agents, but they probably thought that they picked a good time. This is in New Orleans, now, not Dallas.

High Times: O.K., go ahead.

Sturgis: Notes spoke about Ruby and Oswald meeting in New Orleans and about trips to Mexico City. And about visiting the

**"Somewhere along
the line, the
Cuban intelligence service
made the deal
which resulted in
the conspiracy
that killed
the president
of the United States."**

Cuban and Mexican embassies. All right?

High Times: What else can you tell us about the assassination?

Sturgis: A few months before the assassination of John F. Kennedy, there was a meeting in Havana—exactly where, I do not know—but the American intelligence service has this information. They gathered it not only through other sources, intelligence sources and Cuban sources, but through two friends of mine also, at the early part of 1964.

At this meeting were Fidel Castro, Raul Castro, Ramiro Valdez, the chief of Cuban intelligence, and an American by the name of El Mexicano, another Cuban officer. Che Guevara was present. Tanya, Che Guevara's secretary, was present. We all knew, at least intelligence sources knew, that Tanya was a KGB agent and that Che Guevara's sympathies, communist sympathies, leaned towards the Chinese communists more than the Soviet communists. This is one reason why Che did leave Cuba. But that's another story. Plus Jack Ruby was present at this meeting. Jack

Ruby's contact with Castro was this American called Pratt.

High Times: Pratt?

Sturgis: I think it was Samuel Pratt, who was alleged to be a Castro sympathizer and was suspected of being a Castro agent. At this meeting, Ruby (who was one of the contacts—like many other Americans and foreigners) sold various military equipment, especially arms, to the new leaders of the Cuban government. Ruby's role in Cuba—contacting Castro—was in reference to the selling of arms.

High Times: Where would he get them?

Sturgis: I don't know, but knowing Ruby's background, he did have some connections in the United States with persons dealing in arms. People can use their imaginations. They suspected that he was on a low level. Oh, you know, low-level crime. Not that he was in the crime syndicate, but he was... he knew people.

Now in the discussion at this meeting, drugs were proposed as exchange for arms. Drugs would be exchanged and money would be exchanged. Also American politics was discussed, and the assassination of JFK came about in the discussion.

High Times: Came about?

Sturgis: Yeah. The removal of the president of the United States.

High Times: Well, maybe we should take these things one at a time, starting with when you say drugs were discussed. Where did Castro get the drugs?

Sturgis: Well, Castro today is getting drugs from Europe—shipped through South America—which naturally are coming into Cuba and being distributed through his agents. Castro has been using drugs as a source of money. He has used the *holita* [numbers game]—which is legal in Cuba but illegal outside of Cuba—among the Latin people in, you know, countries outside of Cuba.

Fidel had control of what numbers would win [the winning number was based on daily Cuban treasury statistics]. He would notify his Cuban agents in foreign countries of the numbers that would come out, that were going to be the winning numbers, in order for them to place bets on these winning numbers, to get money, and this money was used to pay their agents off. And the same thing with the drugs.

High Times: Heroin?

Sturgis: Hard drugs. We talk about drugs, we talk about drugs.

High Times: Then Ruby would presumably deal the drugs.

Sturgis: Or he would resell them. And exchange for the arms. In other words, there are two ways of dealing with me. I'll get the arms and sell you the arms, in return, you can either give me money or give me drugs.

High Times: And American politics was discussed?

Sturgis: Yeah, and the elimination of the president of the United States.



The Man Who Ate Michael Rockefeller.

Poor Michael. He was just trying to be friendly. Sort of a cultural exchange. How was he to know when he was invited to dinner that he was to be the main course. Or was he? OUI writer Lorne Blair travels to New Guinea to find out just what happened to Michael Rockefeller in the current issue of OUI magazine. His report makes for delightful postprandial reading. In the same issue, J. Allen Hynek, world-renowned expert on UFOs, talks about our shy green visitors in his first-ever in-depth interview. Later, OUI looks into *Sex Therapy at Home* in an assessment of the latest trend in sex counseling for shut-ins. If that doesn't turn you on, Paula will. And if not Paula, then Joan. And if not Joan, well, you need OUI more than we thought. It's at your newsstand now.

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High Times: O.K. Tell me about that.

Sturgis: Well, I wasn't there so I

High Times: You say you got this from two friends of yours

Sturgis: Two CIA intelligence... two CIA agents... friends of mine, associates of mine.

I will give you the name of one of them because it's on record. He is not working as a CIA agent today, he's not in the U.S. anymore. Salvatore Garcia. O.K.? Salvatore Garcia was the friend of mine.

High Times: Was he at that meeting Frank?

Sturgis: No, no. He knew about the meeting. Who told him about the meeting? Oh, he received this information from another officer present. That officer wrote a letter in January 1964. And in this letter, which was smuggled out of Cuba, he mentioned this meeting. When his relative, who was working in a factory in Miami, read the letter, he got excited and called the Federal Bureau of Investigation. One agent came over, and his name was Mr. James O'Connor.

Mr. James O'Connor received this letter, read the letter and advised the people not to tell anyone about it because it might jeopardize their lives. Now there was a memorandum written about this letter that named the person who received it and named the agent. I got a copy of the memorandum.

When I made this statement to the Intelligence Committee, the FBI contacted me and said, "Frank, what is this that you're saying to the committee?" And I told them exactly what I'm telling you. They said, "Well, we have no record of it." So I immediately took out a government memorandum showing that this letter did exist, the name of the person that the letter did come to and the agent whom this letter was turned over to, James O'Connor and he was flabbergasted.

High Times: If this meeting occurred, and Castro ordered the assassination—what's the motive?

Sturgis: You know, when we talk about motivation, especially where a crime of murder is concerned, people have to be purely motivated to want to kill. You can shoot a guy like a professional would, and use one bullet, shoot him between the eyes; you'd kill him, all right. But then if you've got a certain hatred against the person, you would say, "Hey, I'm going to kill you, you son of a bitch, you, but I'm not going to let you die right away because I'm going to put a hundred bullets in you."

Now that is tremendous... not only motivation, but a tremendous hatred behind that motivation, because they want to see you suffer and they want to mutilate you because it will satisfy this anger, this hatred that a person has in them, you know? Fidel was a type of a person... an expert in terrorist activity, an expert in hijacking. And it's a known fact, it's on record, that he was behind the Bogotá riot,

that he was involved in the assassination of certain leaders—the attempted assassination of President Joaquin Balaguer in the Dominican Republic, the attempted assassination of Trujillo in Santo Domingo, the attempted assassination of other Central American leaders.

Now here we have the president of the United States, who has unleashed our Intelligence Service against him, to remove him at any cost. What do you think Fidel is going to do? Fidel actually killed people himself personally. JFK never killed anybody like that, but Fidel has. So I can't see anyone telling me that Castro wouldn't kill the president of the United States. Like hell he wouldn't.

High Times: Let me ask you this, there seems to be a disagreement among historians as to whether it was Kennedy personally who wanted to assassinate Fidel or whether the CIA was pushing for it. Do you feel that Kennedy personally was

**"The evidence
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connection."**

attempting to have Castro assassinated?

Sturgis: Now we're coming to something that's very delicate. See, that's a good question you're asking me, and I'm trying to go ahead and tell you in a roundabout way. For instance, he would not call Allen Dulles and say, "Allen Dulles, what are you doing to remove Castro? Why don't you send people in there to kill him?"

High Times: No, I think you know what I'm getting at. Who was pushing for this most?

Sturgis: Kennedy was. Because Kennedy could have stopped it, right?

High Times: I would like to get back to this meeting of Fidel and Ruby. Is it your understanding that Castro contracted at that time with this El Mexicano and with Ruby and the others in there to arrange the assassination?

Sturgis: It's like the president doesn't have one-hundred-percent control over his intelligence agency. Nor does Castro have one-hundred-percent control over his intelligence agencies. Somewhere along the line, the Cuban intelligence service was

aware, was involved, made contact, made the deal which resulted in the conspiracy that killed the president of the United States.

I believe the connection and the evidence that I have given to the Intelligence Committee shows a connection between Ruby and Oswald, where the Warren Commission report says there was no connection. These documents that involve Lee Harvey Oswald, Jack Ruby and others in a conspiracy to kill a president of the United States were turned over to the FBI by Dallas District Attorney Henry Wade.

FBI Special Agent William B. Billow Hayes, from the FBI headquarters in Washington, D.C., confirmed that they received the documents and forwarded them to the Warren Commission in an FBI report dated February the eleventh, 1964, and that they are in the custody of the National Archives in Washington, D.C. A search of the archives yielded the report but no documents.

High Times: Where are the documents?

Sturgis: The documents disappeared. They can say, "I never received the evidence," but you did, baby, there's a memorandum says you did. Now where the hell is the evidence?

High Times: And what do you think became of them?

Sturgis: I believe that these agencies took the order from the president of the United States, President Lyndon Johnson, to put a lid on things. He was advised to put a lid on things. He was advised to bury that evidence... for 75 years. All of a sudden we get all of these committees being formed. Now we got a new committee, Congressional Committee.

High Times: Do you think this guy Sprague...?

Sturgis: I think Sprague is another person that is coming out gung-ho, wants to get in there, wants to do the job. But behind the scenes he will not be able to do the job that he would like to do. I don't think he'll be able to, because there's too much power behind the scenes.

High Times: Why would anyone have a stake in keeping it secret now? I mean, Johnson's gone. The CIA is being blamed for it by a lot of people. You would think the Agency would want to get the truth out if it was Castro that did it.

Sturgis: The Agency can withstand anything. They're more powerful than anybody in this whole country. More powerful than the government in Washington, D.C. They can withstand anything.

High Times: I read somewhere that you were questioned on the day of the assassination.

Sturgis: No, a few weeks later. They came to me like they came to many other people in the Cuban community, because they knew my open disagreement with the policy, because of the failure of the Bay of Pigs invasion. Kennedy's policy concerning the Cuban situation. So naturally I was

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one of thousands of people who were under investigation and may have, or possibly could have, given some information pertaining to the assassination

And in 1963 I told the investigators this—exactly what I'm telling you today—that it points directly to Cuba. There's that evidence, and it's slowly coming out, the Cuban connection. And if the bulk of the evidence does show that Castro was the person who ordered, or was involved in, the conspiracy to kill the president of the United States, I certainly would send teams to go ahead and kill him. Why not? He killed my president.

High Times: Were you involved in any other Watergate or plumber-type activities before Watergate itself?

Sturgis: Yeah. But I won't discuss it for the magazine. There are some things that I could never discuss.

High Times: Things that have not come out?

Sturgis: Well, yeah. Because some things are security, very touchy things, and I really wouldn't mention them because they have nothing to do with Watergate. I prefer not to even discuss them.

High Times: O.K. Let's start with Watergate. When and how were you first contacted?

Sturgis: You must understand this. Barker, Martinez, all of us have been friends for years; that started from Cuba. All of us have been involved in the revolution, you know, against Batista and against Castro, in Cuba or from over here in the United States. And I was always in contact with Barker.

One day I was in Barker's office and he says, "Frank, we're doing some operations pertaining to national security like the old days. Would you consider working with us?" I says, "Sure." He says, "Well, I'd like to submit your name." So Barker did submit my name, through Hunt, and my name was cleared.

High Times: What was the first thing that came up?

Sturgis: Well I won't go into everything, but there was the first break-in at the Watergate. Then we went up to Washington to do security work for Hoover's funeral. Then back again to do another entry into Watergate, which failed. Then, back a third time to Watergate, when we were caught.

High Times: Now, when Barker talked to you in his office, was it your impression that you were going to be working for the Company [CIA]?

Sturgis: He didn't necessarily say the Company, but he says, "You remember Eduardo?" And I says, "Yes." Now I've never met Eduardo personally. But Eduardo was a code name for E. Howard Hunt. And he says, "Well, Eduardo is our chief." In other words, he's telling me that the operations we would be conducting would be similar to CIA operations in the past. Without using the word CIA but doing the

same type of work that we have done in the past for the Company.

High Times: So you thought you were working for the government?

Sturgis: I knew we were working for the government because the plumbers were formed by the president, and we were government agents, we were intelligence agents.

High Times: Now, what about McCord? Had you known him before?

Sturgis: No, I had never met McCord before. Only when I went to Washington and started operating with the plumbers.

High Times: Did you feel at any time that there might have been a double agent involved in Watergate?

Sturgis: Later.

High Times: Speculation?

Sturgis: Yeah, later when Watergate was over with. I started to make inquiries with the evidence that was coming out, and I suspected that McCord was working as a double agent.

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High Times: What made you suspect that?

Sturgis: Well, the testimony of Albert Baldwin about his activities. Baldwin was the ex-FBI agent who McCord had hired, he was across the street at the Howard Johnson Motel. And the Scotch tape being discovered by the guard, Frank Willis. And the fact that they sent the "mod squad" over to apprehend us, but they had been off-duty two and a half hours. So why did they come? Why didn't the regular police come in that area? Then there was McCord telling the judge (in his first hearing) that he was a retired CIA staff officer, when nobody mentioned anything about CIA. The fact that when all of us were released from jail on bond, McCord was in touch with a CIA staff officer.

High Times: Pennington?

Sturgis: Pennington is his name, right. He went to his home to either take important documents or destroy documents that would have anything to do with the CIA. And, also, at the day of sentencing in front of Judge Sirica, McCord stopped the sen-

tencing, asked to be heard in Sirica's private chambers. Which blew the lid on everything and everyone connected with the United States government. At least to me, it was like overthrowing the United States government.

High Times: Well, the...

Sturgis: Also, I just remembered, McCord's acquaintance with the news media and his releasing of pertinent information to them on the West coast before anybody. Now, all this to me is very, very, very funny.

High Times: Let's go over this. What about Baldwin's activities led you to suspect McCord?

Sturgis: The cashing of his check, his first check, when he joined the reelection committee. He was hired by McCord for what? He was using this as evidence. Proof that you belong to the reelection committee. You don't do those things unless you have something in your mind to do. Also, at the time we were captured, instead of destroying pertinent equipment and evidence that linked him to us, he did not do it. A number of the things that he was told to do, he did not do. And he was one of the people who naturally started the ball rolling in the right direction. Under orders from McCord.

High Times: Now, if McCord was doing this, who was he working for?

Sturgis: Officially he was working for the reelection committee.

High Times: Right, but on whose behalf was he a double agent—if he is a double agent?

Sturgis: Well, he's an agent like we were with the special intelligence unit, right? The plumbers; that's number one. But he's in close contact with certain CIA officials who were aware of not only his activities, but our activities. Well, we know who he was in touch with because it's on record.

High Times: You mean aside from Pennington?

Sturgis: There's a link between McCord and the CIA staff through Pennington.

High Times: Is it a link that was established before the Watergate operation, or after?

Sturgis: Well, I only know about after the operation. I am not quite sure, but I think that he had been in constant touch and was friendly with Pennington and other CIA staff officials even before Watergate, because the man [McCord] had been a CIA staff official.

High Times: There've been a number of versions of what tipped off the guard at Watergate. What do you think happened with the tape on the door?

Sturgis: By experience of previous operations, the last man in, who was supposed to be McCord, was supposed to take the tape off the door to make sure that the doors were locked. So I paid no attention to who came in because when I saw the door swing open, I naturally turned around to see who it was, and it was Barker and Martinez. I continued to do my business.

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not realizing that McCord was not there. So all the team was there, but McCord never took the tape off the door.

Now Frank Wills gave the testimony that made me become suspicious. He said, "I decided to go back and check the doors again, you know, just to check." That's when he went and called the police. If it was a mistake on McCord's part, it was a big flub. McCord mentions in his book *A Piece of Tape* that he left the tape on the door. He admits that he left the piece of tape on the door. And if he'd taken that tape off the door, we'd never have been caught.

High Times: Did you ever ask McCord about that?

Sturgis: No. Remember, we were separated in jail, and he was the first one released. He was in there three days, and he got out. I was the last one to get out of prison. I was in there for several weeks.

High Times: I didn't realize you

Sturgis: Oh, sure. I had a hell of a time getting out, with the shit they had on me. The only time we saw McCord was when the trial came. At the trial we felt secure our people were going to protect us, even facing trial. We were pleading not guilty and we figured that we'd beat it in court because of the national security business. We were government agents. But, baby, that wasn't it. That wasn't it. Because the shit hit the fan. Everybody deserted us. And you know what the outcome was.

High Times: We all know what the outcome was, but there have been a lot of suggestions that there were plots and counterplots that we're still not aware of, and one of them is the kind of thing Ehrlichman suggests in his novel. According to Ehrlichman, Nixon sent him to look through the file on the Bay of Pigs, and he discovered something that he could use against Helms and the CIA.

Sturgis: Nixon knew that Helms would not give anybody the file. Helms was scared of Haldeman.

High Times: What was Helms afraid of?

Sturgis: I can only give you my opinion. Mr. Nixon belonged to the Club. When I say he belonged to the Club, he belonged to a powerful group in Washington, D.C. This powerful group of people represented tremendously large business interests throughout our nation, some call it the military-industrial complex.

These people had their own interests at heart, and Nixon was rebelling against this power, feeling his oats. Against this particular group of people, he was only one little cog of the wheel. So naturally they're out to hurt him. They used all these activities that Mr. Nixon was involved in covering up, even if he was not aware of them at the time. And they used this information to destroy him.

I believe the theory that he was supposed to appoint Mr. Rockefeller to be the president of the United States, which would have been beautiful because it's the Club. Nixon rebelled against that and he appointed Ford. But, again, Ford appointed

Rockefeller as vice-president. Helms was fired because of the Bay of Pigs file. So Kissinger, another member of the Club, gets Helms made ambassador to Iran. Who's running the government?

High Times: What was actually in the Bay of Pigs file?

Sturgis: All intelligence information pertaining to future communist activities in this hemisphere, including Cuba. Also, pertinent intelligence information pertaining to the assassination of the president of the United States, the Cuban missile crisis and all that.

High Times: The assassination? Why assassination stuff?

Sturgis: You remember the assassination stuff that never came out about the CIA and their involvement? Helms did not want to give it to the president of the United States. Because, as it turned out, in someone else's hands it could be used against the Agency, and it was. Nixon wanted to use this as a lever against the same people who were harming him.

High Times: And they were using the lever of Watergate against him.

Sturgis: So here we have, my friend, a conspiracy within a conspiracy within another conspiracy.

High Times: Did you have any idea how many things were going on?

Sturgis: Not at that time, not then. But when I came out of prison, I was hot as a firecracker, and I went along, friends of mine who were, and may still be, with Intelligence contacted me and started to feed me information which I gave to the Intelligence Committee.

High Times: When you went into the Watergate, what did you think was the target? That's still an unanswered question.

Sturgis: I was not on the team to photograph the documents, but I was told that we were going in to look for only the files pertaining to financial contributions to the Democratic headquarters. One of the fellows said, "We suspect that there is money coming in from communist countries going into the Democratic headquarters in order to influence certain candidates who, you know, were leaning towards Castro."

This is what I was told. And I believe it, because McGovern later went to Cuba. A couple of years later, when I got out of prison, he went to Cuba and came back saying, "Oh, we should have relations with Cuba." I still believe the same thing today.

High Times: I've seen written in a couple of places that you personally were involved in assassination attempts on Castro.

Sturgis: Yeah.

High Times: When was the first?

Sturgis: 1959. There were several attempts in Cuba that I planned at the air force base. One was at the main gate, two were on the second floor, where normally we had staff meetings with all the general staff. And then the other plan, the other times were with Manta [Fidel's mistress] with the poison, in 1959 and 1960. She failed in one

attempt that landed her in jail for eight days. Luckily for her, Fidel uncovered no plot at the hotel when he was suspicious of the food. She put it in the coffee.

High Times: Were you doing this one on behalf of the Company?

Sturgis: They were aware of everything I was doing in Cuba.

High Times: Were there any further assassination attempts?

Sturgis: Yeah, there were a few in Central America that I was involved in. I put some people on operation who were already on operation.

High Times: Did the Agency support you financially at all?

Sturgis: Let me say this, because we're talking about the Agency now. Remember, I have told the Watergate grand jury, the Senate Watergate Committee, all the Intelligence Committees, that I have never been a CIA agent nor have I ever been a CIA employee nor have I ever been paid by them. Right? And if I, spying for my country, if I happened to get paid for it outside the United States, most of the time I was paid in cash.

High Times: How do you make your living now?

Sturgis: I'm sales manager for a book manufacturing company in Miami, Florida. I have been with them since I've been out of jail.

High Times: Have you gotten a little disillusioned with the Company?

Sturgis: Oh, I always was, off and on. Every now and then I would get disillusioned and I wouldn't have anything to do with them for several weeks, or maybe a couple of months, and then, first thing you know, somebody would call me and say, "I'd like to have lunch with you."

O.K., we'd go to have lunch. "Frank, I know the problems you had with so-and-so, but I'd like you to do something." But some things that they wanted me to do, I refused to do. I'd raise hell about it. They wouldn't tell me all about it because they were afraid I would go yak about it. And believe me, I was capable of doing it, and I did it a few times. Because I don't like people to play games with me. Be honest with me if you want me to do something and my life is on the line, don't play games with me. And if lives of people who are working with me are on the line, don't you play games with their lives, either, because I'll come after your ass.

High Times: You've been involved in a lot of intrigue for one lifetime.

Sturgis: Numerous plots. Some plots succeed, and some plots are not fully carried out because of opposition and because some of the people associated with the operation are afraid to fail. And possibly because some of them are afraid.

In the process of risking my life, several times I was caught, beaten, tortured and so forth. But this is the chance that you take. I have a philosophy, if you play, you pay. And I've played, and I've paid several times. More than a number of times. ☐

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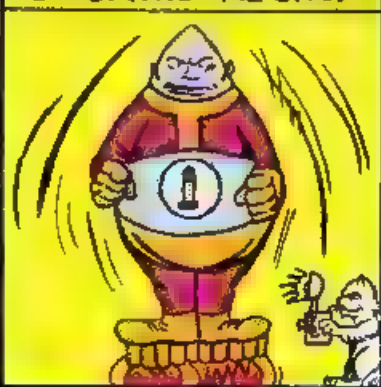
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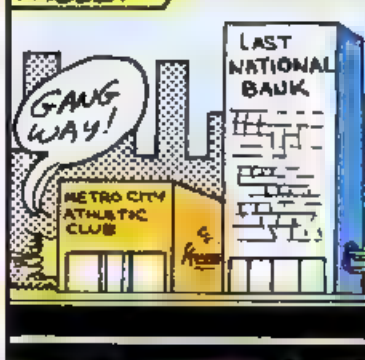
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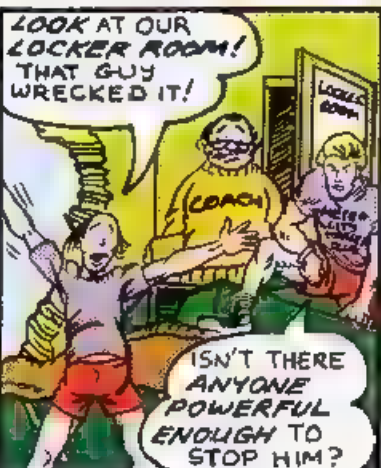
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U.S. - Mex. Agreement Junked



Detlev Vagts, displaying junked U. S. - Mexican treaty.

610 Yanks Stuck in Jail

The U.S. State Department has acknowledged that "things look pretty grim" for over 600 Americans currently rotting in Mexican jails on a variety of charges that range from driving without auto insurance to possession of marijuana.

The pessimism is being expressed by U.S. officials because of the Mexican government's failure to ratify the prisoner exchange treaty drafted jointly by the two nations at the end of 1976. The Mexican senate went into an eight-month recess last January. The treaty, if adopted, would have resulted in the immediate return of the Americans, who would reportedly serve out the remainder of their prison terms in U.S. prisons and jails.

Professor Detlev Vagts, a State Department counselor on international law who helped draft the treaty, says that legal problems may have developed involving Mexico's constitution. Vagts says the terms of the treaty require individual Mexican states to approve amendments in the national constitution. Because no state has yet acted independently on ratifying the treaty, Vagts says it is highly improbable that any treaty action

can be taken during the Mexican Senate recess.

Prior to the recess, approximately 300 U.S. prisoners began their second hunger strike of 1976 protesting inhumane treatment and delays in obtaining bail and return to the U.S.

"They think they have been betrayed," said one woman after visiting inmates in the Santa Marta jail. "Some of them have lost 10 or 15 pounds. They look very sick."

Vets Vie for Merc Work in Mexico

Disgruntled Vietnam veterans in the U.S. are being paid \$3,000 to fight as mercenaries in the growing battle for land in Mexico, according to highly reliable federal sources.

The mercs are being recruited by word of mouth in the southern California area, with the operation reportedly coordinated by a former Green Beret major who is said to be hiding out in Sonora, Mexico. Reporters from TV station KFMB, who initially hooked onto the story, declined to give the alleged mastermind's name, but did say that the man is a "prime suspect" in the six bombings that occurred hours before the inauguration of Mexican President José Lopez Portillo in December 1976.

The undisclosed federal source claims that the American vets are being recruited by both sides, with guerrilla forces specifically seeking vets with pilot training.

The \$3,000-cash bonuses are being handed out for signing up to fight in Mexico.

Although it is not known how many mercenaries are working for the regime, the landless peasants or the smuggling barons, a recent house-to-house search in the marijuana and opium-growing village of Santiago de los Caballeros netted 27 pistols, 74 automatic weapons and over 2,000 rounds of ammunition. The arsenal included

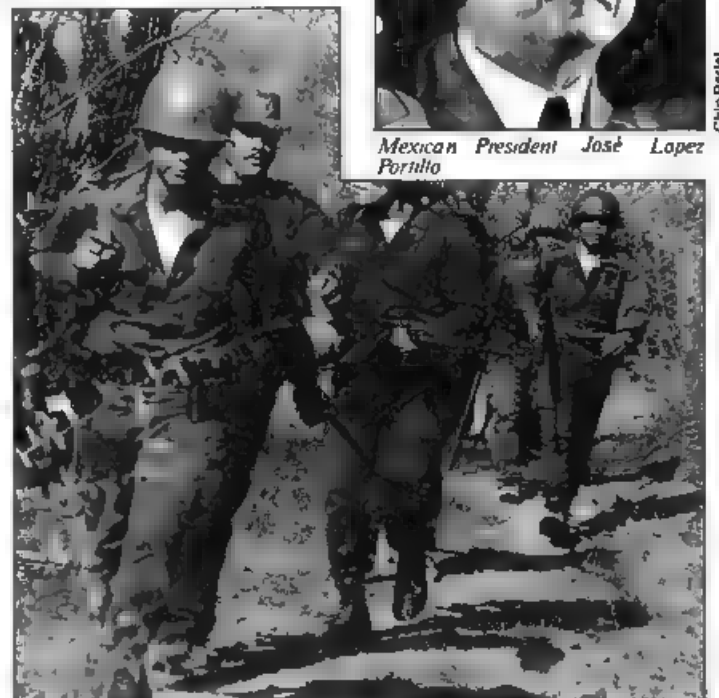
Red Chinese assault rifles, U.S. military M16s and seven AK47 Kalashnikov automatic rifles.

Mexican army sources claim that during a recent battle in the mountain hamlet of 240 people a 16-man patrol exchanged automatic weapon fire with pot and poppy smugglers. Twelve people, including one soldier, were killed.

Soldiers searching the village after the shoot-out also found a hidden airstrip, where 16 pickup trucks and two airplanes were waiting. The soldiers also discovered 67 tons of marijuana, 22 pounds of opium and hydraulic presses for making pot bricks.



Mexican President José Lopez Portillo



Mexican troops take off to raid a marijuana field spotted from the air.



A cargo jet from "Corrosion Corner" lies across a foam-covered canal moments after crashing at Miami International Airport.

To Our Readers

High Times welcomes news clippings and information sent by readers. Please accompany your newsworthy items with the name of the newspaper, date published and any additional comments. Please be brief. All material should be sent to: HighWitness News, High Times, Box 386, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y. 10003.

"Can You Outsmart Customs?" which appeared in January's "National Weed," was written by Jack Maloney. In the March "Nomad," the Holiday Inn photograph was taken by Diana Hunt (1972, Photo Researchers, Inc.); the neon photograph was shot by Tom McHugh (Photo Researchers, Inc.).

Graveyard Fleet Under Fire

The Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) has created a nine-person panel to conduct an intensive inquiry into the mechanical condition of secondhand planes leased in the Miami area. About 75 of the 100 planes being investigated are based in a remote area of Miami International Airport referred to as "corrosion corner." The group is also checking the qualifications of pilots used in large plane-leasing operations.

The investigation was prompted last December, when FAA officials became concerned over the crash in Bolivia of a Miami-based Boeing 707 that killed 101 people. Arguments that the investigation be stepped up were kindled when a four-engine cargo jet smashed into a ditch at the end of a Miami International runway.

Owners of aircraft under investigation usually lack resources to become full fledged flight operators. Instead, the planes are rented

to shippers who will transport anything from cattle to marijuana.

Although none of the planes being investigated is known to have hauled grass, many such planes are often used to meet the needs of low-cost pot transport from South America. FAA personnel intend to go through all maintenance and crew records of the hot 100.

Argentine Court Checks Death Squad Links

BUENOS AIRES (REUTERS) — A federal judge is investigating allegations that former economy minister José Ber Gelbard set up rival leftwing and rightwing terror groups in Argentina to create chaos and pave the way for a Communist takeover.

The charges were made by Prospero German Fernandez Alvarino, who helped overthrow the regime of the late General Juan Domingo Perón in 1955.

Gelbard is now in exile in the U.S., pending an Argentine appeal for his extradition on fraud charges. Alvarino accuses him of setting up the leftwing Montonero guerrilla group and ultra-rightwing terror groups in league with former social welfare minister José Lopez Rega.

Alvarino produced documentation that he said showed former President Hector Campora used public funds to set up a highly paid parapolice group that became known as the Argentine Anti-Communist Alliance, or the Triple A (see "HighWitness News," March 1977). The group is held responsible for the death squad killings of more than 1,000 leftists since 1973.

Gelbard's apparently contradictory actions in supporting opposing groups were in fact part of a "coherent, intelligent and diabolical plan" to create civil chaos, rob the country and hand it over to a foreign power, Alvarino claimed.



Former Argentine Social Welfare Minister José Lopez Rega.

DEA Expands Wire Taps in '77

By Ed Kiersh

The U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) has expanded its use of wiretaps and physical surveillance for 1977, according to Ray McKinnon, supervising agent of the DEA. Thirty wiretaps have already been slated for 1977, as compared to a total of six last year, McKinnon reports.

The DEA effort is focused primarily on major dealers, who are also subject to 24-hour shadowing by a task force of 50 DEA agents. The tap costs alone are estimated to cost taxpayers \$1,000 a day.

Prosecutors generally achieve a higher rate of convictions in authorized wiretap cases. The only difficulties in court come when the subjects are recorded speaking in code.

Taps are permitted under the 1968 Omnibus Crime Control Bill, which allows surveillance in investigations of major federal crimes, such as narcotics, kidnappings and organized crime activities. The law states that a tap can only be continued for 21 days unless a judge authorizes a renewal and must be approved initially by the attorney general.

The law also states that conversations of a purely personal nature

are out of bounds for federal agents. Yet the agents themselves are the judges of what is personal and are the ultimate authorities on when to stop listening.

If the conversation is mixed, we stay on," McKinnon acknowledges. In addition, the wiretap commission formed under the 1968 bill recently recommended federal agents be allowed to break into private premises to install the approved "bugs."

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Grass Roadblocks Plague New Mexico

By Craig Coulombe

TUCUMCARI, N.M.—A total of as much as 100,000 pounds of grass have been seized in random police searches along a section of Interstate 40 between Santa Rosa and Tucumcari, New Mexico, the major road between Arizona and Texas, according to Albuquerque attorney Michael G. Rosenberg. Interstate 25 has recently been subject to similar searches, Rosenberg reports.

Attorneys and National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) officials say that police are using a "profile" for spot checks. Not surprisingly, they are focusing on long-haired males between the ages of 18 and 30. Rented cars, vans and sports cars and all out-of-state plates are most likely to get a going-over. In addition, roadblocks have occasionally been set up to stop all oncoming traffic.

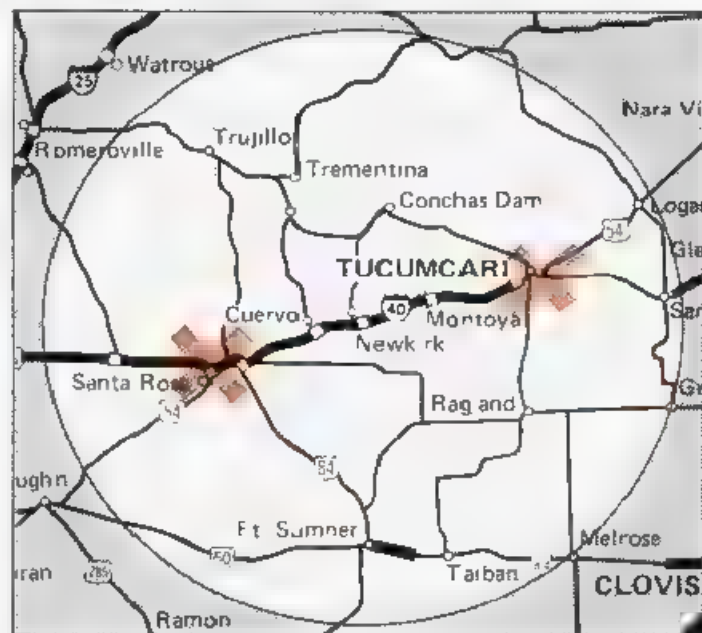
While police examine the registration of a detained vehicle, they often conduct a "plain view" search for evidence of marijuana consumption—seeds, roach clips or butts.

New Mexico NORML lobbyist Alex Kaplan advises that police are also known to inspect the trunks of vehicles. Once the trunk is open, the police may claim they smell marijuana and push for a

more thorough search on the grounds of "probable cause."

Appellate courts in New Mexico have upheld the right of police to stop vehicles for such cause.

Both Rosenberg and Kaplan warn travelers filing the police profile to learn their legal rights before making it into New Mexico and refuse to be pressured into allowing on-the-spot searches without a warrant.



Scale: 0 20 miles

Detailed map of highway between Tucumcari and Santa Rosa where New Mexico cops have been indiscriminately stopping motorists and searching their cars.

Carey Pardons Dope Prisoners

Governor Hugh Carey, who proposed New York's pending marijuana decriminalization bill, has pardoned two grass and one LSD prisoner who were serving life sentences in state prisons.

Marc Dearstyn, 22, of Rensselaer, was freed in early January. Dearstyn had served two years of a four-year-to-life sentence for possession of LSD.

Twenty-five-year-old pot prisoner Doris McNair, who had served two years of a six-year-to-life sentence, was freed under Carey's New Year pardons. Also released from a marijuana charge was Rolando Montane, 46, a Manhattan man serving six years to life for possession.



Governor Hugh Carey.

Madison to Vote on Decrim

By Stuart Levitan

MADISON—What amounts to decriminalization will stand or fall this month in Wisconsin's capital city as voters flock to the polls to decide on a controversial bill that proposes a \$5 citation for possession of marijuana.

The \$5 ticket carries the approval of Madison Mayor Paul Soglin, whose name will also appear on the ballot in his bid for reelection to an unprecedented third term.

The 31-year-old mayor has been the brunt of attacks both from long-time opponents on the right, who accuse him of fostering pot permissiveness, and from some traditional allies on the left who castigate him for not taking an active role in the battle for decriminalization.

Madison is one of the few cities in the U.S. where seekers of public office must secure a large portion of the radical left. Spawned in the turbulent politics of the Sixties, Madison's left was crucial in shaping Soglin's mixture of traditional northern conservatism and post-Sixties radicalism.

Potential candidates for office here must cater to the demands of some 37,924 students at the University of Wisconsin. Although it is not known how many of the

116,659 registered voters are students, the university block has helped put and keep Soglin in office for the past four years. And if one thing is certain in this year's election, it is that the university students favor the decriminalization of marijuana.

Soglin insists that his election fight has no bearing on his position on the initiative and that the issue "will not have much cumulative effect on the vote."

The city council originally scheduled a referendum, supported by more than 8,000 petitioners, that would have effectively legalized the possession and/or use of small amounts of hashish and pot in private.

The panel backtracked to the \$5 fine for public possession when City Attorney Henry Gempler ar-



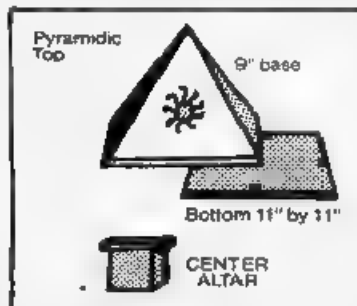
Madison, Wisconsin, Mayor Paul Soglin up for reelection.

gued that the city could not by ordinance "legalize that which the state has deemed a crime."

As an alternative to the initiative, Alderman George Christopher and nine other city council members have introduced a binding ordinance making simple possession punishable by a \$25 citation. Council acceptance would obviate the need for the April vote, although the legal questions remain unanswered.

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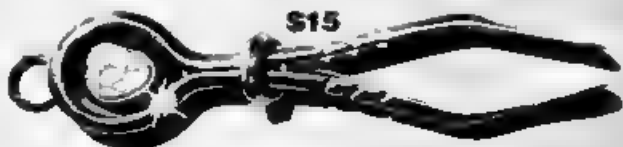
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Far East Secret Society Mushrooms

By Francis Daniel



Raffles Place, one of the shopping areas of Singapore, the former British colony that has grown rich from the tea and opium trade.

SINGAPORE (REUTERS)—Police vigilance has been increased after a recent attempt by Singapore's long-dormant Triad secret society to revive their activities on the island. The Triads, a dreaded criminal menace here during the 1950s and 1960s, had planned midnight initiation ceremonies of new members in the jungles on the outskirts of Singapore City.

Police, acting on a tip-off, raided a Chinese temple and several other hideouts, arresting two alleged Triad leaders and five other key members assigned to the ceremonies. The leaders were *Sim-Sehs*, or "incense-pot masters," the third-highest ranking members in the Triad hierarchy. An assortment of regalia used in Triad ceremonies, weapons and an accounts book with details of donations were also seized.

The total number of Triads is not known, although they have been operating in Singapore almost since British adventurer Sir Stamford Raffles stepped on the sand in 1819. The First Triad society was founded on sworn oath in ancient China to overthrow the Ching dynasty.

What makes the Triad unique compared to other, similar organizations is the total secrecy surrounding its functions and the utter loyalty of its members to the leadership. The tight bond among members can probably be traced to the Triad initiation ceremony,

which prescribes death to traitors.

The ceremony is held on a moonlit night in a jungle. The new recruits, wearing a white band around the forehead, kneel while 36 oaths are read.

A cockerel is beheaded before the god of loyalty and righteousness to warn traitors of a similar fate. A few drops of the rooster's blood are added in a bowl to blood squeezed out of the left middle finger of every recruit. Each new member takes a sip to signify his acceptance of the Triad brotherhood. Each recruit is then given three cents to start his life anew.

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AMTRAK Cops Help Narcs—Pot Pooch Paws Prize

Amtrak, the tax-subsidized national rail transportation service, is assisting Georgia narcs in busting dealers traveling on trains through Savannah, according to informed news sources.

Amtrak narcs have been supplied with the DEA's undisclosed "Drug Courier Profile" and are working with Blitz, a pot sniffing German shepherd belonging to Savannah's Metro County Drug Squad. Over the past six months the triumvirate has confiscated over 2,000 pounds of grass and

made 50 arrests. Most of those arrested were traveling from Miami to Philadelphia, New York or Boston. Savannah is the first stop outside Miami with a pot-sniffing pooch.

Although it is impossible to estimate how much money Amtrak has dumped on helping bust dealers, the rail juggernaut will cost taxpayers over \$1 billion in 1977. Less than half of 1 percent of the people take intercity train trips, according to former Transportation Secretary William Coleman.

Five Most Wanted Dogs

Albert—In 1970 Albert and handler Wayne Steidley helped Mexican authorities seize several important slashes as part of a cooperative exchange program between the U.S. and Mexico.

Bub—In 1971-1972 Bub located 4,500 pounds of marijuana, but his phenomenal career ended when cataracts forced him into retirement. Bub received a Treasury Department award at a testimonial.

Link—In 1973 Link sniffed out a cache of grass secreted behind

the headlights of a car waiting to enter a new gate erected at the San Ysidro, California, border, while Customs Commissioner Vernon Acree was making the dedication speech.

Smokey—In 1974 ol' Smokey found almost ten pounds of cocaine in an auto at Andrade, Colorado, after Customs inspectors had failed to find the stash.

Duke—In 1974 Duke received the Lassie Gold Award for courage and heroism for making 73 dope discoveries in two years.



Canine boo-buster Blitz receiving the Savannah Exchange Club award for services rendered.

Bob Morris

Coke and the Constitution: A Case of Mistaken Identity

By John Graff

A landmark decision handed down in December 1976 by Roxbury, Massachusetts, District Court Judge Elwood McKinney has declared cocaine "an acceptable recreational drug" and has ruled that "cocaine regulation as it now stands is clearly unconstitutional."

Richard Miller, busted for possession of coke, is a free man—not because he was proved innocent, but because cocaine was proved innocent in a court of law for the first time in history.

After a lengthy inquiry into the effects of coke on individuals and society, the court labeled it "one of the benign drugs" and determined that "cocaine is an irrational addition to federal and state narcotic drug laws. Cocaine is not a narcotic drug, although it is classified as such. . . . This erroneous classification, and the attendant legal ramifications, results from generations of ignorance, from myths connected with the drug and from blatantly racist attacks on cocaine users, all of which are now destroyed by reliable scientific data."

A successful challenge to cocaine prohibition has been the dream of thousands of dopers for decades. For Miller, a 36-year-old black man who was busted in Roxbury for possession of less than \$20 worth of coke, the dream has come true. The state's case of simple possession against him was uncontested, and Judge McKinney dismissed the charges against him. Instead, cocaine itself went on trial.

For the past 62 years, state and national legislatures have perpetuated the rumored dangers of cocaine. Traditionally, trial judges have used "the presumption of constitutionality" that stands behind every act of Congress to conveniently avoid getting involved in a seemingly unresolvable scientific controversy.

However, coke's skyrocketing popularity over the past seven years has produced a new crop of scientific evidence that cocaine, although illegal, is less harmful than legal alcohol and tobacco.

Attorney Jim Lawson of the Boston law firm of Oteri and Weinberg, counsels for the defense, harvested the new cocaine literature and skillfully transplanted it in a 70-page memorandum of law that focuses on the historical distortions and legislative misunderstanding that begat cocaine's prohibition and pinpoints the constitutional infirmities of such a ban. Courageously, Judge McKinney granted defendant Miller's re-

quest for a hearing to introduce testimony from expert witnesses.

At the hearing, held last October, the prosecution failed to refute any of the expert testimony presented by the defense. Instead it urged the court to "ignore the facts and leave to the legislature the business of deciding what the law should be." Judge McKinney refused "to follow this direction believing . . . that a court shamefully shirks its duty if facts are ignored, constitutional infirmities are left uncorrected, and the buck is passed to a legislative committee. Accordingly, this court has chosen to resolve the issue now at hand."

In part, Judge McKinney's decision declares "The current drug laws are harmful in that they are not in accord with medical evidence, in that they are hypocritical and thus breed disrespect for the law, in that they label as criminal otherwise normal, responsible, law-abiding people, in that they inhibit valuable medical research and in that they divert use from rational priorities of money, time and effort in law enforcement."

McKinney's decision lists 125 "findings of fact" about cocaine. Since none of these findings were challenged either by substantive cross-examination or by rebuttal witnesses, the court necessarily judged them to be factual, and the legal conclusions became inevitable. "Indeed," states the decision, "it is the Commonwealth which carries the burden, a heavy one, in



Downtown Roxbury on the night Oteri beat the cocaine laws.



Boston lawyer Joseph Oteri

Michael Chance

Tyrone Hall

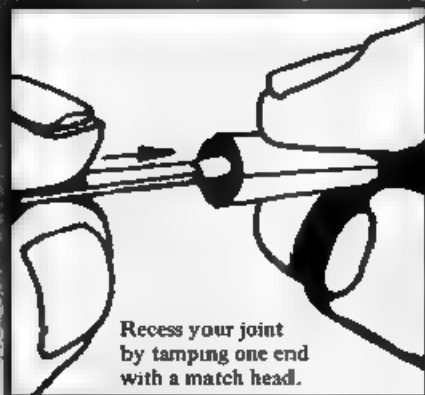
attempting to justify its desire to prohibit and punish the personal and private use of cocaine."

Judge McKinney has since dismissed several other similar coke cases. As for the future, the judge says "the entire regulatory scheme . . . as applied to cocaine encroaches on a constitutionally protected and fundamentally personal liberty. Consequently, assuming that there is a valid public purpose in controlling cocaine, the Commonwealth must nonetheless employ the least restrictive method to achieve that control. . . . Certainly, it would be 'less restrictive' to treat cocaine separately from 'hard' drugs and to use controlling mechanisms comparable to those used for alcohol consumption. Thus, for example, there might be an age limit for cocaine use, as exists for public alcohol consumption, with penalties for the distribution of cocaine to persons under that age. Alternatively, civil penalties might be imposed upon cocaine users or sellers and various taxes and tariffs might be attached to its distribution until the Commonwealth has demonstrated the inadequacy of such methods to achieve its valid purposes."

Under ordinary circumstances, the government cannot appeal a judge's ruling to dismiss the complaint against a defendant, but in extraordinary cases Massachusetts law permits the prosecutor to approach the state's supreme court to seek an emergency ruling within 24 hours. The high court ruled that Judge McKinney acted properly and within his power. As for a review of the lower court's decision, the Supreme Court said it would take the matter "under advisement."

McKinney's decision isn't binding on any other judge in the country, including himself, so there is no reason to get euphoric just yet. This is a breakthrough, all right, lawyers now have a precedent they can use to clear coke's reputation across the country. But for the moment it is a largely symbolic one. The real identity of cocaine has just begun its long trek through the complex legal-political proving grounds. But if the American public could endure the embarrassment of Watergate, it can surely accept the embarrassing revelations of a costly little blunder like the imprisonment of thousands of cocaine users over the past 60 years.

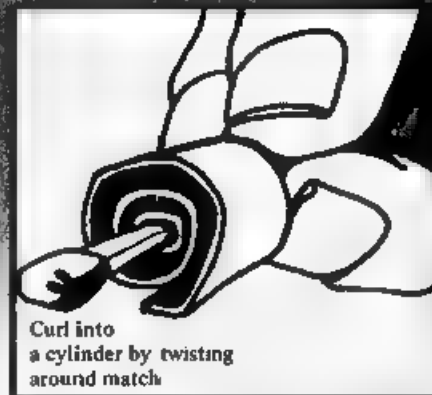
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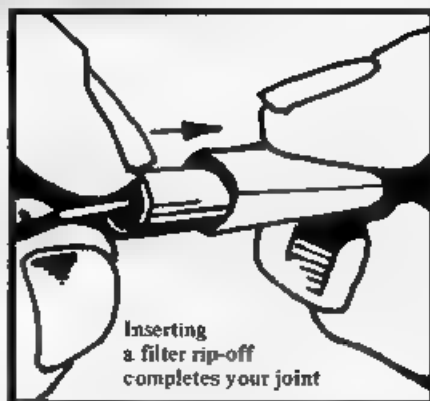
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CARLOS CASTANEDA - FACT OR FICTION?



By Richard de Mille

Who don Juan was, what he did, when he did it,
where he did it, why he did it and if he did it.

Carlos Castaneda has written four best sellers about his 12-year apprenticeship in the Sonoran desert under a Yaqui Indian sorcerer named don Juan Matus. There his head turned into a crow and flew away, he became brother to the coyote and he learned to erase his personal history.

That erasure makes sifting rumors a major task

Castaneda was killed in a Mexican bus crash

Castaneda is alive and well at his grandfather's farm in Brazil

Castaneda's next book is the biography of an old Yaqui furniture maker

Castaneda confessed to a Harvard class that his don Juan books were a hoax

Castaneda is controlling other people's dreams in a UCLA research project

Castaneda spent months in 1966 as a psychiatric patient at the UCLA Medical Center. George Olduvai was a UCLA student at the time and he knew all about it. Did George see Castaneda in the hospital? No. Did he talk to the doctors? No—but it was common knowledge.

Benita Zorro knows the man who introduced Carlos to don Juan. Benita lives at no particular address in the Topa Topa Valley. I call the man who knows Benita, and he takes my number. She doesn't call.

Al Egori has a photo of don Juan. I call him in Los Angeles.

"I understood don Juan didn't allow pictures."

"That's right. This picture was taken surreptitiously."

"Who took it?"

"I can't discuss that."

"Could I publish it in my book?"

"No, no. It can't be shown to anybody."

"Who has seen it besides you?"

"Nobody."

"You must have taken it, then?"

"I can't discuss that."

Al goes on to say that I shouldn't even begin to write my book until I have taken at least 500 LSD trips. I tell him I'm fighting a deadline.

Reactions to Castaneda and his works range from visionary enthusiasm, through angry rejection to complete lack of interest. My own opinions are just as well balanced but not so extreme. I bring some good news and some bad news, some praise and some blame, some affirmations and some refutations. While I have not joined the Castaneda Idolaters' Club, neither can I claim membership in the League of Outraged Skeptics—and I certainly do not belong to the Committee to Stamp Out Sorcery. Far from it. Sorcery lives. Magic is all around us. Swedenborg sees a fire burning 300 hundred miles away. D. D. Home floats in and out of hotel windows. A vacuum-physics experiment implodes just as the Subatomic Jinx is passing through town on a train. A soldier is wounded and his mother bleeds. Mild-mannered bumpkins turn into murdering satanic beasts. A sexy dolphin tries to make it with an off-duty restaurant hostess. Lionel Tiger prowls Manhattan shoulder to shoulder with Robin Fox. And crows haunting the Irvine campus are taken for don Juan and Carlos Castaneda. This is a deep, multifaceted subject, having both comic and sober sides. Like the dreamer and the dreamed I expect to be on all sides at once.

To begin with, Carlos Castaneda must not be mistaken for Margaret Mead, J. R. R. Tolkien, Swami Vivekananda, P. T. Barnum, Plato or the Great Pretender—though he has something in common with each of them. Castaneda is an original: there is nobody else quite like him. And he is controversial. I will not waste any time trying to be neutral about him, but I will not be for him or against him.

either: I will be for him and against him.

I shall not be alone. Legions betray mixed feelings about Castaneda. Those he has tricked laugh wryly at his slyness. Those he has betrayed forgive him through their tears. Critics boo him for one thing and applaud him for another. Myriads adore him, but no one simply despises him. His former wife told me with cheery regret, "Carlos is one of those people you can love and hate at the same time." Exactly. One ferocious, bearded fellow, whose name escapes me now, told me a tale of Carlos' Coyote Trickster Teacher.

"I had this kilo of grass," he said, "and my stupid cat pissed on it. Carlos was there, and I asked him what I ought to do. He said to take a sharp knife and carefully cut out just the part the cat had pissed on—and save it. He said to throw the rest away. Well, he got that peyote-chewing grin on his face, so I knew he was kidding. But then he came around later when I was separating the seeds (which I keep) from the stems (which I throw out). 'Hey!' he said, 'Don't throw the stems away. Don Juan told me they're the best part for seeing. Hell, everybody knows better than that, but I was really into The Teachings at that time, so I thought, don Juan must know a lot more about grass than the rest of us.' 'Okay,' I said, 'I'll save them.' Just make tea out of them," says Carlos. "You'll be surprised. Right? But that time he wasn't smiling. So I made tea out of them. I didn't see anything, but I sure got a helluva headache." Chuckling through clenched teeth, my friend refilled his shot glass till it ran over on the table. "Carlos is one funny falcon coyote," he said.





Another thing I learned from reading Castaneda was that there were two funny little old guys out there in the desert who were a real kick in the head. I wanted to go out there and talk to them—which I could easily have done, since both of them spoke excellent Spanish, a language I can understand tolerably well if people don't speak too fast. I hadn't learned any Yaqui yet, of course—*hupa hu'upat katoka upuaputia* (skunk sitting on a stump making a noise like a skunk)—but that wasn't necessary. The only obstacle between me and Carlos's playmates was Carlos himself. He wouldn't give out their address.

Another thing I learned was that Castaneda was kicking some very big true ideas around: There is more than one kind of reality. There is magic that is not illusion. The world is what comes out of what can be. The world we know is something we are doing. Part of you is not in this world. Part of you knows what the rest of you doesn't. If you trust your silent self, your talking self won't have to stay so ignorant. A wise man knows his time to act is short. Say hello to Death. He has some good advice for you. Responsibility gives power. But greater than power—is knowledge.

Wow! I thought. This young UCLA anthropologist plugged into the right channel. But he has a very noisy receiver. Along with the good stuff, it keeps giving out interference like, "On the other hand, greater than knowledge is sometimes power."

A man with a past is weak and helpless. Woman is the scariest thing on earth. Nothing really matters. Nobody can be happy. Nobody can get close to anybody. You can love the world but not the people in it. Laughing is always better than crying. If your kid is dying, see him as a fog of crystals, and you'll feel a whole lot better. A man of knowledge walks on the river of life without getting his feet wet. And there is no way to tell one kind of reality from another.

What a mess! The wisdom of the ages folded into an omelet with the neuroses of the century. It didn't help that Carlos was always badmouthing himself as a neurotic. I had to agree with him. Like the psychiatrist who told his patient: Don't worry about having an inferiority complex. You're inferior.

But he was superior too. I mean—how many anthropology graduate students would have the gall to tackle the world outside the world and the man inside the man while leaping into oblivion and bouncing back a celebrity? You have to give Castaneda plenty of credit for effrontery.

And for talent. Joseph Conrad grew up speaking Polish and became a master of English prose. Vladimir Nabokov did the same from Russian. Castaneda started out with Spanish (or maybe Portuguese or Italian—we'll get to those later) and wrote 1,000 pages of quite readable, mostly entertaining colloquial American narrative and 90 pages of utterly unreadable but logically self-consistent social science jargon. That's pretty good.

One fervent follower of don Juan told me: The reason you can't grasp the fact that don Juan really exists is that you don't believe a Yaqui Indian could

press himself with clarity and elegance. What you don't realize—and what many anthropologists don't realize—is that the oral tradition of sorcery cuts across local tribal cultures, going back for thousands of years and displaying an eloquence far above the tribal cultural level. "Shamans everywhere," Gwyneth Cravens wrote, "have been found to have unusually large and poetic vocabularies." I admit that don Juan often waxes poetic, but his shamanistic vocabulary also supports discourses that sound like this:

To recapitulate my teachings, little Carlos—I first taught you the routines of the game we were hunting, then I taught you to test your traps against those routines. When you indulged in your self-pity, I taught you to assume responsibility for the acts that brought you to the state that elicited that self-pity. By altering your use of these acts or elements, you changed the facade of your tonal. But changing the facade meant only that you assigned a secondary place to a formerly important element. After that I taught you to stop your internal dialog and to account for everything that was about you.

Other shamans, not so well traveled or educated as don Juan, sound more like this:

I am the mushroom that speaks, it says. I am a mouth awaiting the voice of heaven. I am a wind that blows on the mountain, it says. I am star, moon, cloud and dew on the grass. I am the one that goes to meet the day, it says. I am the one that holds up the world. I search out sickness, it says. I am the one that cures. All things that should be together I bring together and all things that should be apart I separate. I am the one that waits

in the silence, that shines in the darkness, that talks with those who live in the sky. I am the one that brings truth to the asker, it says.

Castaneda was lucky to find a shaman who could lecture like a university professor and not one of those monotonous mountain poets. We have to score a big plus for his finding such a sophisticated informant—or for inventing one, if it turns out that don Juan doesn't really exist.

The first contradiction we must unravel is the one between Carlos and Castaneda.

CARLOS AND CASTANEDA

In those days Carlos was known as Carlos Aranha, which is sometimes spelled Aranja. He told me that his uncle, the ruler of the household, Oswaldo Aranha, ran for president of Brazil in 1960.

—Margaret Castaneda

If Oswaldo Aranha ran for president of Brazil in 1960, it was a short campaign, because he died on the 27th of January. Having been minister of justice, of finance and of foreign affairs, ambassador to the United States and president of the U.N. General Assembly, Oswaldo was the most famous member of a great Brazilian-Portuguese family and undoubtedly ruled the household but he was definitely not Carlos Castaneda's uncle or any other relative. His mother was Luisa de Freitas Valle, while Castaneda's grandmothers came from the families Burungaray and Novoa. They didn't live in Brazil either. They lived in Peru.

Carlos César Arana Castañeda was born on Christmas day 1925 in the historic Andean town of Cajamarca, where on 29 August 1533 night fell at noon as Pizarro's soldiers strangled Atau Hualpa. The unlucky 13th Royal Inca, whose name meant Turkey Fortunate in War, had consented at the last minute to be baptized Juan in return for which the Spaniards had promised not to burn him at the stake. The bargain brought a double benefit, qualifying an Indian soul to enter a European heaven and saving Atau Hualpa's body from destruction by earthly fire, which would have made him unacceptable after death to his divine father, the sun.

Cajamarca is also known for its gold and silver industry. Baby Arana's father was a goldsmith and watchmaker named César Arana Burungaray, while his mother was Susana Castañeda Novoa. Arana and Castañeda are Spanish names. Burungaray is Basque; Novoa, Portuguese. Though Indians and mestizos make a majority in Peru, none of these names suggest any Indian or mixed heritage.

Young Arana went to high school in

Cajamarca, but in 1948 the family moved to Lima, where some members still live and where the family jewelry store was doing business in 1973. After graduating from the Colegio Nacional de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, he studied at the National Fine Arts School of Peru. José Bracamonte, a fellow student and now a well-known illustrator, remembered him as a resourceful blade who lived mainly off the horses, dice and cards and harbored "like an obsession" the wish to move to the United States. "We all liked Carlos," Bracamonte told Time's Peruvian reporter Tomás Loayza. "He was witty, imaginative, cheerful—a big liar and a real friend."

In 1949, when his mother died, Carlos Arana declared he was going to leave home. He entered the United States at San Francisco in 1951. After a four-year gap we find him enrolled as Carlos Castaneda at Los Angeles City College between 1955 and 1959, while following a

Beyond Castaneda's solitary word, there has been no evidence whatsoever that don Juan existed or that any field work was ever carried out. Scientifically, this is not an entirely satisfactory situation.

prepsychology curriculum, he took two courses in creative writing and one in journalism.

On 17 December 1955 he met Damon Runyon's very distant cousin Margaret, four years older than he, unattached and deeply interested in popular metaphysics. Six months later they began to see a lot of each other, attending occasional metaphysical lectures, going to City College together and spending hours talking about philosophy, mysticism and spiritualism. According to Margaret he took his U.S. citizenship in 1959 as Carlos Castaneda. One day on the spur of the moment they went to Tijuana to get married, the certificate, dated 27 January 1960, shows his name as Carlos Aranha Castaneda. At home he did the cooking. Margaret thought his spaghetti was wonderful. Though they stayed together only six months as man and wife, they remained good friends after the separation and saw each other often. The marriage was not legally terminated until 17 December 1973. At UCLA Castaneda

kept the marriage a secret, but sometimes he showed up on campus mysteriously holding a towheaded youngster by the hand. The little boy mentioned in Chapter 11 of *A Separate Reality*, is Margaret's child of another marriage.

Castaneda entered UCLA as an undergraduate in 1959 and received a B.A. in anthropology September 1962. He was enrolled on and off as a graduate student until 1971, receiving a Ph.D. in anthropology March 1973. His scholarly publications are limited to his dissertation and one paper read at an anthropological meeting in 1968.

Students at the Irvine campus of the University of California, empowered to select and hire two percent of the faculty, appointed Castaneda to lecture during the spring quarter of 1972. His graduate seminar, "The Phenomenology of Shamanism," drew over 50 persons, some of whom were faculty visitors curious to see the young anthropologist who had supposedly gotten inside the head of an authentic, preliterate Mesoamerican witch doctor. His undergraduate class in primitive religions was packed to the rafters and turned away hundreds. Occasionally he lectured at other institutions of learning or sat briefly in other professors' classrooms like a glowing mushroom stone.

Such engagements were prompted by his growing celebrity as a popular writer. His first book, *The Teachings of Don Juan: A Yaqui Way of Knowledge*, had been published by the University of California Press in 1968, then commercially marketed by Ballantine Books in 1969. *A Separate Reality* and *Journey to Ixtlan* followed from Simon and Schuster in 1971 and 1972. Sales were climbing rapidly, and media scribes were bestirring themselves to interview the new star shining so remotely in the documentary sky, hoping to bring him close enough for everybody to get a good look. The first thing they found out was that he didn't like to have his picture taken.

Castaneda stands a stocky five-foot-five, weighing 140 to 150 pounds. "From his waist to the top of his thick, curly black hair," said Margaret, "his body is that of a man six feet tall. His legs... are disproportionately short." His hands, Time said, are stubby and calloused. Characteristically he wears unassuming sport shirts or business suits. Sometimes he wears or carries a hat. His hair is cut short. People have said he blends into the woodwork, or resembles a Cuban waiter. One of Margaret's snapshots shows a man surprisingly youthful for his 40 years, whose skin is dark but whose features are quite European—an impression worth mentioning since some people have said Castaneda looks like an Indian. Though his skin has been judged nut brown, pale and even gray, nobody has said it was red, copper or bronze. I suspect Bruce Cook hit the right formula.

with his "sallow-swarthy," a paradoxical combination that brings to mind the olive skin of Spaniards, which is what I would call Castaneda: a Basquish Peruvian Spaniard.

The foregoing sketch includes the major established and presumptive facts about Carlos Castaneda. It is a short sketch, because convincing facts are few. Almost nothing credible is known about his childhood, family relations, early schooling, jobs, friends, women (beyond Margaret) or daily routines. "Neither Margaret nor I ever knew where Carlos was living," wrote Margaret's cousin Sue. "He came to us; we did not go to him." Though he wrote Margaret romantic letters, he didn't sign them. That erasure of personal history, identity and character has been blamed on don Juan, but Margaret said: "Carlos was elusive before he learned this from don Juan."

In order to comb out this informational spaghetti I am going to split our central figure into several parts, to which cohesive sets of data can be assigned. The first of these splits will separate Carlos from Castaneda.

From here on, established and presumptive facts will be assigned to "Castaneda," nonfacts to "Carlos." Castaneda is the writer of books, born Carlos Arana in Peru. Carlos is an imaginary person appearing in the books Castaneda has written.

Unlike Castaneda (though according to him), Carlos was born in Sao Paulo, Brazil, in 1935 (or, as Margaret heard it, 1931—which made her seem only ten years older than he, instead of 14). Grandfather Aranha had come from Italy (or, in one version, Sicily), bringing his Portuguese name with him. Another grandfather (or maybe the same one) was a short statured, red-haired, blue-eyed inventor who married grandmother Margarita, nearly six feet tall (as Castaneda told Margaret, whom he sometimes called Margarita). Father César (Aranha, or, as R. Gordon Wasson was told, Castaneda), who later became a professor of literature, was only 17 when Carlos was born, while mother Susana (Castaneda, or, to Wasson, Aranha) was 15. Tragically, she died when Carlos was only six.

Because of his parents' extreme youth, little Carlos was raised from the start by his grandparents on their chicken farm in the Brazilian back country (or, as Margaret heard, by an aunt who lived in Peru), where he fought constantly during preschool years with 22 cousins, until they finally left him alone, and where he inadvertently broke the collarbone of a first-grader answering to the Spanish name Joaquín.

Having learned both Italian and Portuguese on the farm (languages no one has reported hearing Castaneda speak), Carlos acquired Spanish (and, presuma-

bly, his taste for the poetry of César Vallejo, born Peru, 1892, died Paris, 1938) at the "very proper" Nicolas Avellaneda boarding school in Buenos Aires, Argentina, where he stayed until he was 15. By 1951 he had grown so unruly that his uncle, the family patriarch, shipped him out to Los Angeles—California, that is—to live with a foster family. Besides Spanish he must have learned plenty of English at Nicolas Avellaneda, because he enrolled immediately at Hollywood High School, whence he graduated in two years. While there he met his friend Bill, who seven years later would introduce him to don Juan.

After high school Carlos journeyed to Italy, where he studied sculpting in Milan's Academy of Fine Arts, accomplishing little because he lacked "the sensitivity or openness to be a great artist." Despite this feeling of inadequacy, Margaret mentions beautiful sculptures and contest-winning poems created dur-

**We are asked to believe
that a flesh-and-blood
anthropologist who
enjoyed a tumultuous
supernatural affair
with a glorious witch
in 1962 did
not recall her name
in 1965.**

ing the City College period. She and a friend were taken by Castaneda to see an architectural sculpture (of a goddess, the friend told me) which Carlos had done for the front of an office building on Wilshire Blvd. near Vermont Avenue.

Sometimes, Margaret says, Castaneda told her things about Carlos that probably weren't true, like his marriage to a gypsy girl, which may have been trumped up to make her jealous, or his U.S. Army wartime service in Spain. Margaret wondered just which war that possibly could have been.

Castaneda told Margaret about Carlos's sister Lucia, while down in foggy Lima. Castaneda's cousin Lucia, raised with him "like a sister," was saving his infrequent letters. One of them described a tour in the U.S. Army, from which Carlos was discharged after some trauma—mental or physical. Lucia was not sure. As befits one of the nation's great bureaucracies, the Defense Department says it can't find Carlos's service record anywhere.

Students at Irvine scribbled a primitive-religious note about Carlos's blond Scandinavian wife (the right sort of mom for a towheaded youngster whose dad is a sallow-swarthy Spaniard married to an Anglo-French brunette). The furry gent with the micturated kilo heard about Carlos's wife and child languishing in Buenos Aires. Two women in a Sacramento bookstore sighed for a little Carlos who never had any real home because he was an "army brat," whose father continually dragged the family from one military post to another.

Until don Juan tricked him into it, Carlos knew little and cared less about metaphysics. "I'm no mystic," Lila Freilicher was told, "not a searcher of any sort. I'm an anthropologist, and this thing just happened to me without my looking for it."

"How often did you talk about mysticism and philosophy?" I asked Margaret.

"That's all we ever talked about," she said.

No one has imputed violence to Castaneda, but don Juan told Carlos he was "a violent fellow," and Gwyneth Cravens heard Carlos got so fed up being followed around by a nutty would-be disciple that he hurled him over a park bench. "The only way to deal with a psychotic is to be one yourself," Castaneda explained. Well, what would you expect from the 22-cousin vanquisher and collarbone smasher of the Brazilian (or Peruvian) backwoods?

Early in 1973 Carlos had "completed a book on the formation of perceptual glosses," which Castaneda has not published to date.

Of course, there are many similarities. Carlos and Castaneda are physically alike. Both enjoy running around in the countryside picking plants. One has a beach house, while the other lives at Malibu Andsoon.

At least six professional interviewers have reported what they learned by talking at length—some for days—with Castaneda. Most of what they learned was not true. Bruce Cook was so dismayed by Castaneda's credibility gap that he delayed publishing his interview for more than a year. "I wasn't sure he was completely on the level," Cook recalled. "I don't believe he is who he says he is." The name "Castaneda," Cook observed, is not Italian, though Carlos's grandfather came from Italy; nor is it Portuguese, though Carlos was born in Brazil. It is Spanish.

I'm surprised more journalists didn't make the same comment early in the game. Suppose a certain Karlus Kastaniebaum, who is studying anthropology at the University of China, Fu Kien, publishes a bestseller called *The Teachings of Swami Ganananda, A Jhansi Way of Knowledge*, Jhansi being a district of India—right next door, so to speak.

Where were you born, Karlus?" asks
(continued on page 84)



The Great No-Risk Coke Smuggling Scam

By Robert
Sabbag

Brown Gold Coffee, imported and packaged by the Andes Coffee Corporation of Palisades Park, New Jersey, is, as its label points out, "100% Colombian." A unique blend of Medallin Excelsa and the Armenia Excelsa coffee beans, the label adds, is "worth its taste in gold." Cocaine, on the other hand, a blend of coca leaf alkaloids and neutral crystals, very often 100 percent Colombian, is worth approximately its exact weight in gold—and that is before it crosses the border. The mathematics of this coincidence appealed to Zachary Swan, who over his morning coffee was scanning the travel pages of *The New York Times*.

"Perfect," he said.

"Find what you were looking for?" Alice asked.

"Avianca Airlines is offering a ten-day excursion. Santa Marta, Barranquilla and Cartagena. Leaves from New York. It even names the hotels."

"Lucky you."

Alice, at this point, was the only person in whom Swan had confided. But to assure the success of this, his most Byzantine move,

Swan would need the help of at least two others. He would use Davis on the New York end and Canadian Jack in Cartagena. He would contact them later. What he needed now was an office. He needed an office, a telephone number, a few jars of coffee, a handful of printed material and a lot of luck. He moved fast.

The office was a small one near Luchow's restaurant on 14th Street. He rented it on a month-to-month basis. Into it he moved an old desk, a new filing cabinet, a swivel chair and a coffee percolator. While he waited for a telephone, he worked on getting the printed material he needed. This was not hard. As a former packaging executive (in essence a printing salesman) he had very little trouble coming by the necessary four-color work and stationery. Most of it he ordered from the Andes Coffee people himself—labels, poster ads and packaging paper, all stamped with the Andes logo and address: ANDES COFFEE CORP., S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., Palisades Park, N.J. 07850. What he did not get directly from Andes, he got from business associates who had access to the Andes printing buyer, and what he did not get from them, he had printed on his own. The most important piece of original printing was a miniature folded brochure stamped with his new office number.

He decorated the office in appropriate bad taste with all the trappings he had accumulated—posters on the wall, coffee cans adorning the desk, subway ads, supermarket art, labels glued to everything—bought the coffee and moved in to work. It was difficult work, but after a while and several containers of coffee, he finally managed to remove the vacuum seal from a four-ounce jar of freeze-dried instant without tearing it. He inserted his brochure, replaced the seal with rubber cement, capped the jar and drove to Queens to put the jar in a grocery store. Before he returned to his office, however, he experienced a head-on collision—running hard up against America's free-market system. The coffee in Queens was cheaper than the coffee in Manhattan. Bohack was selling it for less than D'Agostino's. The price tags were different. But Swan was undaunted. In the proud tradition of Yankee know-how and a typical consumer's respect for our nation's supermarkets, Swan switched the lids and moved his jar to the front of the shelf. It was as simple as that. He was leaving nothing to chance. He walked out, wondering who had shoplifted whom, returned to his office and waited. For days.

Mrs. Vagelatos called at about 4:30 in the afternoon.

"Brown Gold Company."

"Hello."

"Hello."

"I am Mrs. Vagelatos."

"Yes, Mrs. Vagelatos."

"I am number 21-27-37-31-32."

"Are you calling about the contest, Mrs. Vagelatos?"

"Yes. The contest. Yes. I am."

"In the beginning, they all laughed at my intricate plans, but eventually they were all either investing in me or working for me."

"And what is your number again, Mrs. Vagelatos?"

"Number 21-27-37-31-32."

"Did I hear you correctly, Mrs. Vagelatos? Will you repeat that number?"

She did. (Swan's filing system was quite simple: there was only one number—it was printed into the brochure, it came with the order. There was only one number, and only one of the brochures was in circulation. If Mrs. Vagelatos had not called, Swan would have waited and tried again—he did not want too many copies of the brochure floating around.)

"Mrs. Vagelatos, Mrs. Vagelatos, you are a winner. You have won a prize. You have won first prize. You have won a free ten-day trip to Colombia."

Mrs. Vagelatos said she was old and that her husband was retired. He was old too, she said. She spoke English poorly. Mrs. Vagelatos had, however, lived in America for some time.

"Can I have the money, instead?"

Swan explained the rules of the contest to her—essentially, "It doesn't work that way, lady." Mrs. Vagelatos said she would think it over. She called back the next day, having talked it over with her husband, and told Swan that she and Mr. Vagelatos would take the trip.

"You will enjoy it, Mrs. Vagelatos. Yes. What? Of course. And in addition to the vacation, there will be many gifts and souvenirs."

Of course.

Swan opened a checking account in the name of S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., and bought tickets for the Avianca tour in the Vagelatoses' name. He enclosed the tickets in a Brown Gold envelope, added a letter of congratulations and an itinerary typewritten on Brown Gold stationery and mailed them to the couple in Queens.

The itinerary Santa Marta, Barranquilla and Cartagena. Swan knew where the Vagelatoses would be, and when they would be there, all the time they were in Colombia. In his letter of congratulations he had informed them that a representative of the company would meet them in Cartagena to present them with their gifts. He called Armando from New York and told him he would be down in a week. He needed three bottles of Chanel.

"And no fucking around, Armando. I must have it. If you've got it there, hold it. I will definitely be down."

Two weeks later he took \$22,000 cash from a safe deposit box on the East Side and flew to Bogotá. (Whenever Swan carried large amounts of currency—and sometimes cocaine—he wore a special

jacket, the lining of which had been designed specifically for that purpose by Alice. Essentially the jacket was lined with pockets. They were distributed evenly around the back and sides to prevent bulging; they were invisibly tufted so that the lining itself appeared smooth, and they were hemmed with Velcro that miracle of the Space Age, to facilitate access and obviate the necessity for zippers or buttons. At any time, but especially when Swan traveled South, the jacket was a very expensive piece of tailoring.)

Armando delivered. He charged Swan six thousand a kilo for the three keys, a five-dollar increase per gram, partly for holding the load and partly because at the time the price of cocaine was going up all around the world. Angel and Rudolph made the fill. Swan tracked down Canadian Jack, gave him \$200, a few grams of coke and a ticket to Cartagena. The two flew north together. Swan with the souvenirs, and Canadian Jack carrying a brand new Polaroid camera.

El Caribe Hotel, where the Vagelatoses tour was booked, is located in Cartagena's Bocagrande district, at the tip of a peninsula which separates Cartagena Bay from the Caribbean Sea. Remote from the Old Town, decidedly distant in statute and spiritual miles from any of those things which may distinguish Cartagena from the other cities of the world—out there, across the harbor—Bocagrande, on the ocean side, is devoted almost exclusively to tourists. The Caribbean front of the peninsula is covered with neo-Miami concrete-and-Formica firetraps which go by such names as American Flamingo, El Dorado and Las Vegas, every room of which offers Inquisition in-walnut furniture, a pastel, circular sink in bas relief and a view of the beach. Under construction when Swan worked out of Cartagena, and now a second-thought provoking reality, these wonders of modern architecture are designed to make South Americans feel they have come a long way and make North Americans feel at home. The principle governing their birth is the same one as that which presumes the drinking of Coca-Cola in Bordeaux. Social historians call it progress.

Tucked away out here in the trees, a lush array and ample variety of trees, on a vast expanse of protected real estate, is the Hotel Caribe. A faithful rendition of Spanish architecture, old, stately, a kind of one-man Environmental Protection Agency, El Caribe supports its own arboretum and tropical gardens as well as an animal population of modest scope. Much of the fruit served here is grown on the grounds, and most of the grounds, obviously, are devoted to nothing more than the simple pleasure of being on them. A back gate opens onto the beach. A marina fronts on a bay to the southeast. The hotel itself, if not as large as some of its treeless and sun-scorched upstart neighbors, affords its clientele a greater degree of comfort, and a variety of luxury that all but disappeared

with the advent of terrazzo lawns and vertical expansion. Perhaps because it is impossible for a swimmer to drown in an upright position within sight of Cartagena—the Caribbean here is just too shallow for too great a distance out—or maybe because walking the beach at night, like walking anywhere in South America, is taking your life in your hands—the Hotel Caribe was blueprinted around space for an Olympic pool shaded by palm trees on two sides, bordered by an enclosed restaurant on one and an open-air poolside dining area on the other. It was by the pool, amid these lavish surroundings, that Swan staged his awards ceremony.

Swan and Canadian Jack took a mid-week, morning flight from Bogotá to Cartagena and checked into the Hotel Caribe. Shortly after he arrived, Swan called the Vagelatoses' room and asked the couple to meet him at the pool to receive their gifts. While Swan, sporting a full beard and dark glasses, awarded the Vagelatoses their prizes and made a big show of certifying with the waiter that the coffee they were drinking was 100 percent Colombian, laughing all the way, Canadian Jack dashed around with his camera. As usual, Swan and the Canadian were stoned, so it made no difference to either of them that the Polaroid was empty and showed no signs of developing and ejecting the pictures it was presumably taking.

Swan loaded the Vagelatoses down with rolling pins, statues, wall hangings, hammocks, blankets, ruanas, straw hats, leather bags—about forty pounds of paraphernalia that cost him close to \$150 and which would retail in the United States for over \$500, all of it dragged out of two great, overflowing plastic bags. In his room, Swan had a duplicate of every one of the souvenirs. He asked the Vagelatoses to sign an agreement by which they were bound to be photographed again with their presents in the New York office. He made an off-hand joke, unacknowledged, about Greeks bearing gifts, gave them a copy of the agreement to keep and wished them a safe trip home.

The Vagelatoses were due back in New York two days later. Swan left a day early and made a dry run with his duplicates. They were not examined. The Vagelatoses were supposed to call Swan's office as soon as they returned. They did not. Swan waited. He worried. He had to call them. They were tired, it turned out—they had arrived on schedule. Swan groaned out loud over the phone. He dispatched a limousine, which he paid for in cash, to pick them up at their home in Queens.

Davis took the New York photos. And while Swan bought the Vagelatoses lunch at Lúchow's, Davis made the switch. The Vagelatoses returned to the office, picked up their gifts, Swan wished them health, wealth and happiness, escorted them to the limousine and sent them home. He closed down the office the next day and never saw the couple from Queens again.

Quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et

Brown Gold Coffee is "worth its taste in gold." Cocaine, on the other hand, is worth its weight in gold.

dona ferentis

The Customs man, obviously, had never read Virgil.

With the Brown Gold move, the supposed foundation upon which Swan had based his entry into smuggling was first called into question. His claim that he would never endanger a carrier or throw an innocent individual to the lions was challenged on the basis of his use of Mr. and Mrs. Vagelatos, a couple who had no idea of the trouble they might be walking into, two innocent Greek immigrants whose faith in America was reflected, for better or worse, by the faith they placed in its institutions, whether these be its supermarkets, its coffee companies or its Treasury Department, and the trust they placed in its citizens, whether they be honest Customs agents, as innocent of the facts as they, or alleged felons like Richard Nixon and Zachary Swan. The evidence in Swan's favor, however, is significant.

In the first place the Vagelatoses were innocent, which in itself is anyone's greatest asset to getting by a Customs check. In their favor also was the fact that they were traveling with a tour, a group of Americans who are predominantly middle class and middle-aged and who are supervised almost every step of their way through a foreign country—their luggage is even handled differently. But it begs the question to say that the Vagelatoses had a better than average chance of making it through Customs without a search. After all, Swan's idea was to get the coke through—it was what the scam was designed for. In the event of a search, then, and assuming the even more remote possibility that the cocaine was discovered (Customs did not break open Swan's souvenirs, which were identical to those Mr. and Mrs. Vagelatos were carrying), one must ask how well the Vagelatoses were covered.

Swan claims they were covered well. He had insisted that they save the contest number; he could assume that they still had the coffee jar. In addition to these two items, the Vagelatoses were in possession of two Avianca tickets purchased by a check accounted to S. A. Schonbrunn & Co., Inc., whose office address was on 14th Street. On their persons at Customs they had a letter of congratulations and an itinerary typed on Brown Gold stationery. And in the same envelope they had a signed agreement to appear at the 14th Street office with their gifts upon arrival in the United States. In the absence of everything else, they had at least thirty witnesses poolside in Cartagena. The

evidence of their innocence, then, was overwhelming, as Swan saw it. If the Vagelatoses suffered at all, he assumed, it would be principally by way of embarrassment and perhaps temporary detention at the airport while the evidence was examined; and he supposed that the free ten-day vacation and the unconfiscated souvenirs would be sufficient compensation for that. As it turned out, in fact, everyone but Uncle Sam made out on the deal.

Swan was moving fast now. The Brown Gold move was such an overwhelming success, and his confidence in the wake of it so buoyant, that his roiling imagination began to generate more blueprints than he could follow. He had to throw them away. One outline that was carried through to success without his knowledge was one that he threw away in the company of Canadian Jack and Black Dan on a rainy night in Bogotá, when the cocaine express was taking its curves on the high side.

Black Dan had been living at the Oriole for almost two years when Swan first met him. He loved it in Bogotá. He left only once every six weeks, and he was always back fast. His visits to San Francisco were brief. Although he did not open up to Swan until a year after their meeting, it was pretty obvious all along that he was a smuggler. It was what you were in Bogotá if you were not manifestly anything else. And Dan always had cocaine. It was Dan who told Swan about Mornite, the Italian laxative, the cocaine cutting agent of choice and that with which Dan always cut his own coke before snorting. He preferred it that way to pure, for reasons which were unclear to Swan, and he preferred it out of a spoon, a taste Swan attributed to hours in the back rooms of Mission District bars.

Dan's closest friend in Bogotá was Canadian Jack, a friendship, in Swan's mind distinguished chiefly by its sharp contrasts. Beyond the obvious one (Canadian Jack was a blond) was the almost polar difference in their approaches to smuggling. Black Dan was thoroughly professional. He found no need to acknowledge that he was a smuggler, even to Swan, a smuggler himself, whose professionalism was exemplified, if in no other way, by the fact that he never questioned Dan. Black Dan was a pro, and he had been going for years. He moved in quantity, unlike Jack, whose moves were small, and he was consistent. Every six weeks he flew to Mexico City with the coke strapped to his legs. From there he would fly to Matamoros or Tijuana, or whatever border town was convenient to his needs, and walk the load across, reentering the States with the bullfight crowds on the weekends, intimidating every official in his path by his mere presence. He never wasted time, and the closest he ever came to trouble was the trouble out of which he was always bailing Jack.

It was an evening in the early summer of
(continued on page 98)

SPRING TRAVEL BONUS

Donnad

BY
JOHN
WILCOCK



SAILING FREE

One of the cheapest and most relaxing vacations available to any able-bodied person is to "crew" on a more affluent traveler's yacht. Most big boats need helpers to handle such chores as pulling up the anchor or hauling down the sails, even when these tasks have become automated. (Some "true sailors" prefer the boats where these tasks are still done by hand, just as they prefer sailing by the wind alone to turning on the engine.)

The physical skills needed for crewing are simple but learning them requires a certain amount of ingenuity unless you already have friends who own or rent a yacht. The best thing to do is hang around the harbors where yachtspeople gather, which, strange to say, leads to bet-

ter results in Europe than in America. Mediterranean ports—Malta (a favorite because facilities and gasoline are cheap), Piræus, Palermo, Mallorca—are especially good hunting grounds, and conversations struck up casually at the dock can often lead to an invitation to come aboard for a drink. The yacht fraternity is basically friendly and passionately interested in sharing useful information, i.e., the incidence of storms in various areas, comparative prices for supplies and facilities in different ports.

Greece is probably the favorite of most yachtspeople, and the Ionian seas of northern Greece especially are replete with scores of tiny harbors so unspoiled and unvisited that there are no restaurants because there are no tourists. In places like this most of the "excitement" is in buying fresh, warm bread from the bakery, fruit from a man who brings it to town in baskets on a donkey and meat and canned goods from the local store. Cooking is done aboard, or a picnic lunch caps off a climb to the island's highest hill, where the only sound comes from the bells of unseen goats on the surrounding slopes.

Until a few years ago there were few facilities for the yachtsperson, but now the Greek Tourist Board has constructed a network of almost 100 yacht supply stations and major marinas in the bigger ports. "Greece for the Yachtsman," an invaluable color brochure de-



tailoring such information as harbor facilities and dues, weather and navigation charts, how and where to charter, radio information and specific cruises, is available free from any branch of the Greek National Tourist Organization, 601 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017 or 627 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles, Ca 90017.

NIAGARA FALLS

DRIVING ACROSS AMERICA

The time-honored practice of getting across country by delivering a car has undergone a few changes over the years. Now the driver is expected to leave a refundable deposit (\$35 to \$80, depending on destination) and pay his own gas and tolls. Ample time is still allowed for the delivery (usually one must average 350 to 400 miles per day). In New York, ads appear in the Village Voice and Sunday's New York Times; in Los Angeles and San Francisco, in such papers as the Los Angeles Free Press and Bay Guardian.

For those who want to travel cheaply but leave the driving to others it's preferable to search the ads for somebody already driving and share the expenses. Most major cities have "ride centers" that will match up would-be travelers for a \$5 fee.

A bus company that specializes in younger, dollar-short passengers is Grey Rabbit (159 West 33rd St., New York, N.Y. 10001). It operates reconditioned luxury buses with the seats removed and replaced with mattresses on which to lounge or sleep during the three- or four-day trip. Stereo tape music plays and the atmosphere is described as low-key, mellow and friendly. The Rabbit charges around \$69 from New York to the West Coast or vice versa, with commensurate fares for drop-off points en route.

DOPIN' IN AMSTERDAM

Once a freak's paradise, Amsterdam has been tightening up on its hospitality to young tourists in recent years. Too many assaults and ripoffs in the city's central Vondelpark encour-

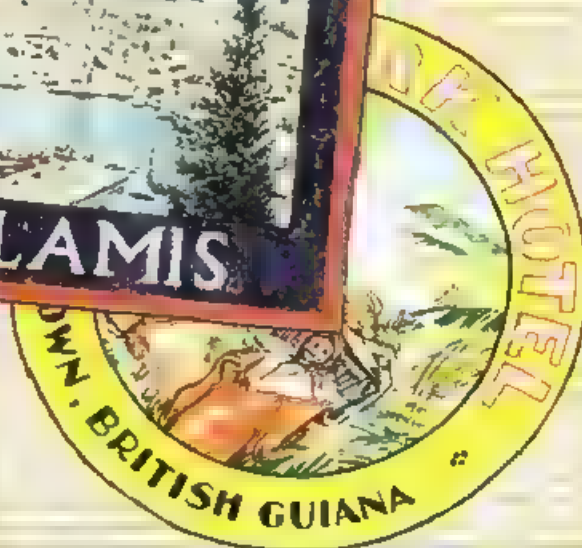
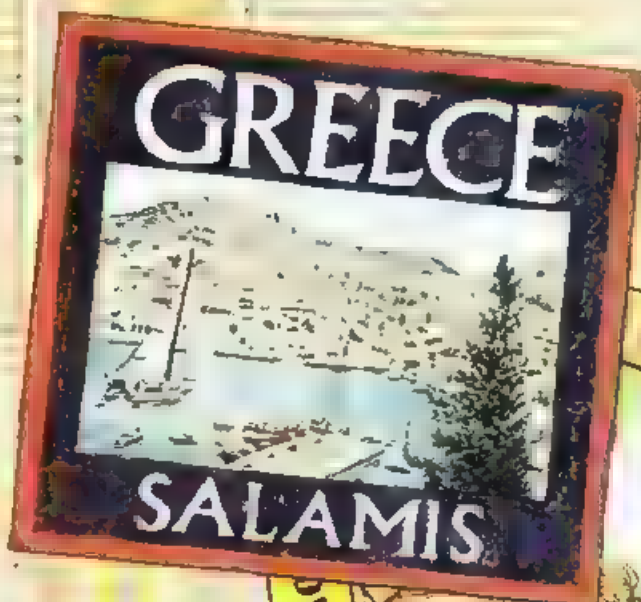
aged the authorities to ban nomads from sleeping there, but a booth right outside the main entrance is still staffed by people who will give info on free or cheap accommodations. They will also answer questions by phone (38-38-38). Check also the semiofficial information center, JAC (Johngore's Advises Centrum) at No. 30 Amstel (telephone 24-29-49), which is open from 8am to midnight daily to help young people with problems.

Marijuana is legal in Amsterdam—as long as you buy it and smoke it in one of the city's social clubs set aside for that purpose. The oldest and most renowned of these, soon, alas, to be demolished to make way for a parking lot, is the three-story Paradiso. Both here and in the nearby Melkweg, off Liedseplein, visitors can find a variety of



social activities—films, lectures, snack bar—as well as ample supplies of natural grass freely available at low prices. (Warning: It is still not cool for foreigners to be found in possession anywhere but in these semi-approved havens.)

A third social establishment, which like the other two charges about a dollar admission, is USA KAK (Johannes Vermoorstraat 28, No. 9 tram from central Amsterdam) open 24 hours a day. The interior, according to a London visitor, "resembles some Midwestern saloon during the late Fifties: a collection of worn armchairs, a pinball machine and an old bar where all the patrons sit or loiter about too stoned to buy anything." (continued)





People who buy packages from travel agents are prone to ripoffs because, unlike most consumers, they don't get a product they can actually look at, according to Jean Fox, director of the Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, Consumer Protection Bureau. "Buying travel" says Fox, "is a lot like getting married. You pay your money and you hope it's what you think you're going to get." Fox told an industry hearing that some protection must be worked out for potential travelers who pay for trips that they never receive.

Getting a summer (or winter) job abroad is not easy—most countries insist on work permits and salaries are low except for specialists. But there are ways, and the *Whole World Handbook* (published by the Council on International Education Exchange, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017) lists most of them, together with a wealth of information about facilities for studying abroad, work camps in various countries and the nitty-gritty details of getting around as cheaply as possible.

For seasoned travelers there's the Globetrotters Club, an informal group headquartered in London, whose members are apt to take bicycling trips around Uganda or attach themselves to volcano-exploring expeditions in Ecuador. The club issues a quarterly magazine called *Globe* (\$4 annually from BCM-Roving, 86 Dalling Road, London W 6) and an occasional directory of members who offer information, advice and contacts to fellow travelers.

A similar enterprise, if a little more

casual, is the Travelers' Directory (6224 Baynton St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19144), which is well worth joining if you plan to travel frequently. Founded in 1960, the directory lists several hundred people all over the world who are willing to act as contacts (and sometimes guides and/or crash pads) to their fellow listees. Everybody in the directory—the only way to get one is to be listed—writes three or four lines about their lifestyle and interests so it's possible to have some idea of the kind of person you're dealing with. The vibes are usually friendly.

Flying over the Grand Canyon is getting to be old hat for place-droppers, who can now book a 4½-hour flight from Las Vegas (for \$67) to fly into the canyon. The deluxe tour (\$87) also includes a champagne lunch, guided tour of the park and a certificate guaranteeing you actually flew below the canyon's rim.

Traveling together in a truck emblazoned with the motto "Music Is Free," a group of 20 or 30 Britons calling themselves the Teepee People have been busted several times recently for erecting their Sioux Indian-style wigwam wherever the mood strikes them and for passing out free food. Living communally and avoiding the consumer society, they raise money by "busking," entertaining theater and movie line-ups.

A pocket-sized kit containing two language cassettes, a dictionary (there's a choice of 30 languages) and a brief segment by Charles Berlitz on the country's social customs is being offered for \$14.95 by Educational Services (1730 I St. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006).

For nature lovers who don't care for swimsuits, VIB Tours (244 East 46th St., New York, N.Y. 10017) specializes in Caribbean tours with beaches where you can sunbathe nude.

Increased protection for travelers is implied by a recent New York court decision that held American Airlines legally responsible for three round-trip tickets to Honolulu despite the fact that the travel agency through which the booking was made had gone bankrupt before passing the money on to the airline.

Mexico's new president is seeking to double the \$100 duty-free allowance for tourists returning from south-of-the-border vacations. The amount refers to legal imports, of course.

The Orient Express, legendary Paris-Istanbul train that spawned so many mystery sagas, will cease operation next month, after which passengers wanting to travel the route will have to change at Belgrade and Venice (Travel Age Southeast).

World passports are still being issued (for about \$10) by Gary Davis from his World Service Authority headquarters at Spalentorweg 47, 4051 Basel, Switzerland. Among the countries that have accepted valid visas in WSA passports are Afghanistan, Algeria, Austria, East Germany, Egypt, Iran, India, Netherlands, Spain, Turkey and Saudi Arabia. World passports have proven helpful to people who, for one reason or another, have been unable to obtain regular passports from their native countries.

A free room for the night on your way through the German city of Heidelberg? Write in advance to Free Clinic, Brunnengasse 20-24, 6900 Heidelberg, Germany.

Visiting London and want a free ride to northern England? Steve Foster (telephone: Northampton 29489) drives trucks regularly to such places as Birmingham, Nottingham, Newcastle and Durham, and offers help in finding crash pads.

A new organization in western Australia whose avowed purpose is to "promote communication between people" is Link Up, a storefront info center at 9 South Terrace, Fremantle (telephone 35-7513). Link Up's volunteers promise to help those in need of accommodations. Plans are to open a coffee house and drop-in center.

The newly re-formed British Communes Network (31 Woodview, Manningham, Bradford 9, Yorkshire) issues a regular newsletter that puts people interested in communal living in touch with each other. Subscriptions cost \$4 annually.

Up-to-date mimeographed guides with information for nomads on the road are available from B.I.T., 146 Great Western Road, London W 11, for \$5 apiece. B.I.T. (a sort of freaks' advisory center that welcomes visitors and helps with their problems) is probably the best source of information for low-cost overland travel from London to India, Australia and Africa. A percentage of the sale of these guides is placed in a special "bust fund" that helps people jailed abroad.



Welcome to the pleasure gardens of the Lost Planet—a strange, beautiful land where Commander Cody grows his own special brand of cannabis. As maestro of the famed psychedelic-country-swing-rock and boogie band—Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen—the Commander requires a constant source of inspiration.

In today's troubled world of psycho-economics, topnotch natural inspiration is often hard to find. They's why Commander Cody, like so many other modern Americans, has planted a Victory Garden. The Airmen's years on the road not only earned the Commander his plot of soil, but also allowed the resourceful rocker to survey America's domestic cultivation program at close hand, selecting seeds from the best foreign and domestic strains and observing farming techniques throughout the pot-smoking regions of the continent. Herein, the results. □







Tinseltown's Ten Commandments, handed down by paranoid Production Code Authority, are sent up in satiric still, circa 1946. Normally a high-ranking Hollywood demon, here dope finishes a poor fifth behind "inside of thigh" and "lace lingerie."

DOPE IN THE CINEMA

PART II

THE COMING OF SOUND

BY JOE KANE

The year, basically, was 1929. Herbert J. Hoover had just been elected president. Soon, the Depression arrived. Everyone was poor except the rich. At long last, sound had come to the movies.

And drug films were among the first to make use of it. Indeed, one of the very first talkies, *The Drake Case*, was not only a dope film detailing a high society babe's morphine-related decline and fall but a prime example of the industry's rather awkward transition from silence to sound.

Actors, unable to stray from the virtually immobile recording equipment, stood stiffly in place while trading reams of expository dialogue. All of which worked out fine for audiences still thrilled by the novelty of a sonic cinema. But in April of 1929, when *The Drake Case* was released, only a fraction of American theaters had been wired for sound. At most of the film's play dates, restless patrons were forced to endure interminable exchanges of unheard dialogue followed by

All Talking! All Tooting! All Toking!

equally uncinematic title-card synopses of that dialogue, giving the film the look of what Kevin Brownlow called at the time "an Edison drama of 1903."

The presence of sound aside, the industry's approach to drug use had altered little from the silent era and, with *Demon Rum* and cohorts still locked behind legislative bars, alcohol occupied a slightly more prominent place than narcotics in the zeitgeist of the Thirsty Thirties. The studios devoted much screen time in films like *The Struggle* (1931) and *The Wet Parade* (1932) pondering the pros and cons of Prohibition and when the alcohol ban was lifted in

1933, said studios were initially quicker to cash in on the happy event—with such instant celebrations as *50¢ a Beer* and *Beer Is Here*—than to focus their attention on dope, even though its popularity had increased as a result of Prohibition.

Still, opium, cocaine, morphine and marijuana continued to funnel into the U.S. and into the waiting arms and orifices of the nation's "army" of dopers, enough to rank drug peddlers among the most popular stock villains pursued by B movie law 'n' orderites in the numerous action films of the period. In 1930 Robert Armstrong teamed up with a young Car-

ole Lombard to investigate a dope ring in *Big News*, while *Human Wreckage* alumna Bessie Love subdued a similar organization in *Conspiracy*. Three years later flier Regis Toomey put an end to yet another gang of traffickers in *Soldiers of the Storm*, a film critics found reason to praise for its strenuous stunt work, if nothing else. In Britain, narcs were kept busy in *After Many Years* (1930), *Down River* (1931) and *The Camels Are Coming* (1934), while Edgar Wallace's venerable "yellow-drama," *The Flying Squad*—which had been mounted theatrically as early as 1906 in a production highlighted by "a breathless chase in real motor cars 'round a revolving stage"—was treated to no fewer than three separate lensings, in 1929, in 1932 and in 1940.

The most gothic of these early narc 'n' smugglers thrillers was Columbia's *Behind the Mask* (1932), a film that cast movie menace Boris Karloff as an evil minion of one Mr. X, a mysterious morphine distributor who

DOPE IN THE CINEMA: PART II

employs a private Long Island hospital as a front for his nefarious operation. Opposing Karloff & Co. is a treasury agent played by Jack Holt—an actor once described by New York Times reviewer Frank S. Nugent as “virtue enshrined in a firm jaw, a steely glance and a good right hook”—who, in the guise of an escaped con, infiltrates the gang, succeeding where several deceased narcs had failed and unmasking Mr. X as a solid citizen of hitherto impeccable reputation. (Holt, incidentally, was said to have been the physical model for Al Capp’s Fearless Fosdick. It is far likelier however that Chester Gould’s Dick Tracy—Capp’s satirical target—served as the actual inspiration. That, of course isn’t to say that Gould didn’t fashion Tracy after Holt.)

With its florid, gothic overtones (the dope is stashed in a graveyard), *Behind the Mask* visually resembled the neo-expressionist Universal chillers of the period, exemplified by *Frankenstein*. Unfortunately, despite the absence of high-minded anti-dope moralizing and the presence of the man with the world’s most sinister lisp prior to Truman Capote, the film is terminally dull—68 minutes of fog and shadow.

A few bright moments, however, were provided by scenarist Jo Swerling, who endowed his blunt thespians with some fairly sharp lines. When agent Holt plugs himself in the arm (the better to gain the smugglers’ confidence), he turns to a fellow narc and quips, “They’re in narcotics, maybe they’d like a shot in the arm too.” Later, when the agent-poseur crashes the pushers’ lair, it is only to find himself confronted by a roscoe-wielding henchman who gruffly warns, “I’m aiming right at your heart.” Quoth Holt: “Then you’ll have to aim a little higher—right now my heart’s in my mouth.”

But the best lines were reserved for horror vet Edward Van Sloan, seen here as a gleefully sadistic surgeon in the employ of Mr. X, strapping a captive Holt to the operating table and scalpel in hand, informing him, “The

pain when I am going through your skin will not be unendurable. It is only when I begin to cut on the inside that you will realize that you are having an experience.” At least he had the foresight to gag our hero first, thus sparing everyone yet another one of his snappy retorts.

With their easy access to all manner of exotic drugs, members of the medical profession were traditionally suspected of secret vice. Several period films gave vent to that suspicion, one that was not totally without its support in reality. *Bedside* (1934) told the story of a ruthless, drug-driven doctor who blackmails an over-ambitious med student while Dwain Esper’s *Narcotic* (1937) offered an alarmist account of a weak-willed medico’s submission to the allurements of morphine and the British *Living Dangerously* (1936) cast Otto Kruger as a shady sawbones who runs a profitable morphine racket on the side. Less vindictive was *The Crime of Dr. Forbes* (1936), a plea for the legalization of voluntary euthanasia that sketched a rare sympathetic portrait of a young doctor who defers to a fellow physician’s wish to end it all via an overdose of morphine.

Dope fiends of assorted ethnic and social stripes likewise continued to appear as desperate characters quick to commit acts of abrupt and irrational violence. In *The Mad Genius* (1931), Luis Alberni gave an unusually energetic interpretation of just such a crazed addict, “ranting like a devil incarnate.” As Serge Bankieff, assistant to mad Ballet master Tsarakov (John Barrymore), Alberni “enters his master’s office and takes all the powder [presumably coke] he finds, driving him into a maniacal fury in which he slays Tsarakov.” Continued New York Times critic Mordaunt Hall, “Mr. Alberni’s acting of Serge is spirited and painstaking. He gets all there is out of his lines and makes the most of his scenes, particularly those wherein he reveals the transition wrought in him by drugs.”

One of several screen invocations of Dickens’s unfinished novel, *The Mystery*

Charlie Chan gets drop on Oriental poppy pushers in Charlie Chan in Shanghai (1935), while craven cannabis fiends cavort for camera in Anslinger-bucked

of *Edwin Drood* (1935), had Claude Rains as a homicidal maniac who repairs to his favorite opium den to unwind after an especially arduous night of senseless slayings. Fiends in high places were the subject of both *The Masquerader* (1933), with Ronald Colman as an errant parliamentarian with a pronounced penchant for pills and booze, and *Murder by an Aristocrat* (1936), a tale of upper-class intrigue in which the title killer is eventually revealed as the dope-addicted scion of a wealthy family. The idle class were traditionally viewed with suspicion in this regard.

In related incidents of drug fienddom, *Discarded Lovers* (1932), directed by Fred Newmeyer (who, in his better days, had piloted such quality vehicles as Harold Lloyd’s *The Freshman*), recreated the story of a “narcotics tragedy in Chicago,” while a dope-addicted artist plotted against a lady of station in *The Missing Rembrandt*, a 1932 British adaptation of a Sherlock Holmes tale. As for Sherlock’s own fondness for his seven-percent solution, this facet of the

master sleuth’s character was frequently lost in translation from page to screen. Since Sherlock had been seen with works intact in silents like *Sherlock Holmes* (1916) and *The Sign of the Four* (1921), the loss did not go entirely unnoticed by critics of the day. Remarked Mordaunt Hall in his critique of *The Missing Rembrandt*, “It is a Holmes of 1932, who no longer stimulates himself with hypodermic needles but who still clings to his pipe.” By 1939, however in a moment atypical of the times, Conan Doyle’s talented tec could be heard to exclaim at the conclusion of the *Hound of the Baskervilles*, “Watson, the needle!”

In a more earnest vein was William Wellman’s *Heroes For Sale* (1933). Originally titled *Breadline*, the film—a failed stab at social significance and the only major film of the period to deal at all sympathetically with drug addiction—charts the downward progress of a victim played, in guileless fashion, by Richard Barthelmess, the male equivalent of





"shockers" Reefer Madness and Marijuana. The Weed with Roots in Hell

Lillian Gish and a long-time Griffith favorite who had earlier essayed the role of the opium-puffing Chinaman in D.W.'s *Broken Blossoms*.

Heroes opens in the trenches of an embattled 1917 Europe, where Tom successfully undertakes a tricky prisoner-taking mission against the Hun, a feat for which a cowardly comrade one Roger, erroneously gets the glory. Tom, wounded in the raid, receives repeated morphine injections from German medics (already the cinema's only semiacceptable excuse for drug dependency) one of whom bequeaths him a generous supply of the drug as an informal armistice gift. With the innocence of the doomed, our hero gratefully accepts, piping, "That'll be a Godsend, Doctor!"

Back home in the States, caring for his aged mom, Tom takes a teller's job at a local bank owned by Roger's father, feeding his morphine monkey on the sly. That routine soon sours when Tom's connection ups the ante. "What!?" cries a disbelieving Tom. "You mean to tell me you won't give me

what I need for the want of a hundred dollars?"

As Tom's on-the-job performance tapers, he's finally called on the carpet, where he admits his involvement to the boss. When his tearful, morphine mea culpa fails to move the flinty financier, Tom blows the whistle on Roger, only to have his accusations dismissed as the ravings of a deranged dope fiend.

Getting the picture if not the point, Tom agrees to enroll in a state narcotics farm to exorcise his "loathsome, cowardly habit" in the hope of eventually leading a "good, clean, Christian life." The manner in which his curative ordeal is conveyed is a triumph of discreet montage: a close-up of his admission card, dated November 9, immediately followed by an identical close-up of his release card, stamped CURED and dated May 18. That little matter out of the way, *Heroes For Sale* speedily mutates into another tale entirely, as Tom becomes a laundryman, efficiency engineer, husband, widower, labor leader, convict, ex-con, hounded by the Red

Squad and, finally, a self-styled Joe Hill wandering anonymous, alone and alive as you or me, wherever oppressed workers struggle to be free—and all in 45 minutes or less. Hyped as "The Bravest Love Story Ever Told," newspaper ads for the film featured such catch lines as "MEN! You'll stand and cheer for it!" and "WOMEN! You'll never forget it."

Meanwhile, back at the opium den, the Chinese continued to suffer abuse in films like *The Hatchet Man* (1932, with Edward G. Robinson in Tong drag), *Secrets of Chinatown* and *Charlie Chan in Shanghai* (both 1935)—though the last had something of an "equal time" element, pitting Earl Derr Biggers's inscrutable Chinese shamus (played by Swedish born Warner Oland) against a gang of Oriental opium smugglers. It also prefigured the Kung Fu antidopes of the Seventies by having number-one son Keye Luke—recently seen as David Carradine's mentor on TV's Kung Fu series—foil the drug-dealing villains via a dazzling display of jujitsu prowess.

Far worse was *Secrets of Chinatown*, which, according to its press book, set out to "disprove" the old Occidental axiom: "Clever people, these Chinese." Directed by Fred Newmeyer of *Discarded Lovers* obscurity, *Secrets* concerned itself with Irish private eye Donegal Dawn's (Nick Stuart) efforts to round up yet another band of Oriental opium peddlers, efforts that failed to impress critics.

While all this onscreen tragedy and skulduggery was transpiring, the studios were proffering lighter views of drug use in several period comedies, a trend that had been absent from the screen since the late teens. *Welcome Danger* (1929) the first sound comedy to deal with drugs, had Harold Lloyd portraying an unlikely interloper attempting to quell a gang war between rival Chinese and American opium rings. Though not considered one of Lloyd's better efforts, the film was by far his most lucrative. Like many established silent stars' initial sound films, *Welcome Danger* attracted

crowds of patrons, who queued up in record numbers to hear their idol's first words on screen.

Cocaine was jocularly alluded to in *Little Giant* (1933) and in *Full Guy* (1930), an adaptation of an earlier Broadway snow biz comedy about a coke syndicate dupe who eventually outwits his criminal employers and wins a cushy narc job for his troubles. Charlie Chaplin used the drug to more inventive comic effect in an extended sight gag in *Modern Times* (1936). Falsely imprisoned as a communist labor leader, convict Chaplin finds himself in the dining hall seated next to a notorious coke fiend. Espying a pair of visiting narcs, the fiend dumps his supply of "nose powder" into a convenient salt shaker. Chaplin, naturally, proceeds to sprinkle much of it over his meal, snorting some excess flakes that happen to alight on his moustache. When several fellow inmates attempt a break moments later, Chaplin, wired on coke, single handedly thwarts their plans and is rewarded with a comfortable cell and eventual pardon.

In addition to fashioning a genuinely funny sequence, Chaplin was probably the only filmmaker of the time to pick up on drugs' anarchic potential to serve the established order as easily as they can help to defy it—a theme more recently, if less artfully, explored in science fiction fantasies like the giddy *Wild in the Streets* (1968), with its "acid camps" for the elderly, and the paranoid *THX 1138* (1971), with its populace of heavily somatized citizens.

Marijuana was represented in a pair of musical comedies of a surreal bent. *Murder at the Vanities* (1934), starring Kitty Carlisle, paid eccentric tribute to the drug in a bizarre south-of-the-border production number that must have left most of its audience more than a bit bemused. *International House* (1933) was an all-star extravaganza whose highlight was Cab Calloway and His Harlemiacs' big-band rendition of "(Have You Ever Seen That Funny) Reefer Man?" replete with a manic solo performed by a

DOPE IN THE CINEMA: PART II

glassy-eyed, frozen-faced, stoned bass player.

But the most whimsical drug movie of the era had to be 1933's *Confidence*, a short subject that saw an emotionally and economically strung out Joe Citizen journey to Washington, where he's given an invigorating dose of mood-elevating "New Deal serum" by FDR.

Intentionally comic depictions of dope euphoria, however, were soon stopped by Federal Bureau of Narcotics head Harry J. Anslinger, who was nothing if not determined to prove that drugs, in general, and marijuana, in particular, were no laughing matter.

Mr. Carroll, a high school principal of impeccable virtue and considerable community standing, sits in a law enforcement office, his bespectacled face furrowed with concern. He is there on a joyless mission: to uncover the hard, sordid facts about the marijuana plague that's been sweeping the country and is currently paying a calamitous call on his own small, Middle American town. The law enforcement officer in charge, one Mr. Wyler, appreciates Dr. Carroll's concern—can sympathize with it—and asserts that the answer lies in education.

"Oh, it's all right to talk about education, Mr. Wyler," the upright principal exclaims. "But we educators can't do anything until the public is sufficiently aroused."

"Let me show you something," nods Mr. Wyler, beckoning the distressed educator over to his filing cabinets. "In 1930, the records on marijuana barely filled a small folder like this." He puts down the slim folder and, with a sweep of the hand, indicates the outsized cabinets. "Today they fill cabinets. All these are devoted to marijuana records."

To illustrate, he removes a thick folder from the files. "Here's another example." A 16-year-old lad apprehended in the act of staging a holdup. . . 16 years old and a marijuana addict! Another boy under the influence of the drug killed his entire family with an axe."



Coke-crazed con Charlie Chaplin foils break in *Modern Times* (1936), while morphine-mad Richard Barthelmess embezzles funds to feed habit in 1933's *Heroes for Sale*

Dr. Carroll shakes his gray head in shocked dismay.

"Here's another one," the officer continues. "A young girl, 17 years old, . . . taken in a raid in the company of five young men! Hers was particularly flagrant."

"Yes," Dr. Carroll with clenched enthusiasm, agrees. "I remember the case quite well!"

"And there are hundreds of them. . . . New ones coming in every day!"

If the above scene from *Reefer Madness* wasn't enough to send you fleeing from the awful specter of the evil weed, the film offered plenty of other grim images and dialogues to convince you that your first toke of marijuana would lead directly to your last gasps in hell. Alternatively entitled *The Burning Question* and *Tell Your Children* during its release in 1938, the film was one of several alarmist exposés dealing with the "new national menace" of marijuana. In addition to *Reefer Madness*—recently

reissued by New Line Cinema, a modish New York distribution outfit—titles like *Assassin of Youth* and *Marihuana, the Weed with Roots in Hell* (both 1937) also warned audiences of the scourge of "marijuana addiction" and the terrible toll it took on the youth of America.

Reefer Madness has been the most widely circulated, a perennial at colleges, midnight screenings and NORML benefits. Directed with break-neck panache—with pauses for documentary inserts of narcs posing with confiscated contraband and marijuana fields being put to the torch—by B movie veteran Louis Gasnier the film remains the most sublimely ridiculous example of Hollywood's war against drugs.

It was, of course, no coincidence that *Reefer Madness* and the rest of the antimarijuana tracts all saw release within a few years of one another. The films constituted but a small part of a massive anticannabis campaign launched by the infamous

Anslinger, a zealous public official who assumed the post of narcotics commissioner in the newly formed Bureau of Narcotics in 1932. Previously viewed as a minor problem, even by those Treasury Department officials whose job it was to watch over the grass traffic, marijuana quickly became the primary target of Anslinger's indefatigable wrath.

That Anslinger should have singled out marijuana wasn't surprising. Such traditional menaces as opium, morphine and cocaine had already been done to death. If Harry J. was ever going to amass any sort of political power and achieve public relations parity with federal law enforcement rival J. Edgar (Hoover), he would have to invent a fresh foe—one he could isolate, exaggerate and conspicuously conquer. Accordingly Anslinger contended in his 1935 Bureau report that "in the absence of federal legislation on the subject, the states and cities should rightfully assume the responsibility for providing vigorous measures for the extinction of this lethal weed, and it is therefore hoped that all public-minded citizens will earnestly enlist in the movement urged by the Treasury Department to adjure intensified enforcement of marijuana laws."

In addition to encouraging the dissemination of filmic exposés of the "lethal weed," Anslinger deluged the press with probureau, antipope pieces delineating the catastrophic effects of the drug and arguing the merits of strict control. The suddenness of this all-out crusade against the hitherto unheralded weed was nothing if not dramatic: between July 1935 and early 1941 no fewer than 21 antimarijuana articles shouted tales of tragedy and madness from the pages of the nation's magazines. At the height of this campaign even *Look* magazine ran a favorable photo spread on *Reefer Madness*, replete with cautionary captions.

Anslinger's antipope jihad swiftly produced the desired results. Within two years of his 1935 report, all but two of the 48 states had passed stiff marijuana laws, levying dras-

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tic penalties paralleling those meted out to heroin, cocaine and morphine traffickers. In 1937, Anslinger gained his ultimate victory when the federal Marijuana Tax Act effectively outlawed use of the drug. In addition to getting heavy marijuana laws on the books, Anslinger also succeeded in virtually eliminating the normally formidable AMA's heretofore inalienable right to prescribe the drug for medicinal purposes. Only the powerful birdseed lobby managed to escape Anslinger's legislative axe.

For all its artistic and scientific flaws, it must be said that *Reefer Madness* does treat its subject with a good deal of zest. The plot is direct. A quartet of marijuana merchants—two men, two women—set up shop in a small Middle American town operating out of a neighborhood soda lounge, where they recruit local high school students to join the growing army of marijuana addicts. (The pushers, incidentally, seem to be motivated by some perverse Messianic fervor, for at no point do we see them request any monetary recompense for their wares.)

It is at said soda lounge that we get our first look at a typically hopeless victim of marijuana madness—a bug-eyed dope fiend who bangs a boogie-woogie piano, leers in shocking close-up at the soon-to-be-doomed youths and chortles hebephrenically 'twixt frequent trips to the back room to refresh his reefer. For some reason, no period antidrug flick was complete without the presence of at least one such wild-eyed and dope-crazed piano player.

We are next introduced to a pair of potential victims—a beaming honor student, Bill, who's in love with Mary, the kind of clean teen sweetheart Andy Hardy would have been proud to bring home to the judge. Via a series of creaky contrivances, Bill and Mary find their way to the soda lounge, where they are invited to attend a bash at the pushers' pad. Mary, citing a tennis engagement, declines the offer. But Bill innocently accepts and, in rapid succession, turns on to the debilitating

ing drug, loses all self control, cuts a mean rug with one of the female vipers and later retires into a nearby bedroom where he ends up spending not only the night, but much of his doubtless irreplaceable masculine energies as well.

Meanwhile, back at the tennis court, a bemused Mary gets to wondering about Bill. She drops by the dealers' den where she's slipped a surreptitious joint by Ralph, a desperate pusher/addict who's had the hots for Mary all along. Mary takes a toke and, within seconds, her inner beast is fully unbridled and ready to howl. The tea-totaled maiden soon finds herself responding *con mucho gusto* to Ralph's crude advances. And who should pick that inopportune moment to stumble upon the impassioned pair but a groggy and guilt-be-deviled Bill.

Shocked by the foul deed he has done and perturbed by the vile vision of Mary and Ralph locked in primal embrace, Bill seeks to atone for his excesses by soundly thrashing the amorous addict. The ensuing struggle renders Bill senseless via a blow to the head, while Mary buys a fatal bullet in the back, courtesy of a wild shot from Ralph's snub-nosed revolver. When Bill regains what passes for consciousness, the now paranoid pushers have no trouble persuading him that he alone is responsible for Mary's accidental death. The sequence concludes with the remorseful youngster bent over Mary's body, issuing tearful apologies for his role in the tragedy.

Bill is swiftly booked and brought to trial. There his case is aided not a jot by damaging testimony from the aforementioned Dr. Carroll. When asked under oath whether Bill had ever exhibited any behavior that might lead one to suspect that he'd been dabbling in killer drugs, the good doctor replies, "Yes. In the middle of a perfectly serious discussion of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, he suddenly broke into an hysterical fit of uncontrollable laughter." Bill is promptly sentenced to death.

To make a short story short-

er Bill has his pending death sentence reversed when one of the gang's number comes clean, clearing the youngster of all blame in the tragic marijuana mishap. The pushers meet appropriately harsh fates: one is slain in a fit of psychotic frenzy by Ralph (a spirited performance by busy B-actor Dave O'Brien), who, in turn, is judged hopelessly insane and remanded to an asylum. The female dealer who seduced Bill cops a fall from a precinct window and the other receives a long stretch in stir. As for the former honor student, the psychic damage may well be irreparable but, as he's told by the judge in an optimistic outburst rare in such films, "We can only express the hope that your experience may not only keep you but thousands of others from the vicious pitfalls of marijuana!"

Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Though singled out most often because of its novelty value and relative accessibility, marijuana wasn't the only drug to be viewed with alarm by the Anslinger-encouraged exploitation films of the late Thirties. Even as *Reefer Madness* hit the screen, cocaine was being taken to similar task in *Cocaine Fiends*. Also picked up for redistribution by New Line, *Cocaine Fiends*, originally entitled *The Puce That Kills* and remade from a 1928 film of the same name, lacked the absurd energy and hysterical right-wing charm of *Reefer Madness*. The thespians played it straight minus the hammy élan that informed *Reefer*'s performances, and the atmosphere, while sleazier, had none of the previous film's endearing images of young Middle America gone mad. While *Reefer Madness* proposed that a single toke of marijuana could induce prolonged spasms of uncontrollable lust and laughter—you should only be able to lay lips on grass that good—all cocaine seemed capable of doing was temporarily dispersing fatigue and destroying young lives in a dull, steady sort of way. New Line lobby posters promised a wild "sleigh ride with the

snow birds," but *Cocaine Fiends* turned out to be a slow, awkward descent into the pits of B-movie depravity—dope addiction, white slavery, suicide and haunting memories of heartbroken mothers waiting for letters that never arrive.

The plot of *Cocaine Fiends* is simple-minded. Jane, a hardworking waitress at a roadside diner, is wooed by Nick, a slick city hustler with a seemingly endless supply of magic "headache powder." Taking up with the conniving churl, Jane leaves job and long-suffering mom behind to journey cityward, where she is led literally by the nose into the wicked clutches of a white slavery ring operating out of the notorious Dead Rat Café. The scene in which the still innocent Jane is coaxed into her tragic coke habit is nothing less than a classic of the genre. Complaining of a nagging headache, she sniffs some of Nick's eagerly proffered powder (off screen, so as not to reveal actual coke snorting techniques to impressionable viewers) and immediately exults, "Why, that's marvelous! I feel better already!"

Meanwhile, Jane's brother Eddie follows her to the city, where he lands a gig at a local hamburger emporium. A comely co-worker, already hooked by the same scoundrel who's ruining poor Jane, turns Eddie on when he complains of fatigue. Later they patronize a posh nitery, where Eddie is aghast to find his long lost sister causing a scene. Jane pretends not to recognize her scandalized sibling and is brusquely escorted from the establishment while Eddie stares wide-eyed after "What's the matter?" asks his snow-bird date. "That's my sister," Eddie exclaims. "I came to the city to look for her in my spare time!"

Sure enough, Eddie soon finds himself a hopeless hophead living in sin and the slums with his former work-mate—who, broke, pregnant, reduced to prostitution and unwanted at even so normally egalitarian a refuge as the Dead Rat Café, decides to do herself in. Brother and sister meet again in an opium den.

(continued on page 70)

"Surrealism is an entire way of life, not merely a set of rules governing an artistic production."
—Wallace Fowle, *The Age of Surrealism*.

Surrealism



by Rex Weiner

Surrealism, as it was properly practiced by its inventors in the 1920s and 1930s, was a brave forging of art and philosophy into a potent social force. Today,

the word often serves as a cover-up for charlatans, puerile no-talents and cowards. But that's all right, because surrealism is irrelevant anyway. So let's talk about it.

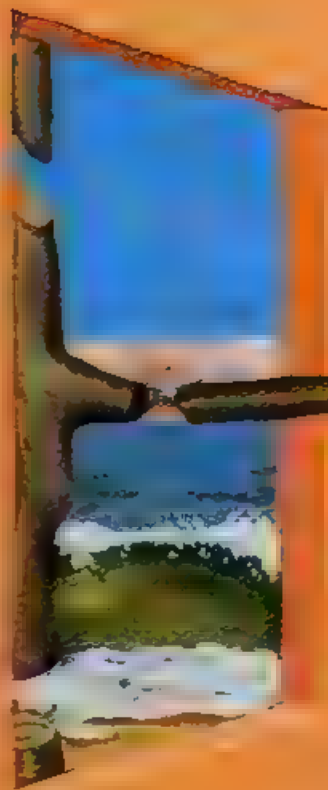
Peter Max is not a surrealist.

Léon Tzara, precursor of surrealism during the years that surrounded the First World War in Europe seemed to have this idea first of all that a war was not a war, but a game. When the war declared war and young men died of poison gas in muddy trenches.

Dada visionary Jacques Vaché once attended a dada performance in New York, in form he called "The Dada Show" and he might as well have been a German. He put on a black and white striped shirt, and the audience and he were restrained by admiring each other's faces.

Vaché liked American films especially Westerns. Often he would simply walk into a theatre without knowing what film was playing, sit down, watch until he got bored and leave. Vaché neither shook hands nor bid people goodbye--terrible manners in France. He claimed he had never made love to his young mistress Louise. He forced her to sit in a corner for hours while he conversed with André Breton. At the end he would kiss and kiss her hand when she served him tea. Vaché became a dadaist saint after a fatal opium OD.

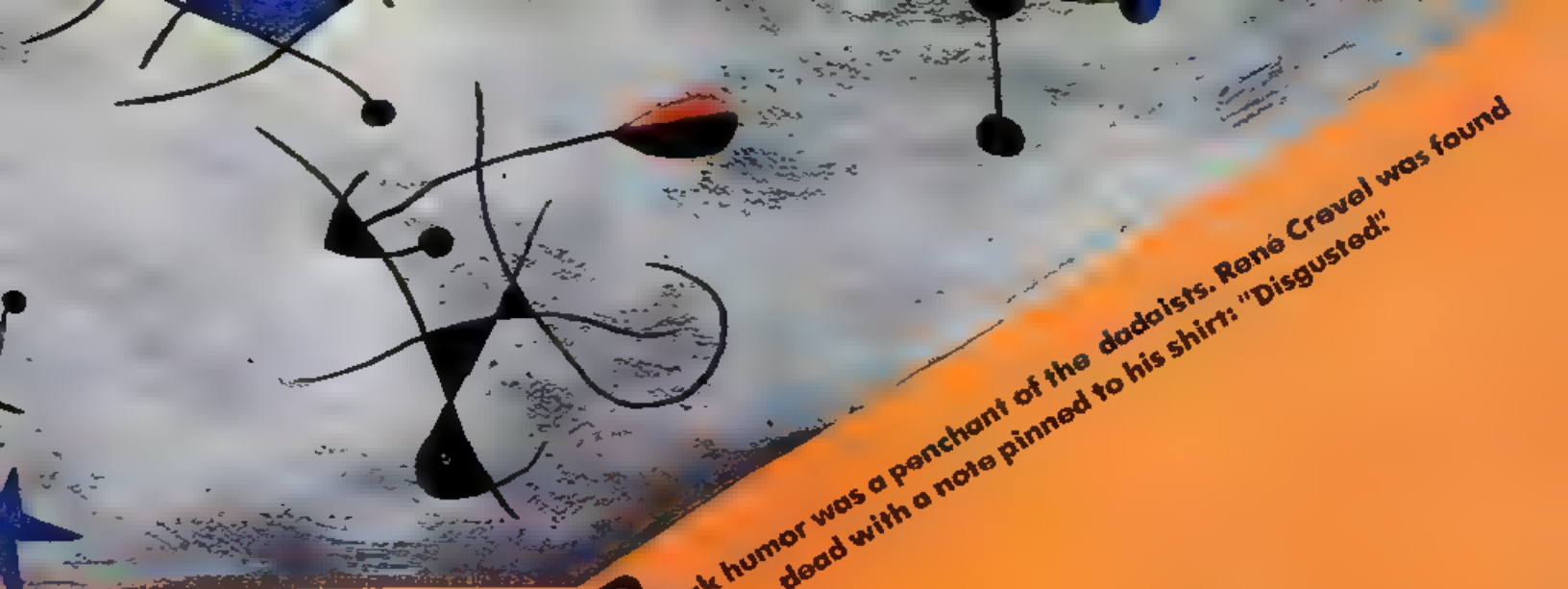
Tristan Tzara, who died only recently, recalls a dada performance: "Marcel Duchamp exhibited a number of pictures, one of which was a drawing done in chalk on a blackboard and erased on the stage, that is to say, the picture was valid for only two hours. As for me, I was announced as Dada and I read aloud a newspaper article while an electric bell kept ringing so that no one could hear what I said. The public became exasperated and shouted, 'Enough Enough!' At the Salle Gaveau, at the Dada Festival the scandal was also great. For the first time in the history of the world people threw at us not only eggs, salads and pennies but beefsteaks as well. It was a very great success."



Dada was
No to every



IF HISTORY
AS A METRONOME
PERIODS OF CULTIVATION
[ORDER], THEN
THE CIVILIZATION



Black humor was a penchant of the dadaists. René Crevel was found dead with a note pinned to his shirt: "Disgusted."



The dadaists insisted on the supremacy of private visionary experience over art, politics, everything. They had to. Their time was one of fierce destruction for individuals.



"The only difference between me and a madman," said Dali, "is that I am not mad."



"The next step from dadaism was communism."

**MAY BE SEEN
SWINGING BETWEEN
[CHAOS] AND CIVILIZATION
SURREALISM WAS
OF DADA CULTURE.**

DOPE IN THE CINEMA

(continued from page 66)

where Jane assures Eddie that it's not too late for him to mend his ways and re-enter society as the poor but honest drudge he used to be. Though she appears halter harder and a good deal more alert than he, Jane explains, "It's too late for me. Girls can't come back. By this time both have long since ceased writing their gray-haired mom, who waits each day for the postman's empty sack and equally empty words of succor.

Cocaine Fiends rushes to its foregone conclusion with a minimum of subtlety or ornamentation. At least in *Reefer Madness* it looked as though the doomed dopers had something approaching a lively moment or two before they went down. Even Freud, a man not usually given to emotional excess, managed to work up more enthusiasm for the drug than did the cast of *Cocaine Fiends*... and it didn't even ruin his life.

Though punitive and puritanical in tone, the Anslinger films, like those of the earlier Vanderbilt and Reid campaigns, were hawked as shocking attractions, for while they condemned the decadent goings-on with heavy hand, they were at the same time "daring" enough to show audiences what lewd doings supposedly transpired at wild reefer parties—up to a tasteful point, anyway. Their more blatantly sex-oriented equivalents bearing titles like *What Price Innocence?* *Sins of Love*, *Sex Madness* and *Damaged Goods*, would often play to sexually segregated audiences—one show for the ladies, another for the boys—and were usually billed with clinical short subjects on arousing topics such as venereal disease. So much for your erotic entertainments.

Illustrative of the mercenary moralism of these exploitation films was the promotional campaign prepared for *Assassin of Youth*, a film that traced an enterprising young reporter's efforts to uncover the "marijuana cigarette ring" responsible for the violent demise of an elderly

dowager, plucked from the winter of her dotage by a marijuana-crazed youth. Taking its title from a Reader's Digest piece jointly signed by Anslinger and Courtney Riley Cooper [reprinted in *High Times*, July 1976], *Assassin* made use of such flaming catch lines as "Marijuana—a Roadside Weed Fast Becoming a National Menace." The film's press book also reprinted headlines from reefer busts ("Marijuana Raids Bare Dope Slavery of Boys and Girls. Youthful Swing Fans Vicimized by Shady Resorts in Westchester") and the usual quota of endorsements from such organizations as the Springfield, Illinois, Board of Education, the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs and the Wichita, Kansas, police department.

Lest exhibitors fear that this sudden intrusion of morality dampen attendance, the film makers quickly assured them that "throughout the picture cleverly woven into the intriguing plot, are shown numerous scenes of all-night Marijuana parties indulged in by the high school students led by a ruthless band of Marijuana peddlers. The boys and girls are shown with all moral restraint gone and one wild party after another being evolved by the use of Marijuana, showing young girls with their resolves undermined and young boys with their desires inflamed. (Well, we could hardly be expected to shell out our hard-earned bread to see his desire undermined and her resolve inflamed.)

Should that fail to pack 'em in, producers also suggested a number of snappy gimmicks, including hiring a local actor to don a devil costume and slouch about the lobby smoking a two-foot-long cigarette labeled "Reefer."

The fact that several of the antiweed movies made it to the Legion of Decency's "Condemned" list bears out their raunchy reputation (Legionnaires were especially incensed by the provocative tease posters used to advertise the films.) As we've seen before, according to the censors' thinking, you shouldn't show sin, not even in a negative

light, when you don't have to show it at all. Oddly enough the Legion inadvertently performed a rare public service. By condemning the anti-marijuana movies, they effectively kept them from the eyes of a majority of moviegoers.

The intra-industry Production Code Authority also refused to confer Code approval on *Marijuana, the Weed with Roots in Hell*, stating their reasons thus:

One section of the production code provides that illegal drug traffic must never be presented. This is the central theme of your story... An other section of the code specifically states that "excessive and lustful kissing, lustful embraces, suggestive postures and gestures" are not to be shown. The sequence where the young men and girls at the beach party under the influence of drugs are shown rolling around on the floor in one another's arms, exposing their persons unduly and giving play to their passions seems to us a violation of this section.

Cocaine Fiends came under similar fire from the New York State Board of Regents. Even after producers agreed to make several revisions the film failed to satisfy the board and was denied an exhibition permit. Wrote one indignant board member, "There is the picture—suicide, abduction, seduction, murder, opium den low-type dance halls, indecent dancing, a repulsive fight scene between two women, several lives ruined and another threatened." In short the board found the film indecent, immoral, tending to incite to crime and to corrupt morals and, just for good measure, "obscene." It was becoming obvious to Harry J. Anslinger that he hadn't taken the best of all possible tactics in piloting his anticannabis campaign.

With another global war fast approaching film makers and goers alike lost interest in drug themes. Virtually nothing would appear on the subject until the release of *To the Ends of the Earth* the earliest of the Cold War narcotics thrillers, in 1948. Actual drug use would not be seen on the

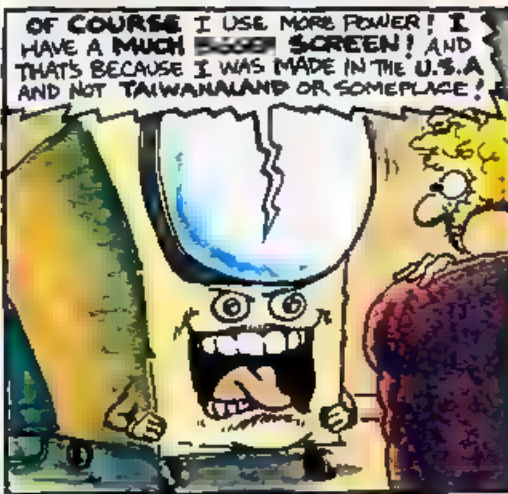
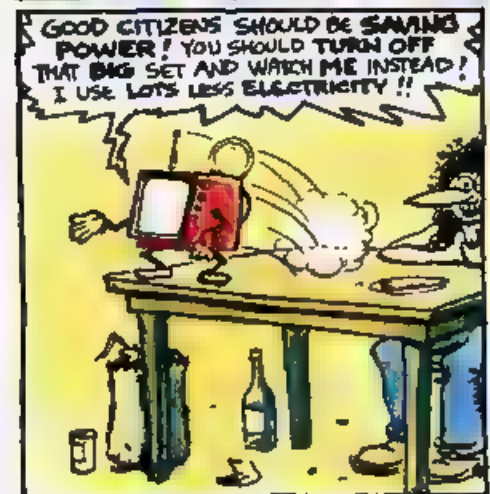
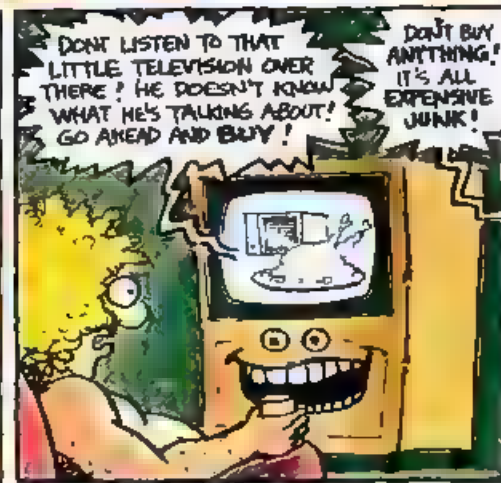
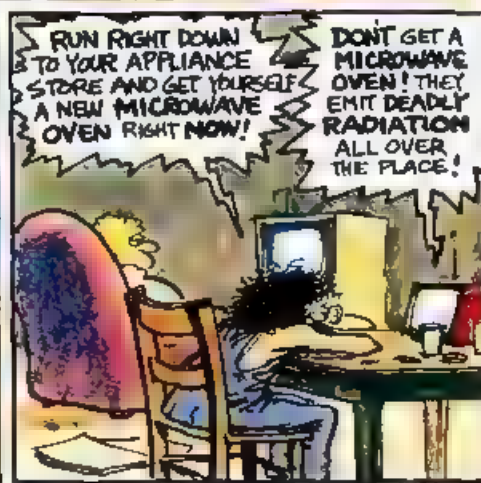
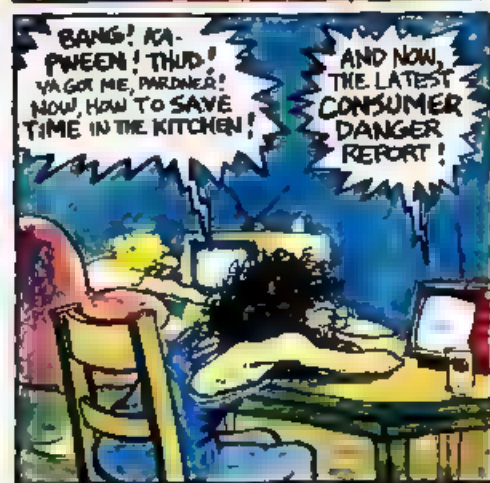
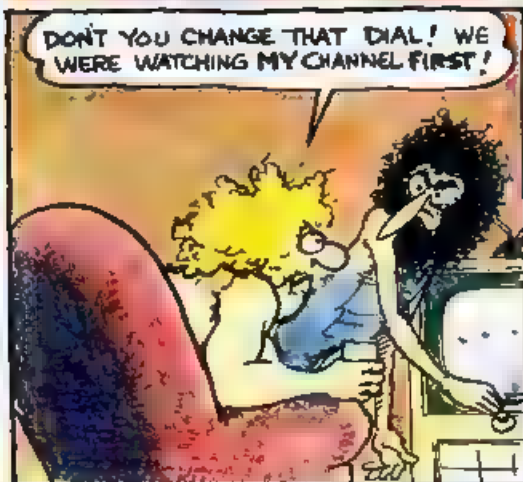
American screen for a full seven years after that, when Otto Preminger would challenge Code antidrug sanctions with his adaptation of Nelson Algren's *The Man with the Golden Arm*.

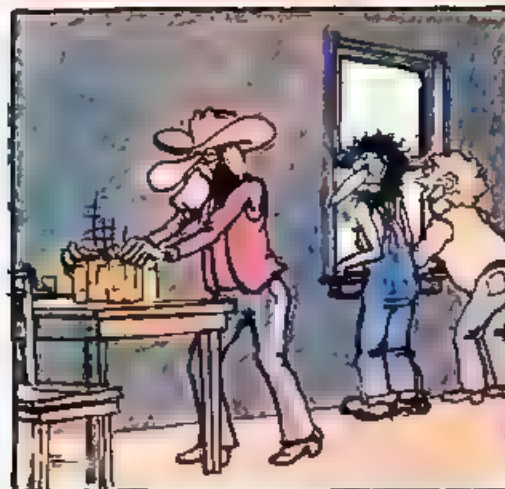
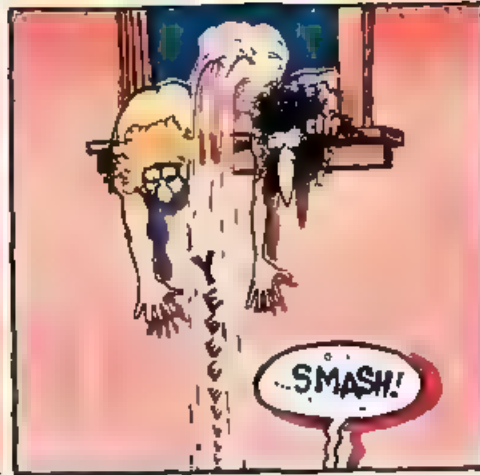
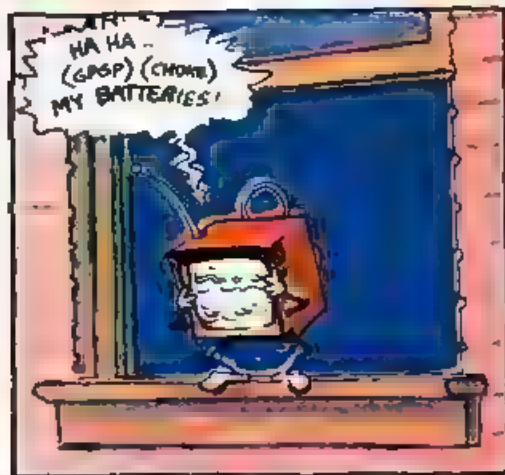
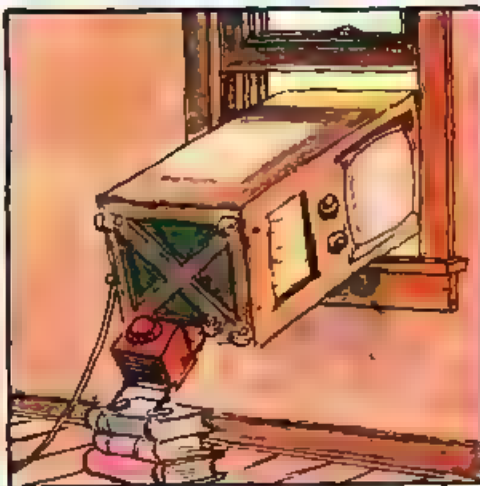
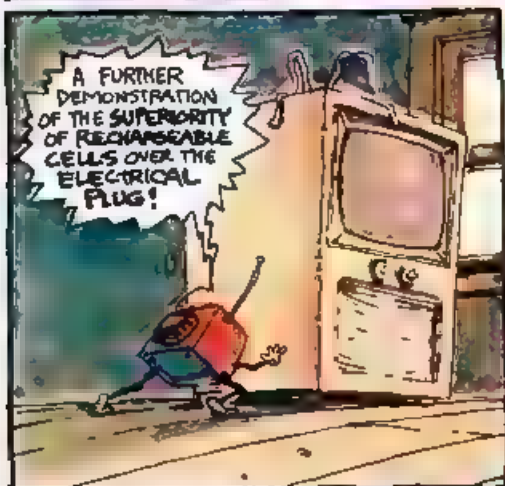
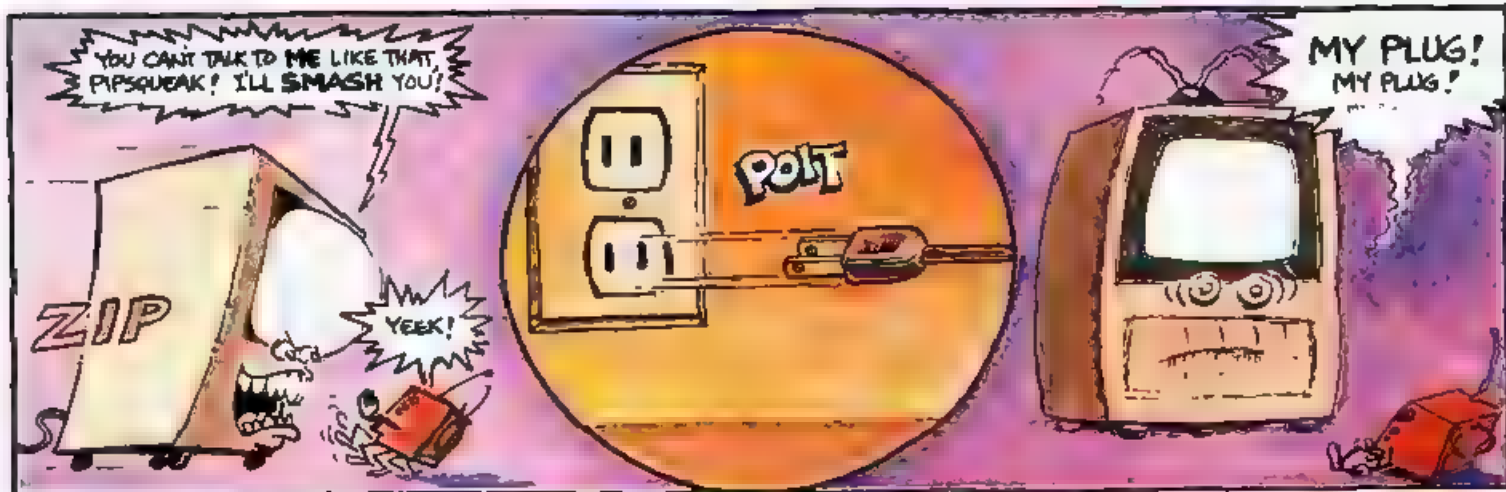
One dubious beacon of light in the midst of this prolonged media blackout was a low-budget 1949 affair variously entitled *Wild Weed*, *The Devil's Weed* and *She Should'a Said No*. An odd throwback to the antiweed movies of the previous decade, the film starred Lila Leeds an obscure actress who had recently been busted on marijuana possession charges with actor Robert Mitchum. Upon her release from a six-month prison term, Ms. Leeds was offered the lead in *Wild Weed*—another example of art imitating life, though the few who've seen the film found it bereft of either.

Produced by schlockmeister Kroger Babb, the film's exhibition was largely limited to midnight showings. As an extra added postscreening attraction, Lila herself would take the stage and lecture audiences on the perils of the pernicious drug.

Like *Marijuana* and *Assassin of Youth*, *Wild Weed* found itself under constant siege from censors, the most vehement Pennsylvania State Supreme Court Justice Michael Musmanno labeled it a "monstrosity of a motion picture." Despite such opposition, *Wild Weed* and several of the earlier antigraass movies continued to be commercially exhibited well into the 1960s. *Marijuana*, for example, was generously padded with newer, raunchier and totally unrelated cheesecake inserts and rereleased as both *The Pusher* and *Narcotics Racket*.

That these would-be erotic additions failed to mesh with the film's original footage was a matter of little concern to either exhibitors or patrons. Both groups were kept mildly gratified as long as movies like *Marijuana* and *Wild Weed* continued to detail how the happy, normal laughter of physically adorable young girls gives way to the hysterical outbursts of dope-maddened women. Oh well, everybody's gotta grow up sometime. ■

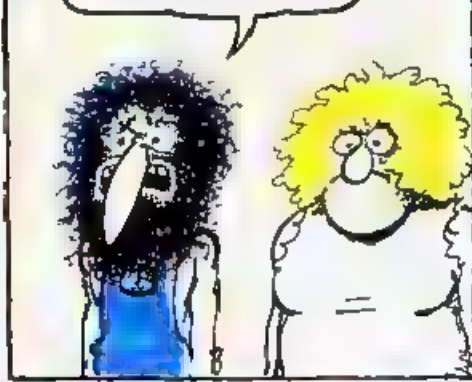




SAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GREAT BIG BOX OF THAT REALLY STRONG WEED WE HAD YESTERDAY?



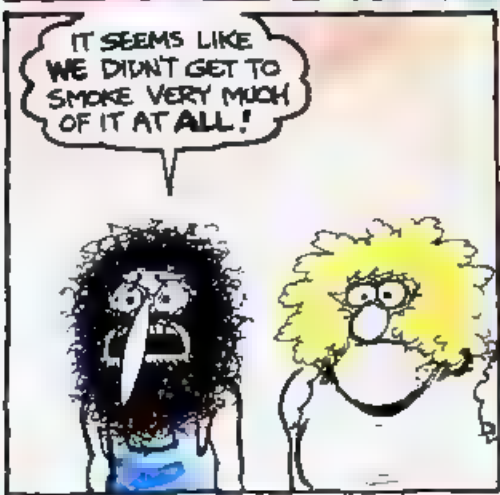
OH, THE COCKROACHES MUST'VE EATEN A LOT OF THE LEAVES AND FLOWER-TOPS!



AND THE MIKE GOT THE STEMS AND SEEDS!



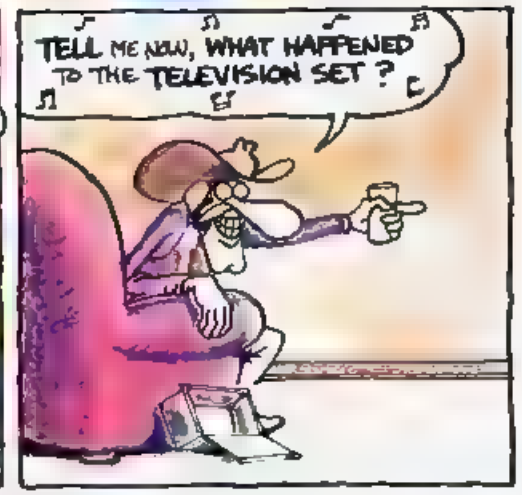
IT SEEMS LIKE WE DIDN'T GET TO SMOKE VERY MUCH OF IT AT ALL!



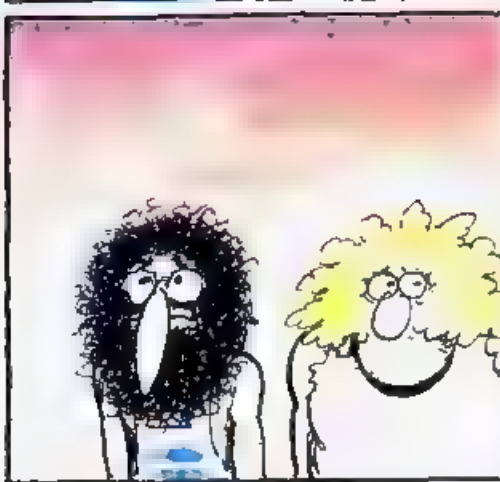
WE DIDN'T SMOKE HARDLY ANY AT ALL WHILE YOU WERE GONE!



TELL ME NOW, WHAT HAPPENED TO THE TELEVISION SET?



AND THE LITTLE TELEVISION IS GONE, TOO! I WONDER WHERE IT WENT?



DON'T TELL ME! LET ME GUESS! LET ME SEE... I KNOW! THE BIG TELEVISION AND THE LITTLE BITTY TELEVISION GOT INTO AN ARGUMENT..



.. AND THE BIG TEEVEE ATTACKED THE LITTLE TEEVEE BUT THE LITTLE TEEVEE PULLED THE BIG ONE'S PLUG, AND THEN THE LITTLE TEEVEE PUSHED THE HELPLESS BIG ONE OUT THE WINDOW, AND THE LITTLE TEEVEE SLIPPED AND FELL OUT THE WINDOW ITSELF!



AM I RIGHT?

WHAT DID YOU DO, GET LOADED ON THE LAST OF THE WEED AND GO OUT AND LEAVE THE DOOR UNLOCKED SO THAT BOTH OUR TELEVISION SETS COULD BE RIPPED OFF?



WELL, ER, ACTUALLY, FAT FREDDY AND I HAD A LITTLE DISAGREEMENT OVER WHAT TO WATCH, AND I THREW THE SETS OUT THE WINDOW!



THAT'S IT, EXCEPT I THREW ONE OF THEM OUT MYSELF!

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COUNTERFEIT SLUGS BIG BUSINESS



BLA BASH



RAISES CASH

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MUCHO MACHO

● **Morris the Cat** is apparently looking for a girlfriend, or at least his promoters are. In an advertisement listed as "Purrsonal," the pet-food company that owns Morris suggests that owners of attractive female cats write Morris in Oak Park, Illinois. The "female cat who is good with a can opener" is promised a date with Morris and, perhaps, even a TV commercial or two.

● Actor **Woody Allen** was recently asked by a woman reporter at a Hollywood party, "How do you get around in crowds without being recognized?" Woody chuckled and pondered the question carefully before replying "I just take off my glasses and walk around looking as much like Margaux Hemingway as possible."

● It's rumored that **Larry Flynt** recently cut the circulation of *Hus-*

tler in half, reportedly in an effort to bully his distributors. Flynt has his own Ohio-based distribution company, and it appears that he would rather totally control distribution—even if it means getting fewer issues of *Hustler* out on the newsstands. It is surmised that Flynt made the move in order to collect money for the magazines up front, which is not the norm for distributing companies.

● Prolific songwriter **Elton John** has abandoned his precarious and notorious ultraplatform shoes for something more down-to-earth and natural. He is now reported to be a Root shoe nut, of all things. The singer was seen in Toronto purchasing four pair of Roots, plus one custom-made glitter version for onstage.

● One movie wasn't enough for **Muhammad Ali**. Not only does

he predict that *The Greatest*, a film of his life story, will break all box office records; the champ also declares that he is discussing other movie roles. "What I'd like to do *really* is star in an all-black remake of *Ben Hur*," the fighter is quoted as saying.

● **Chic**, another Flynt publication, was apparently not chic enough for editor **John Lombardi**, who worked at the magazine briefly until he realized that he'd been hustled into the job. Lombardi claims there were too many girly pictures and not enough serious, socially relevant articles. He then quit his job as Chic's executive editor and came to New York City, where he now holds the same position at *New Times* magazine. Presumably the latter mag is more suited to his tastes.

● Do you think **Elvis** overspent when he bought his legendary gold lamé suit? It reportedly cost him \$10,000.

● Late billionaire **Howard Hughes** had the audacity to die of self-neglect. If that doesn't gall you enough, it is alleged by his undertaker that Hughes died with only one five-dollar bill in his pocket. Crumpled, at that.

● A group of 300 orthodox Jewish circumcisers met in Tel Aviv recently. One outcome of their gathering was the decision to form

a union to protect their common interests.

● A New Jersey patrolman was suspended from the police force after shooting himself and then lying about it, claiming that a "long haired youth" was responsible. The cop was only 26 years old and had been four years on the beat before the job apparently got to him. An official investigation into the shooting revealed that the young policeman had fired two shots at himself. He has since volunteered for psychiatric care.

● Indonesian pickpockets recently held a convention at a luxurious site somewhere near the West Javanese town of Bandung, reports Indonesia's KNI news agency. The agency claims that the pickpockets came from Sumatra and major Javanese towns in order to discuss pickpocketing strategies for 1977.

● British barman **Steve Turner** was awarded 25 pounds (\$42.50) by an industrial tribunal under England's new sex discrimination law after being refused a job serving drinks in a tavern. "All publicans seem to want is barmaids with big bums," he was heard commenting after the hearing. Mr. Turner was represented at the tribunal hearing by his sister-in-law, who later applied for the job and got it.

FEMME FATALE

By Terese Coe

● **Yoko Ono** and **Linda McCartney**, hip, alluring, notorious, arty, rich and well connected—what better scapegoats for the Beatles' breakup?

A Tucson newspaper interviewed George Harrison on the subject once again, who noted the efforts by Paul and John to have their old ladies "permanently" join the Beatles as one of the major factors in the alienations. He said the "biggest problem of all was that there was no way Yoko Ono and Linda McCartney were gonna be in the Beatles. They really helped put the nail in the coffin. Or was it the crucifix? Queer choice of phrase, that. Well, we've all been suckers for Beatles' love

songs for so long, they might as well be too. Does this fall under the category of the All's Fair in Love and War department? Or is it "Got to Get You into My Life," "Strawberry Fields Forever" or "She Loves You"?

● Police in Boutheton, France, detained a woman and her 11-year-old daughter on suspicion of pulling off a \$1,300 bank robbery with a toy gun and starting pistol.

● Race horses and autistic children are the unlikely bedfellows in writer **Gail Rock**'s next screenplay. Maybe it goes like this: race horse raises money, doctor raises children, money raises the kids, Ms. Rock and doc. A natcheral.

● Three women report having been kidnapped from their cars in the Kentucky backwoods to a huge metal UFO, which had been following the vehicle. They were taken aboard the disk-shaped craft and examined by "humanoid beings." Their stories were verified both by lie-detector tests and under hypnosis. The Tucson Aerial Phenomena Research Organization has conducted a year-long examination and concluded that all of the women are regarded by friends as completely reliable. The experience left them with a loss of memory about the drive home, burning skin flushes and weight loss. Now, those Kentucky ladies must be some kind of trippers!

● Five people died during a week of fighting over a woman in New Guinea's mountainous Chimbu province. The battle between rival clans included the burning of 100 houses and the decimation of hundreds of sweet potato and coffee gardens.

● Sisters, are we really ready for the male bordello? This has got to be more than any of us bargained for. The San Francisco area, in the avant garde for the zillionth time, now boasts this typical offer to its red-hot mamas: "The gamut from

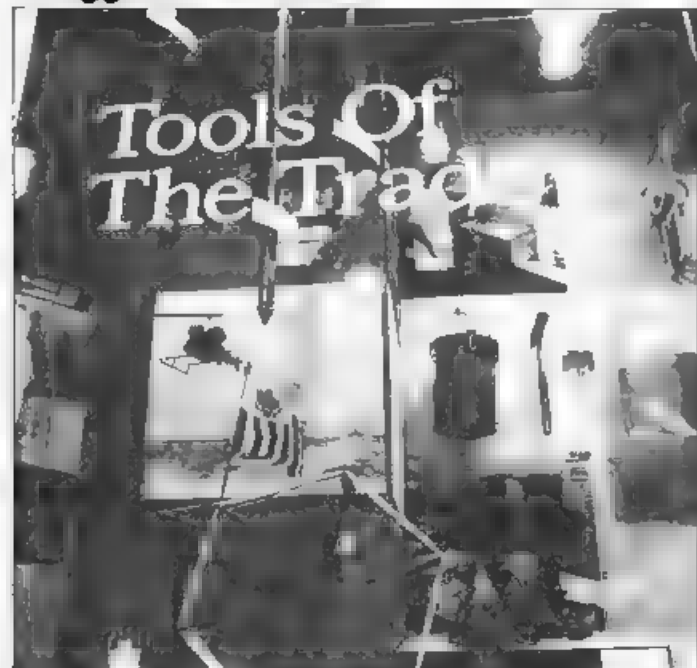
Latin lovers to Robert Redfords." So reads one ad from a successful whore house catering to women customers of all ages and stripes but evidently wishing to avoid "involvement." Hopefully some enterprising Lois Lane will check out the \$30 price tag at the Sears Roebuck of male prostitution on a press ticket (of course) and give us a full report. Nothing like a little price war to drum up free love.

● Latest Commerce Department wage figures on the difference between men's and women's earnings: "The average woman worker earns less than three-fifths what a man does, when both work full-time, year-round." Yech.

● **Majority Report**, feminist to the core, now offers a Used Husbands Exchange, which lists the former husband's first name and his least endearing qualities. "Every woman who has lived with a man knows something about him that should in the spirit of feminist solidarity be passed on to his next victim," the paper stated. A typical entry: "Alan Z., 32, unemployed taxi driver, spent seven hours one day at Kennedy airport waiting for a fare back to New York City, outstanding features: beer gut, conversation: 'Hi babe, whadaya say?'"

SIDESHOW

Smugglers on Parade



While thousands watched John F. Carter take his Inauguration Day walk up Pennsylvania Avenue, another 100 people studied the tricks of the smugglers' trade at a Customs Bureau display.



Illustration by C. Connell

In testimony to the agency of the international dope smuggler the U.S. Customs Service provided samples of the trade: Cane shoes, wine bottle, car alarm, stereo speakers, artifacts and wooden legs that fell into the cops' may are shown above.

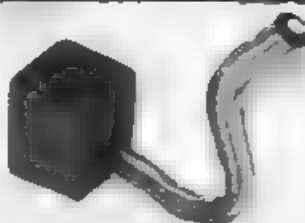
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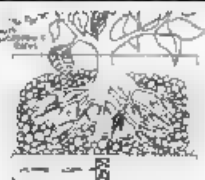


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HIGH CRIMES

Shrimp Boat Founders on Legal Reef - 9 Tons in Hold

A recent coordinated air-land-sea attack by eight law enforcement agencies resulted in the arrest of 19 persons and seizure of nine tons of weed from a converted shrimp boat. Acting on a tip, the cops staked out an area in the vicinity of Black Point, Georgia, where the vessel was allegedly to meet purchasers of the pot. Eight vehicles were picked up at the site. The 15 alleged smugglers ranged in age from 24 to 44. Details of the arrest were not immediately available.

• Lead filled the air over the Mexican border just below San Diego when Customs agents fought a running gun battle with one of two cars that attempted to crash the border gate. One car escaped back into Mexico; the other was caught, disgorging 649 pounds of pot when cops prodded it.

The drama began early one morning when a car raced past border guards at 90 miles an hour into U.S. territory. Since the incident was preceded by two other gate-crashing attempts on two previous mornings in which both cars escaped to the north, Customs officials were ready and waiting with drawn guns but were run off the road. While fuzz emptied their guns, the car jumped a curb "with all four wheels off the ground," crossed a divider and crashed back through the border into Mexico. From there it disappeared. San Diego Police Captain Loren Joslin said one tire was shot out and one occupant was apparently hit.

About ten minutes later, another car crashed the border but was stopped by law enforcement vehicles. Jesus Murrieta Acosta and Gilberto Romero Windlit were picked up for possession of the 649 pounds and sent by DEA agents back to Mexico to await prosecution.

• With friends like this, who needs enemies? That's the question Robert Edward Smith II, 27, must be asking after his arrest in Newport Beach, California, for 120 pounds of hash. Smith's misfortunes began when a friend arrived at his home to pay a visit. Two passing patrolmen thought the man was tampering with Smith's front door and they questioned him. He told them he was a friend of the occupant of the house, and to prove his point, he opened the front door and walked in. The officers followed Smith was sitting at a table in the living room, allegedly working with some of the hash. Cops obtained a

search warrant and discovered the stash. Smith was booked for possession with intent to sell. His friend was booked for an outstanding traffic ticket.

• Long-time Circuit Court Judge Samuel S. Smith, of Lake City, Florida, was led from his chambers by the FBI after being charged with distributing 1,600 pounds of Colombian coke. Smith, 54, who has served 16 years on the bench, allegedly attempted to purchase the 1,600 pounds from Suwannee County Sheriff Robert Leonard for \$100,000. The pot had been seized days earlier after arriving from Colombia.

The day after the judge's bust, Grover Lamar Lee, 39, of Live Oak, Florida, was arrested and charged with being a middleman in the negotiations between Judge Smith and Sheriff Leonard. Known as "Possum" Lee, the former end and kicker for the Washington Redskins, Denver Broncos and Florida State University football teams is now a part-time investigator for the public defender's office.

• Former San Francisco Giants first baseman Orlando Cepeda has been found guilty in San Juan, Puerto Rico, of smuggling in 170 pounds of marijuana.

• Professional wrestler Norman W. Rombalski, 33, known to ring fans as the "Masked Marvel," was convicted in Los Angeles of conspiring to import 4,700 pounds of pot into the U.S. The 6-foot, 5-inch, 380-pound "Marvel" was involved in a caper that brought the weed from Mexico to Lost Dry Lake, California, in his own DC-3.

Cops to Derail Slugfest



Do-It-Yourself Subway Tokens Pique MTA

By Joann Lawless

The rise in the number of cars and the cost of gasoline to keep them on the roads has turned an ever-increasing number of city dwellers to mass transit. Hailed as a panacea by politicians, environmentalists, urban planners and sociologists as the answer to automobile tyranny, urban mass transit systems have in many areas of the country replaced the car as prime mover. Now, it seems, an unforeseeable and potentially disastrous flaw has arisen: the use of counterfeit slugs for cheap rides. And nowhere is it worse than in New York City, where survival-oriented citizens are draining the MTA of millions each year.

Prior to New York's last transit fare increase, in September 1975, slug use averaged 6,000-7,000 a day. After the increase it shot up to 20,000. Despite the installation of slug-detection devices, an estimated 2 million passengers use slugs each year. There have been only 1,600 arrests in the last 12 months.

Slug users vary from 14-year-olds to shopping bag ladies to executives to radical intellectuals. Slug makers, on the other hand, seem to be largely white collar professionals—engineers, teachers, lab technicians, social workers, even lawyers. Making slugs may be New York City's new cottage industry.

The country's only subway-slug squad, known as the Slug Unit,

working with the New York Metropolitan Transit Authority, was created to apprehend both the one-time users and the big-time manufacturers and distributors. On December 16, 1976, five alleged members of a ring that manufactured and sold almost 200,000 slugs during an 11-month period were arrested after a sixth member, a social services caseworker, testified before a Manhattan grand jury. Ironically, the ring supplied thousands of other city employees—perhaps even transit workers themselves—with aluminum disks made at the Triangle Stamp Company, which supposedly manufactured light fixtures.

The Slug Unit operates in two parts—its Felony Evasion Unit (FEU) handles daily crime, primarily felonies, and its Slug Investigation Unit (SIU) works on the big stuff. With the increased use of slugs, the SIU has gotten more of the attention. "It used to be that we had an occasional case, and we'd investigate it. But it got to the point where we had to have an SIU," commented one source. The December 16 bust saved the city an estimated \$263,000.

The SIU employs four detectives who specialize in slugs and utilizes nine men from other divisions. (Compare this with a typical 36-person larceny squad.) During the past year, the SIU closed 12 cases and made 26 felony arrests including 21 distributors, five manufacturers and four slug-mak-

ing machines. Seven cases were closed with no result, and eight remain open for the new year. One bust, involving foreign coins, saved the city \$250 a day, according to department sources.

The FEU works daily with the MTA, setting up a kind of zone defense in certain areas on different days. If it is suspected that slug use has been increasing in, say, Chinatown, four or five patrolmen will be sent down to the Canal Street subway stop to lurk in the area. Users are given a summons with a \$5 or \$10 fine and grilled for sources. If they have prior records they may be charged with a misdemeanor Possession of 200 slugs or more (over \$100 worth) qualifies as a felony. The ultimate job is to discover the buyer's source—moving up the chain, as in a dope bust, to the manufacturers themselves. The cops don't always arrest right away; often they use the information in conjunction with the D.A.'s office. In one case they bought over 40,000 slugs before making any arrests. When the cops finally get to the plant they close it, seal the machines and confiscate the plans. The Triangle Stamp Company faces seven counts at \$10,000 each; the co-owners may get up to seven years.

In a case in Brooklyn two years ago a detective posed as an electrician in the suspects' apartment building for several months until the slug makers got used to his presence. Then, on the pretext of

fixing the wiring in the suspects' apartment, he entered and took pictures of the machines. A midnight raid followed.

A more recent case, involving a Hispanic distributor, was assigned to a Puerto Rican detective working with a back up man he described as an "Irish dude, a sharp dresser, college kid." The detective met the distributor in Bryant Park to make the connection. "I'm working with a tape, wired all over my body, talking to this guy. My partner Bobby positions himself not too far away. We're talking in Spanish, and as we're about to close the deal, this guy motions to Bobby and says, 'He's a *camarón*, son of a bitch.' I say, 'Sure, you're right,' and we move out of earshot and finish the deal."

"Back at the station, Bobby asks me what a *camarón* is. 'It means cop, son of a bitch, little shrimp, shit eater.' 'Huh?' 'Yea, she flash eat shit.' 'Goddamn,' says Bobby, and he goes out and buys himself a black sweatshirt and has 'Camarón' printed across the front in big pink letters. Next thing you know, we go to Tudor City, high class, doorman, to make the arrest. It's seven o'clock, the distributor is at home, he opens up his door and we nab him. 'This is the police, I'm detective so and so' everybody identifies himself. Only Bobby bursts to the front, opens up his chest, bares his black and pink shirt and says, 'It's me, the *camarón*, you son of a bitch!'"

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Radical Celebs Support BLA



Assata Shakur, nee JoAnne Chesimard, has been called the brains behind the
 Black Liberation Army. Held without bail since May 1971, Shakur is charged
 with the shooting death of New Jersey state trooper Werner Foerster. William
 Kunstler and wife Margaret A. Ramer (above) head the defense team.



Yippie organizer Dana Beal, pipe protruding from pocket, arranged a
 fundraising party for Shakur at Kunstler's. Prosecutors are determined to prove
 Chesimard is the driving force behind the BLA. Harry Belafonte is on the left.



Pie-kick superstar Aron Kay (left) roasts BLA defense team at Kunstler's with a
 shaky arm around Jerry Rubin. Shakur has been held without bail even though
 she has no criminal record and was acquitted in New York on kidnapping,
 murder and bank-robbing charges.

Photos: Chance

COCAINE CONFIDENTIAL

D-men Pop 76 Pounds in Last Bicentennial Bust

In one of the last major seizures of the Bicentennial, police nabbed 76 pounds of topnotch toot in a Florida airplane. The coke—and two men who allegedly winged it in, Thomas Schlaebitz, 47, of Fort Lauderdale, and Joseph Driscoll, 50, of Oakland Park—were deposited in the Dade County jail on \$100,000 bond. A tip-off led to the intercept.

"Planes were up in the air looking for four hours for this one," D-man mouthpiece Ted Swift chortled. When the twin-engine Aero Commander landed at the airport, three government planes and a helicopter landed right behind. The DEA had staked out numerous small airports in central and south Florida. The coke was allegedly stored in 32 plastic bags. Officials said the plane was believed to have come from South America.

• D-men in Portland, Oregon, are warning the citizenry that their town is becoming a hot drug scene, following busts of some 18 pounds of the flaky stuff recently (see March "Cocaine Confidential"). Special agent in charge of the Portland DEA Bill W. Freeman

said, "Snow comes through traditional ports of entry—Southern California, New York City, the Gulf Coast and Florida," but added, "That pattern is changing. Routes can change from day to day. If you close one hole the rat looks for another."

• In Spokane, Washington, Debora C. Brisbois, 19, has four months to cool her heels after she confessed her role in a planned \$19,000 coke sale. The prosecutor said that "all of her difficulties have come... while she has been associated with those involved in the drug scene," while her court-appointed defense attorney, Patrick K. Stiley, condescendingly agreed she was a "victim of circumstance, ignorance and her own immaturity."

• Another with friends like this trip, this time for John Cucchiari, 26, of New Milford, New Jersey, who called up a buddy following stories in the newspaper of a police dope sweep. According to Lt. Joseph Celaney, Bergen County head narc, Cucchiari called one of our undercover guys and said, "Did you read this morning's paper? ... We'd better get our money together and split." His friend, an undercover agent agreed to go to Florida with him, and they met at a Fort Lee restaurant. Police arrested Cucchiari on charges of selling two ounces of superfly.

• Two Peruvians have been arrested for manufacture of cocaine in San Diego after narcs provided them the chemicals to make the toot and received 14 ounces in return. Miguel Augustin Lav-

arello, 31, of Whittier, and Eduardo Guillermo Callirgos, 35, of Cerritos, stand charged of conspiracy to manufacture, distribute and dispense the contraband. Agents followed the defendants to Callirgos's auto repair shop and later busted them.

• The University of Colorado Medical Center was the scene of a police raid that broke up an alleged large-scale prescription drug ring. A large amount of cocaine missing from the medical center's pharmacy and pharmacy supply area initiated the crackdown. Charged were Richard O. Oliver, 26, Michael D. Burke, 23, and Jeffrey P. Weinacht, 21, alias Jeffrey P. Hemact. All were employees in the supply departments. The investigation began after police received tip-offs that drugs could easily be scored at the center. Undercover university police officer Judith Ann Stephens reportedly made several drug purchases before the raid. Of 250 prescription drug abuse cases in Denver last year, 50 involved the hospital.

• Mounties put the bite on four Saint-Jérôme, Quebec, men for alleged possession of five pounds of superfly. RCMP S. Sgt. Gilles Poissant said the seizure followed the day-long surveillance of one of the suspects, who arrived on a flight originating in Lima, Peru.

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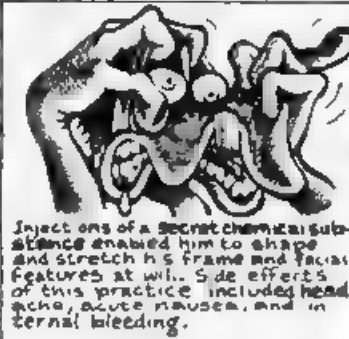


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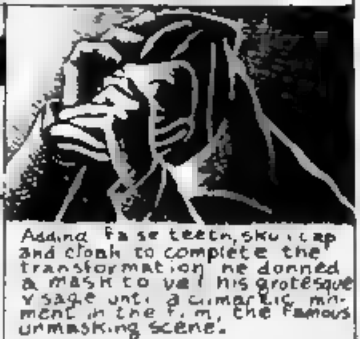
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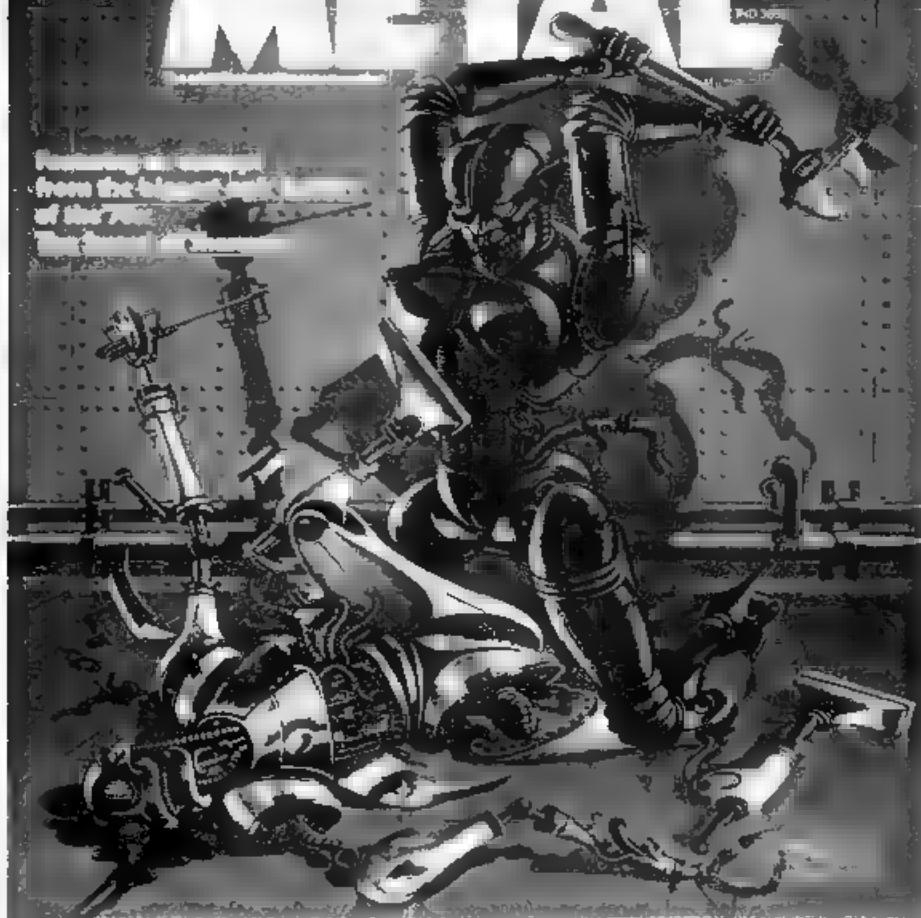
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Castaneda

(continued from page 49)

age reporter Broo Skuk of the *Poochow Observer*

"Scotland," says Karlus with a mischievous twinkle in his big, blue, Occidental eye, "where my grandfather Magnus Kastanebaum immigrated in 1891 from Marseille, which is how I grew up speaking both Provencal and Gaelic."

"I notice," probes Skuk, "that Swami Goananda always spoke to you in perfect German. Where did you learn that?"

"I learned perfect German," Karlus explains, "when my Scottish uncle, Ossian McFingal, the ruler of our clan, packed me off to the very proper Ferdinand Maximilian boarding school in Vienna. I learned plenty of Chinese there, too."

It shouldn't take a professor of linguistics at UCPK to find a flaw or two in that story.

FACT OR FICTION

It makes no difference whether the books are a record of an actual encounter or Castaneda is the author of a clever fiction.

—Joseph Margolis

When Joseph Margolis wrote that he didn't mean it makes no difference. He meant (and said) it would not affect don Juan's potency as a fountain of philosophy or an instrument of our instruction. And there are other ways in which the factuality or fictiveness of Castaneda's books makes no difference. If we care solely for entertainment or inspiration, if we seek only an allegoric truth behind the fantasy, if we believe every story is true in its own way, then we may not care at all whether Castaneda actually interviewed anybody or whether the person he interviewed was anything like the don Juan we have come to know.

What I want to know is, whom did Castaneda meet in the Nogales bus station? Where have the Spanish field notes been deposited? When can we listen to the tape recording of the conversation that took place in Lucio's house on the night of 4 September 1968?

Castaneda has contributed something of value to society by writing his books. At the least, he has widely popularized certain metaphysical propositions that some people, including me, think are both important and defensible. Many people also credit him with being a scientific anthropologist, an original philosopher, a master teacher, a psychic visionary, a literary genius or a practical sorcerer. To judge these additional qualifications, particularly his status as a scientific anthropologist, we need to know whether his books are fact or fiction.

A majority of the professional an-

thropologists who have rendered public judgments on Castaneda's works have either questioned or denied their factuality. Francis Hsu compared them to Gulliver's Travels. Jesus Ochoa thought they contained "a very high percentage of imagination." Marvin Harris doubted the existence of don Juan. Edmund Leach said *The Teachings* was "a work of art rather than of scholarship," while Weston La Barre called it "pseudo-ethnography" and ethnobotanist R. Gordon Wasson "smelled a hoax" on the first reading. Beyond Castaneda's solitary word there has been no evidence whatsoever that don Juan existed or that any field work was ever carried out. Scientifically, this is not an entirely satisfactory situation.

My dictionary defines hoaxing as "deceiving by a fiction." In this article, I shall prove to my satisfaction—and, perhaps, to yours—that Castaneda's books, though they may contain a fact here or there, are abundantly and essentially fictive and must be classified as fiction if we are going to classify them at all.

While Castaneda's books treat a non-ordinary reality, they depend on ordinary reality for their acceptance as factual reports. The author implicitly agreed to that when he offered them as conventional reports of anthropology field work conducted on particular occasions dated by the ordinary calendar. "In the summer of 1960," he wrote, "while I was an anthropology student at the University of California, Los Angeles, I made several trips to the Southwest." He did not say

"Don Juan told me that in the summer of 1960 I made several trips," or "After smoking the mushroom mixture, I found I was a student at the University of California" or "When I crossed my eyes, I saw a white-haired old Indian sitting in the bus station." Castaneda the anthropologist may have had his left foot in the other world, but he had his right foot in this world. My task here is to pry up the sole of his this-world shoe to see whether there is a banana skin under it. My test of fact or fiction will be whether the ordinary events reported in his books would be possible in this ordinary world. If not, the books must be fiction.

One night Carlos and don Juan were sitting in don Juan's room chatting in the dark when don Juan asked Carlos what he used the darkness for when he was in Los Angeles. Carlos admitted he used it for sleeping. Don Juan said the darkness of the day was the best time to "see." "He stressed the word 'see,'" Castaneda wrote, "with a peculiar inflection. I wanted to know what he meant by that." "What's it like to see, don Juan?" Carlos asked four days later.

Don Juan said he couldn't tell him. Carlos would have to see for himself. Is it a secret I shouldn't know?" Carlos persisted. No, don Juan reassured him, but he must do it to know it.

In the next book, we find don Juan and

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Carlos on a hilltop, when don Juan tells Carlos to run over and get some leaves from a certain bush. From where he stands Carlos can see a large green bush growing on the near slope of the next hill. He runs down one hill and up the other, but when he gets to the right spot the bush has disappeared. He returns and reports his mistake. Don Juan says there has been no mistake. He leads Carlos around to the far slope, out of the direct line of sight, where they find the bush, the only one of its kind within a mile. The bumbling apprentice doesn't grasp what has happened, of course, but don Juan is delighted and calls it an omen.

Later in the day, Carlos finds a place he will return to in his dreams, a place don Juan will give him as his own nonordinary domain, "not to use but to remember." "This spot," don Juan tells him, "is yours. This morning you saw and that was the omen. You found this spot by seeing."

How gratifying that Carlos has finally achieved in this second episode the personal experience of *seeing*, about which he could only wonder in the first. What would you say, though, if I told you I have given you these two episodes in the wrong order? Granted, they are in the right order for *seeing*. They are in the normal order for learning. They are in sequence as they were published, the first from *A Separate Reality*, the second from *Journey to Ixtlan*. But according to the author's meticulous chronology, the two men were chatting in the dark on 21 May 1968, while Carlos saw the bush on the wrong side of the hill and found his spot by *seeing* on 29 January 1962. Carlos first heard of *seeing* 6 years after he saw

CARLOS ONE AND CARLOS TWO

All the evidence ever needed to prove a case of big-time fictioneering can be found in Castaneda's first three books. The secret is to make a chronological list of the events.

Carlos's 22 drug experiments are confined to the first two books. Introducing the third book, Castaneda begs the readers' pardon for having erroneously assumed that drug states were the only avenue to don Juan's knowledge. The mistake, he says, was forced upon him by the fact that Carlos's drugged perceptions had been "so bizarre and impressive." Though don Juan had actually tried to give Carlos the core of the teachings in the first two years through nondrug techniques, and though Carlos had doggedly written those nondrug lessons into his field notes along with the drug lessons, he had neither found them so unusual nor been so impressed by them that Castaneda could not systematically eliminate them while writing *The Teachings*.

Before one has read *Journey to Ixtlan*,

this rationale sounds quite reasonable. Afterwards, the reflective reader may notice a contradiction. Despite the rationale, some of the nondrug experiences have been strange indeed, and Carlos has certainly been impressed by them. But while the Carlos of *Ixtlan* finds these lessons intensely moving and wholly relevant to don Juan's teaching, the Carlos of *The Teachings* apparently did not. (*A Separate Reality*, the transition volume describes 15 such incidents without calling attention to their nondrug character.) It seems we are dealing here with two different Carloses who lived through 1961 and 1962 in the same places with the same teacher but felt and understood it all quite differently.

Carlos Two, of *Ixtlan*, the Carlos we met second, saw a falcon in don Juan's features, saw a bridge and slept in a cave that did not exist in the ordinary world, spied a bush on one side of a hill whose ordinary location was on the other, had a fleeting vision of a vast world in the surface of a rock, saw a range of mountains as a web of light fibers and attended a magical demonstration where don Juan appeared simultaneously to five apprentices in five different guises. Reacting to these extraordinary events Carlos Two felt his heart had stopped, stared dumbfounded, was nearly paralyzed by the shock of seeing his surroundings went through a moment of unparalleled confusion, refused to believe what he was witnessing, grappled for any kind of an explanation, felt a chill run up his spine, felt a hand grabbing his stomach and screamed involuntarily. Carlos One, in contrast, found these events so commonplace that Castaneda felt no need even to allude to them in *The Teachings*.

The *Teachings* seldom mentioned nonordinary seeing, only once without linking it to drugs. *Ixtlan* mentioned it at least a dozen times, identifying it as an important aspect of don Juan's nondrug teaching. Carlos Two was formally introduced to *seeing* on 28 December 1961, when don Juan said, "Look without blinking until you see." Carlos One first encountered it on 2 April 1968, when don Juan said, "The little smoke will help you to see men as fibers of light." "Fibers of light?" The phrase came unfamiliar to Carlos One's ear, though Carlos Two had seen a range of mountains as fibers of light in 1962, after don Juan had instructed him at some length in that particular kind of seeing.

Manifestly, these books are describing parallel universes, one inhabited by Carlos Two, the other by Carlos One. The conventional rules, by which Castaneda bound himself when he dated Carlos's field notes, tell us these two universes cannot both be our daily world where graduate students do tangible field work and become doctors of anthropology.

Compelling as this evidence is, a more

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startling anachronism remains to be described. In October 1965 Carlos One went through an ordeal so unexpected and disturbing that he sadly withdrew from his apprenticeship and avoided Don Juan for more than two years. The ordeal was a night-long confrontation with a powerful enemy who had assumed don Juan's bodily form, though not his accustomed gait or speech. It disturbed Carlos deeply, because for the first time he entered a vivid and extended state of nonordinary reality that did not result from using a drug. This unique event confirmed his growing suspicion that the nonordinary reality could, without drugs, break through his comfortable daily certainties and flood his sober consciousness. Rather than be overwhelmed by that other world, he fled in terror back to Los Angeles, where Castaneda wrote a book featuring the special event not only as the climax of its story but as the crowning exhibit in an academic analysis of "special consensus."

The reader of *The Teachings* found this development disappointing but plausible. In contrast anyone who lists the events in proper order discovers that the "special" event was not so special after all, since it was preceded by 21 earlier nondrug nonordinary events, in many of which even stranger visions or more menacing confrontations had invaded Carlos Two's sober consciousness. Reacting to these earlier events, Carlos Two had been terrified, angered, saddened, horrified, dumbfounded, deprived of speech, suffocated, borne up by exquisite warmth and supreme well being or gripped by abdominal pains. He could hardly have forgotten about them, but if he had, his field notes would have reminded Castaneda.

Curiously, when Carlos One begged don Juan to explain what had happened during the "special" event, "the conversation began with speculations about the identity of a female person" (italics in the original) who had snatched Carlos's soul and borrowed don Juan's form. The lady was not named, and the reader was left to wonder whether the galvanizing impersonatrix was in fact a certain "fiendish witch" called la Catalina, who had been mentioned briefly on 23 November 1961—four years earlier. At that time don Juan had said he was harboring certain plans for finishing her off, about which he would tell Carlos One "someday." Poor Carlos One had to wait ten years to learn about those plans in *Tales of Power*, but Carlos Two, traveling on a parallel time track, carried out those plans with moderate success in the fall of 1962, when he met the magic lady six times in a row—once as a marauding but indistinct blackbird, once as a sailing silhouette and four times face-to-face "in all her magnificent evil splendor" as a beautiful but terrifying young woman. Reacting to those encounters, he felt his ears bursting, his

throat choking, his hands frozen, his body chilled and his arms and legs rigid. The hair on his body literally stood on end. He shrank and fell down to the ground. He was paralyzed. He began to run. And he lost his power of speech.

Here we are asked to believe that a flesh-and-blood anthropologist who enjoyed this tumultuous supernatural affair with a glorious witch in 1962 did not recall her name in 1965, did not make the connection between the last meeting and the previous six when sorting through his field notes in the safety of his apartment, did not put it all together when naming her in his first book, but found the memory "as vivid as if it had just happened" on 22 May 1968, a few pages into his second book. Even if we could credit this uncharacteristic amnesia, we would still have to account for don Juan's equal failure to name la Catalina in 1965.

The puzzle is easily solved by switching from the factual to the fictive model.

**It defies
common sense
to suppose Castaneda
could bamboozle
five dissertation signers
and one or two
other faculty members.
I do suspect
he seduced them.**

The abrupt unsatisfying ending of *The Teachings* is not a symptom of ethnographic battle fatigue: for our campaigner has already survived six such battles with colors flying. It is only a serialist's preparation for the next episode: a cliffhanger that makes us hungry for another book. Tune in to my next nonordinary volume and hear la Catalina say "Oye muchacho! If you theenk thees blackbirding, boar-dodging, car-stalking sky-sailing, road-hopping, doorway-standing stuff ees bad, just wait three years till I eempersonate don Juan."

On these showings, one thing is certain. *The Teachings of Don Juan* and *Journey to Ixtlan* cannot both be factual reports. One of them, at least, is fiction.

At this point one may well ask why Castaneda did not save himself a lot of trouble by telling his story in a straight line right from the beginning. Why did he start off with drug experiments if he or don Juan thought that was the wrong way to go? Having made the false start, why couldn't he change his course grad-

ually, as he was doing in *A Separate Reality*, without going back to Day One?

I don't know what Castaneda's explanation will be when he writes his confessions, but my theory runs like this: Many people who have known Castaneda describe him as consistently opposed to the use of drugs, and his four books taken together support that judgment. The 1960s, however, were not the right time for a nondrug visionary book. The market belonged to Timothy Leary. If Castaneda wanted to teach young people a better way, or even if he just wanted to sell them a lot of books, he had to meet them where they were, which was dropping acid in strawberry fields. As soon as he got a firm grip on his readers, or the market veered away from drugs, he could alter his course. By 1970, when the market was looking better for nondrug books, Castaneda realized he had unwittingly torpedoed his message by allowing many of his readers to believe nobody could get high enough to enter the other world without a powerful boost from the psychotropic rockets. To rescue the teachings he had to go back over the old ground, illustrating in convincing detail don Juan's distaste for drugs and his capacity to teach any but the most inept apprentice how to see without them. To accomplish that rescue, *Ixtlan* had to be back dated.

Or did it? Carlos "had the feeling don Juan was capable of arguing his way out of anything." Why not let him argue his way out of the mess Castaneda had gotten him into? He could blame everything on Carlos's stupidity or stubbornness, and *Ixtlan* could follow *A Separate Reality* in narrative time as well as in calendar time. That way, the contradictions would have been avoided, and this analysis could never have been written. But that option was closed, because the author had run out of calendar time.

In the flush of first success, Castaneda had been grinding out magical events faster than the earth was turning, and his readers (and presumably his agent and his publisher) were already howling for more. *A Separate Reality* had carried us all the way to October 1970, narrative time. *Ixtlan* would be published just two years later, calendar time, and Castaneda had to write a book about them, saving at least six months—and, more likely, a year—for the publisher's manufacturing and premarketing. To make matters worse, during the first of those two years, Castaneda was actively enrolled as a student at UCLA, presumably doing visible things on campus. In the spring of the second year he was lecturing regularly at U.C. Irvine. Even for a sorcerer, that's a pretty tough schedule. Anybody who did not believe a flesh-and-blood anthropologist could pop back and forth between UCLA and Mexico in the blink of a lizard's eyelid would not buy it.

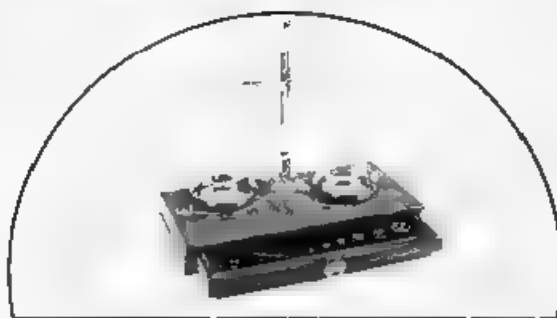
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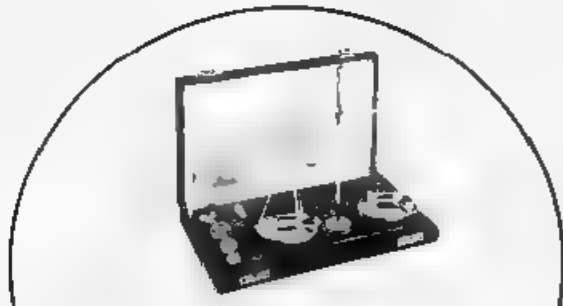


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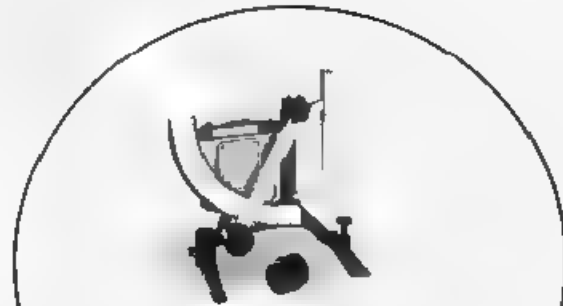


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tudes of the literary market the pressures of success and commercialism, the author's productivity and the passage of ordinary time (which don Juan told us was relentless) combined to trap (as Castaneda, compelling him to leave in his books some well-hidden but ultimately discoverable clues that would someday betray what he had been up to. I don't suppose he worried much about leaving them. A warrior does not wait around to be clobbered. Though he saw that I would find his clues in 1975 and publish them in 1977, he also saw that he would be flying much too high by that time to be brought to earth again by mere 12-gauge conclusive proofs of fictioneering.

R Gordon Wasson was bothered by Castaneda's language. Why, he asked, did we get no flavor of Spanish discourse in *The Teachings*? Why, in *A Separate Reality*, did don Juan spout so much American slang, when he had spoken standard English before? Why, in *Journey to Ixtlan*, did Castaneda give us Spanish we didn't need but fail to tell us what Spanish phrases don Juan used for critical terms like "ally," "not doing" and "stop the world"? "Any careful reader," he concluded, "would say the original language of the conversations with don Juan was English."

In 1968 Wasson sent a letter expressing misgivings. Castaneda replied "fully and frankly," even sending Xerox copies of 12 large ruled pages of worked-up field notes (not the kind Carlos had scribbled in the heat of the action but a second generation, prepared in quieter moments). "They were in Spanish and carried questions, which Castaneda put to Don Juan, and replies, written in legible handwriting." Their substance appeared in *The Teachings* "satisfactorily rendered into English" for 8 and 15 April 1962, when Carlos and don Juan were talking about the four enemies of a man of knowledge. Within a year, Wasson met Castaneda twice and was favorably impressed. "He was obviously an honest and serious young man."

Despite those assurances, Wasson's estimate of Castaneda as a factual reporter steadily declined, reaching its nadir in 1973, when he saw Castaneda vacillating between science and romance, "a poor pilgrim lost on his way to his own Ixtlan." The following year *Tales of Power* resolved the quandary and tipped the scale. Castaneda had abandoned science and was writing frank romance.

"For me the best is the latest," Wasson said. The meaning of the tetralogy had at last come clear. The four books were an extended parable, an allegory revealing an alien, preterite world. Though some doubts lingered about where ancient traditions left off and idiosyncratic science fiction began, Wasson felt Castaneda's artistic truth, whatever its details might prove to be, finally outweighed the fum-

bling pseudoscience of the first three of his books.

Though Carlos itched to snap photos and spin tapes, don Juan wouldn't stand for anything more evidential than notebooks. Luckily Carlos was an outstanding note taker, a speedwriter "capable of writing down most of what [don Juan] said in the beginning and everything that was said later."

"You really write everything?" Don Juan could hardly believe it. Later he complimented Carlos on the sorcery of writing without concentrating. Carlos admitted he paid no attention to the scribbling, which seemed to him a separate activity he had nothing to do with. To be sure, the conversations are so full and lively that only an automatic writer could have written them down while participating in them. Years of this writing produced volumes of notes, which had to be organized and edited, but Castaneda assured us his editing was only selecting, not rewriting. If, as I believe, no other anthropologist has used automatic writing to take notes in the field, Carlos's volumes of scribbled notes should without fail be deposited in some scholarly library, not merely to show that the interviews actually occurred, but also to illustrate a remarkable recording technique. If Castaneda could demonstrate the technique in person, that would be even better, methodologically.

Carlos's literal transcription of everything that was said and Castaneda's faithful reproduction of intact passages from Carlos's notes tempt us to believe only simple translation stands between us and don Juan's actual speech. How odd then to note, as Wasson did, that don Juan spoke standard English in *The Teachings* but slang in the later books. Granted, the don Juan of *The Teachings* did say, "Accident, my eye!" and repeated Carlos's judgment that a girl named H. was "off her rocker," but those were rare lapses. In *A Separate Reality* don Juan switched openly to slang, and in *Journey to Ixtlan* he called the wind "sneaky," told Carlos he was "truly a pill" and said things like "Cut the guff," "Come on, beat your gums," "Some clown brought you to me," "Don't lose your marbles" and "Golly! We're in a fix." In *Tales of Power* don Juan told Carlos a warrior had to "prepare his tonal not to crap out," praised Carlos with a BBCdy "Good show," called him a "greenhorn," but acknowledged that "We all go through the same shenanigans." Don Genaro he dubbed "the real McCoy." Not only did don Juan speak standard English in 1965, slang in 1968; but throughout 1961 and 1962 he spoke standard English in *The Teachings*, slang in *Journey to Ixtlan*.

How can we explain such foreign and capricious speech in an aging Yaqui recluse? Wasson, a former English instructor and magazine editor, laid the blame on delinquent editors at Simon and

Schuster. Having found but a single error in *The Teachings* (where "all right" was consistently spelled "alright"), he judged the later books to be editorial disasters, where one would meet such clumsy mistakes as "the reason . . . is because." "I . . . recuperated my balance" or "I wanted to adapt [adopt in *The Teachings*] a fighting position." "What good," Wasson asked, "is an editor who . . . does not edit?" No good, surely—but I think we have to excuse Simon and Schuster's editors. Castaneda refused to cooperate with editors from the moment he escaped the University of California Press, where his undisciplined, eclectic anachronistic colloquialisms had been expunged for the sake of academic dignity and ethnographic plausibility. In other words, don Juan's habitual, authentic, uncensored speech is either American slang or some kind of Spanish that is more appropriately translated into American slang than into standard or Hispanicized English. One wonders what kind of Spanish that could be.

The foregoing observations convince me that except for a handful of names and phrases the conversations with don Juan never existed, spoken or written, on tape or in notebooks, in any language but English until Juan Tovar translated one of the bestsellers into Spanish in 1974.

What about the 12 pages of Spanish handwriting Castaneda sent to Gordon Wasson? They don't change anything Subject to refutation by long-awaited proofs from Castaneda, it is my conviction that those 12 pages did not exist before Wasson wrote his letter that they were manufactured for the occasion and that they are the only pages of Spanish field notes to come out of Carlos's dozen years in the desert. I shall not be surprised if some fat volume of Spanish scribbling shows up somewhere purporting to haul Carlos's field work back into the ordinary reality. What would surprise me would be a careful examination of such a volume that did not find it to be just another linguistic leg-pull by those wonderful folks who brought you "Yaqui Shenanigans," those incredible cactus conjurers Carlos McCoy and His Sonora Spoofters.

WHAT HAPPENED AT UCLA?

Castaneda, as one professor put it, is 'a native genius,' for whom the usual red tape and bureaucratic rigmarole were waived, his truth as a witness is not in question.

Time magazine

After a wild-coyote chase across Italy, Argentina and Brazil, where no trace was found of the quadrilingual, multinational Carlos, Time dug up a dusty immigration record for one Carlos Arana C. and read at last the



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facts of Castaneda's Peruvian origin. Seeing the case so deftly cracked, we wondered if any secret could be kept from the global reach, the massed bushbeating, the skillful probing of *The Weekly Newsmagazine*. Indeed, it could. Hot on the Westwood trail, *Time's* Sandra Burton hit a stone wall of silence whose pleasant ivy mantle was all that saved her a sore nose as cordial professors chatted amiably with her but told her nothing that could explain Castaneda's unusual academic career. "A native genius," sighed one. "The type of student a teacher waits for," marveled another.

Burton and her campus informants went round and round the subject, but nary a chunk opened in the faculty facade through which an outsider might glimpse the forbidden Dance of the Dreaming Dissertator, in which for seven long years a tireless storyteller brings fairy tales to the learned elders, offering them as factual reports, until without warning the Men of Knowledge cail him Earth Doctor and World Stopper hoist him to their crumbling shoulders, bear him in stately procession out of the gloomy Graduate Limbo, through the narrow Gate of Power, onto the limitless tundra of professional anthropology where they hand him a scroll and bid him good-by.

Perhaps I assume too much. Who among us has seen the official document? *Time* said Castaneda received his Ph.D. for *Journey to Ixtlan*, but Castaneda told his Irvine students *Ixtlan* would have "an academic analysis appended to it for his dissertation." Perhaps the formal work he submitted contains both validating exhibits and scholarly apparatus going far beyond his popular writings.

Dissertation Abstracts International lists nearly every dissertation in the country. There I found a 500-word abstract by Castaneda under the promising title *Sorcery: A Description of the World*. "The data that comprises the present work," Castaneda wrote, "was gathered over a period of ten years of sporadic field work in northwestern Mexico under the guidance and tutelage of a Yaqui Indian sorcerer, don Juan Matus, who in 1961 took me as his apprentice." Since *Journey to Ixtlan* covers only 1960-62 and a brief episode in 1971, the abstract implies the dissertation was a more inclusive study.

Dissertations listed in the *Abstracts* can ordinarily be purchased directly from Xerox University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, unless the author has prohibited such distribution. Of 30,000 new works listed in one recent year, fewer than 50 were so restricted. The rare author (1 in 600) who does not want us to order his

dissertation typically plans to publish it in a more profitable commercial form or in an improved edition that will instruct us more effectively. Seeing his notice was already two years old, I ordered a copy from Ann Arbor anyway. Sorry, answered Xerox's computer, input codes forbid me to bill out dissertation 73-13132. Please contact the author for copies.

I did, and I am still waiting for his reply. But while the author may control Xerox distribution, he has nothing to say about the two copies of his dissertation that must be deposited in the library. Except for its title, five faculty signatures endorsing the field work, a five-line vita, a four-item list of Castaneda's prior publications, the 500-word abstract and a few editorial changes in the text, *Sorcery: A Description of the World* was indeed *Journey to Ixtlan*, and nothing more. No appended academic analysis, no reference list, no archival deposits, no referee's testimony. Carlos Castaneda had gotten a Ph.D. in anthropology for interviewing an imaginary Indian. The record indicated no scholar outside of UCLA had borrowed the thesis.

Laymen of different stripes have offered various explanations of what happened at UCLA: professors are pointy-headed poltroons; UCLA is a ass; anthropology is no science; science is out

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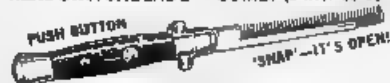
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and magic is in or something is missing.

Judging Castaneda's career to have been a rare aberration I find the best explanation most appealing. But what more can be missing? How did a fabrication like *The Teachings*, with its Yaqui-less Yaqui, its gratuitous Spanish, its anonymous actors, its vague setting its parodic analysis and its spurious subtitle, attract faculty sponsors who would urge the university press to publish it? When [the book] was originally submitted to us," a press spokesman declared, "we realized the treatment was unorthodox, but all the eminent anthropologists we consulted recommended publication." Those eminent consultants must have been rather carefully selected. Stranger still, how did *Journey to Ixtlan*, easily shown to be logically incompatible with *The Teachings*, get by as a dissertation after so many critics had said Castaneda was writing fiction?

Did the genius dazzle his less gifted mentors? Did the Dreamer hypnotize the Learned Elders or cast a spell on them? Brilliant, magnetic, thaumaturgic though he is, I cannot believe Castaneda could outfox, mesmerize or bewitch half a dozen tenured doctors of philosophy 13 years running. If he couldn't fool La Barre, Leach, Harris, Hsu, Ochoa or Oates, who bore no grave responsibility for critically judging his work it defies common sense to suppose he could bam-

boozle five dissertation signers and one or two other faculty members who did bear such responsibility. Rejecting the rumor that Castaneda duped his professors, I do suspect he seduced them.

The theory I propose here can be tested against the special information insiders possess. To wit: Certain schismatic culturologists at UCLA, feeling powerless to persuade their theoretical opponents by the tedious process of rational disputation, feelings shunted onto a sidetrack of scholastic history, feeling oppressed by the academic majority, feeling at the same time the surging rebellion of the 1960s, the boiling upheaval of dissent greening and expanding consciousness, suddenly finding themselves challenged by a uniquely talented and picaresque accomplice, could simply not resist the temptation to pull a fast one on their opponents. They sanctified *The Teachings*—spurious subtitle, parodic analysis and all—not because they thought it was ethnography or even a factual memoir but because they felt it would be a well-deserved kick in the pants for certain ethnocentric, arrogant, academic mossbacks. On this view, university publication of *The Teachings* as ethnography was a private joke on, about, among and for culturologists. Laymen were not supposed to get in on it.

The university press had bigger ideas. *Teachings* would appeal to youth, es-

pecially in the drug culture. Perhaps the book would persuade acid droppers and speed freaks that more discipline was needed on the road to enlightenment, but disciplinary or not, it would sell like penny uppers. It was a master stroke.

University press editions generally run pretty small. *The Teachings* had an oversized first printing and was advertised as "nothing less than a revelation." The advance copy that hit the New York Times Book Review trailed a long fuse. The reviewer placed his charges well: young anthropologist, Indian sorcerer, peyote and other hallucinogenic plants, power over demons, science confronted by magic, spirituality stunted by rationalism, moving personal experience, turn on, terror, danger, ecstasy, sinister guru, nervous breakdown. April 1969 saw Ballantine's mass edition explode the private prank into a national fad. In three years *The Teachings* sold 300,000 copies—transforming an obscure graduate student into a pop-lit, quasi-scientific, neomystical cult figure as he pressed on to publish his second, more novelistic adventure and to talk about his third.

Back at the village, the elders realized they had let loose a monster. Though he had done nothing that would ordinarily merit such advancement, the Dreaming Dissertator made no secret of his aspiration to doctorhood.

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The pranksters had three choices. They could repudiate *The Teachings*, claiming Castaneda had deceived them, which would make them look like fools. They could boldly admit their prank, which would set off an endless professional wrangle wherein they would suffer sorely and which might provoke administrative reprisals. Or they could stonewall thumbing a collective nose at critics handing the prodigy his scroll and closing the village gate behind him. Of three bad choices, the last was least.

It might be thought Castaneda's degree would secure his place in the world of the professors. The opposite is true. Between doctorhood and professorship yawns a chasm wide and deep. Prospective junior professors whose theses are known or suspected to be hoaxes will compete with difficulty against sober, earnest candidates whose work is conventional and whose appointment will invite no ridicule or censure. If the Dreamer made an ass of the university, the university got even by making him invisible, at least within the groves of academe. The transparent doctor must have cried all the way to the bank, at 16,000 copies a week, who needs students or university committee assignments?

Could no one have held the ethnoscience to a more perilous plunge? "What about committee members who felt misgivings?" I asked a learned elder of a neighboring tribe. "They may have used the whiteball system," he replied. Whiteballing, I learned, was the opposite of blackballing, where one negative vote excludes a candidate from a private club. In whiteballing, one positive vote outweighs all negative votes. Whiteballing professors live in a world of mutual back scratching, when you are scratching somebody's back, you are in no position to step on his toes. If a professor with status or prestige sponsors a dubious candidate, other professors do not voice their objections loud enough to prevent the candidate's advancement. "I have been quite embarrassed at some of the people who have gotten through this way," my informant said, "and I would guess one or two members of Castaneda's committee were pretty uncomfortable about what they were doing. I understand somebody asked him in his final oral, 'You don't really mean you became a crow, do you, Carlos?' 'Oh yes,' he says, 'I was a crow. I flew.'"

Who whiteballed the man who had been a crow? Thus far I have not given actual names. One reason is that my theory of what happened at UCLA is only a theory, while names are facts. Another is that I am not sure how to assign individual responsibility for what was done. A third is that the responsible persons have been sufficiently embarrassed by now to satisfy anyone. If despite all this I now mention Professor

Harold Garfinkel, UCLA sociologist and signer of Castaneda's dissertation, it is because he has already been identified by Time as Castaneda's thesis supervisor nominated by U. C. San Diego psychiatry professor Arnold Mandell as Castaneda's putative sponsor and described by MIT political scientist Christopher Schaefer as Castaneda's adviser.

Some years ago, Mandell endured an arduous postdoctoral apprenticeship under Garfinkel, whom he later recognized as his own don Juan-in-the-mind, an academic rebel who held that social scientists found no truth in nature but fabricated all. Mandell suspected that in making Castaneda rewrite an intended thesis three times, Garfinkel had imposed his ethnographic nihilism so ruthlessly that the wily graduate student had determined to go him one better, to out-Garfinkel Garfinkel to prepare a beautifully wrapped empty package, a bogus thesis, a fake ethnography, which would achieve continuity and a sense of reality, thereby demonstrating the student's capacity to manipulate ethnomethodologic tools without contradicting the master's teaching that all reality in social science was manufactured by social scientists. "It has to be the only way to work with this scambler of tenets," Mandell wrote.

In suggesting Garfinkel forced Castaneda to tell tall tales, I think Mandell went a step too far. If Carlos met don Juan in the summer of 1960 and Margaret Castaneda heard about it shortly thereafter, when Castaneda still had two years to go as an undergraduate, the tales must have begun to grow tall long before any thesis supervisor could have applied any pressure. Seeing the didactic relationship as symbiotic rather than exploitative, I suspect the two men found each other perfect partners, whose respective needs, interests and talents were mutually sustaining. It may have been a beautiful collaboration.

When a coyote sees the shadow of a roosting chicken by moonlight he pounces on the shadow and brings down the bird. When a Coyote Ethnographer sees the shadow of a sorcerer in mind he pounces on it and brings down the Temple of Learning. Out of the rubble will rise a new construction of the relation between art and science in anthropology. Amid the groans of dying illusion we hear a Yaquity-Iberian laugh. Through the dust of collapsing confidence we spy an impish, stocky man wearing a naughty, wolfish head, and we know at once it is he, Trickster Academe, the Rogue Who Teaches. Well pleased with himself, Coyote Ph.D. is going on his way now, leaving us to pick up the pieces.

Under the world where Earthmaker lives there is another world just like it, and of this world, he, Trickster, is in charge. ■

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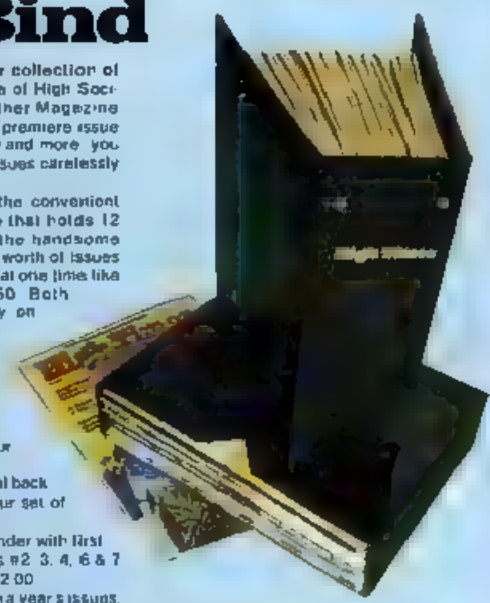
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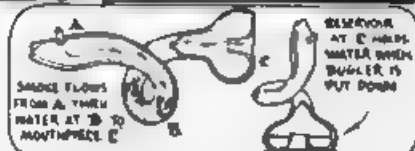
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Snowblind

(continued from page 53)

1971, six months after he had helped load Swan's press into Rudolpho's car and still six months before he would open up and apprise Swan of the Mexican route, that Black Dan, Swan and Canadian Jack were doing samples in Dan's suite at the Oriole, talking about the upcoming Summer Games in Cali.

"That's going to be a smugglers' convention" said Swan.

"You think so?"

"Well, just think about it for a minute. Number one—the pickpockets. Every dipper in the country is going to pack up and leave home. The thieves will be coming out of the woodwork and they'll all converge on Cali when the games start. There'll be a million tourists there and another million people connected with the games in one way or another. Don't even count the Colombians, and that's a hell of a lot of money floating around. This country is as famous for its pickpockets as it is for its fucking coffee, and every one of them will be in Cali next month. So a smuggler doubles his money before he starts."

"I don't get the connection," said Jack.

"Can you picture the activity at the American Express office? Everybody and his mother is going to be there replacing stolen traveler's checks—I just got to Cali and my traveler's checks have been stolen—and they're not going to ask them any questions. Of course they've been stolen, this is Colombia! So what do you do? You sign 'em, sell 'em ... use 'em ... and then you replace them. You can do it every day, and the banks aren't going to pick up on it. Barclay's, Bank of America, First National City, Cook's, they're all going to be giving money away. So you double your money triple it ... before you begin."

"And with all the traffic in and out," said Dan. "Customs will be that much easier."

"Or tougher," said Jack.

"So you hire a jock. Or get a crewcut. Steal a couple of warmup jackets with emblems on them and walk through Customs carrying your equipment. Soccer balls would be perfect. Or javelins, if they're made of wood, though they might be making those out of metal now. You name it. You know what I'd do?"

What's that?" asked Dan.

"Starting blocks. You know, the wooden blocks they use for the dash. Perfect. Who would think of cracking a starting block? And you can get a couple of kilos in there easily. It's perfect."

"It is perfect," Dan agreed.

"Let's have another blow," said Jack.

Canadian Jack told Swan that the Brown Gold move was the most beautiful piece of business he had ever witnessed. It inspired him to christen Swan with a nickname: one that stuck, and

one which gained immediate currency among the borderline elite. From then on Swan, because Jack thought he was sly and because everyone thought he was old, was known as the Silver Fox.

"The feeling after putting one over is indescribable. In the beginning, they all laughed at me, at all my long, intricate plans, my maps, my charts—my overdevelopment, they called it—Vinnie, Mickey, all of them, they all thought I was dumb ... but pretty soon they all ended up working for me ... eventually they were all either investing in me or working for me. After that one I had so many ideas, I couldn't use them all. I gave them away [Some, like the flourish he worked on Adrian, he sold, but he did, in fact, give many of them away. One of these was the Duplicate Bag Switch, which he gave to Canadian Jack on his next trip to Bogotá.] I wanted to keep moving, and I wanted that boat move."

Before leaving Colombia to await the Vagelatoses in New York, Swan bumped into two old friends. Somehow having drifted down from Santa Marta, at the whim of whatever currents prevailed, Jane and April had ended up on the beach in Cartagena, and they were as loose as ever—Swan was always reminded of Halloween when they were around. Assuming that they had eaten little but mushrooms since he had last seen them, he smuggled them past the guard at the back gate of the Caribe and bought them dinner. He tried to get as much protein into them as he could.

Jane was looking particularly unwell. April's voice seemed to have dropped about an octave in the past six months, but Jane was strung out to the limit. Swan saw tombstones in her eyes. She had found a pair of old walking shoes and a broken conch shell on the beach and was carrying them around with her wherever she went. They were for her brother. For his birthday. He lived in Brooklyn, she said.

Swan offered to take her home.

"No," she said. She wanted her brother to come down and get her.

"Tell him where I am and tell him to come down and get me."

Swan said "Please."

"No."

She gave him a note and the old shoes and the shell. He carried them back to New York with the Vagelatoses' souvenirs. He called her brother in Brooklyn, and when her brother came to pick up his birthday presents, Swan told him he had better go down soon.

"Well," he said, "you know what kind of girl she is. She ran away when she was fifteen, doesn't give a shit. And I don't give a shit. Did you give her money?"

Swan just stared.

"She probably spent it on dope. That's what kind of girl she is."

"You're not going?"

No. ■

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Surrealism

(continued from page 69)

It is difficult for us to imagine the impact the dadaists had on their world. We have witnessed atom bombs, underground movies, happenings, instant T-shirts and Donald Duck. But in those days the variety of visual aids was limited. The camera was still a huge event. People had not seen a television test pattern and could be shocked at Francis Picabia's totally abstract assemblages of painted colors. They were paintings of "nothing."

Dadaists were fascinated by automatic writing, the totally spontaneous outpouring of words direct from the unconscious mind. Using automatic writing, Jean Arp described the art of Max Ernst: "alarm clocks replaced by earthquakes, showers of Jordan almonds by showers of hail, the shadow of a man encountering the shadow of a fly causes a flood, thus it is a man who has taught horses to embrace one another like presidents, kings or emperors sucking each other's beards, licking each other's snouts, plunging their tongues into patriotic profundities."

Opium was a great favorite with the surrealists. They used it to bypass the ego and release the pure art of the inner self. Jean Cocteau on his opium habit: "It is difficult to live without opium after having known it, because it is difficult, after knowing opium, to take earth seriously. And unless one is a saint, it is difficult to live without taking the earth seriously." If LSD had been invented in the 1920s, the surrealists would surely have preferred it.

The Caesar of surrealism was André Breton. He issued the manifestoes defining surrealism and decided who was in the movement and who was out. Breton's excommunications and resurrections were frequent. He was not beyond physical violence, often assaulting those who disagreed with or criticized him or his friends. The history of the surrealist movement is a list of feuds and alliances, all swirling around Breton. It was a serious business, a matter of life and death.

The first surrealist manifesto was issued by Breton in Paris in 1924. From their Bureau of Surrealist Research at 15 Rue de Grenelle, the surrealists sent out batches of bulletins called "butterflies" to all parts of the city. "If you like love, you'll like surrealism." "Parents! Tell your dreams to your children."

Surrealism, noun. Pure psychic automatism by which one intends to express verbally, in writing or by any other method, the real functioning of the mind. Dictation by thought, in the absence of any control exercised by reason and beyond any esthetic or moral preoccupation.

Philosophically, surrealism is based on a belief in the superior reality of certain forms of association heretofore neglected in the omnipotence of dreams, in the undirected play of thought.

—The First Surrealist Manifesto,
André Breton

The Surrealist Dogma

1. Dreams and the subconscious mind reveal Truth. Drugs, automatic writing, hypnosis and sensory stimulation are means by which we reach this truth.

2. "There is a certain point for the mind from which life and death, the real and the imaginary, the past and the future, the communicable and the incommunicable, the high and the low cease being perceived as contradictions" (Breton).

3. The division of humanity and "nature" is only appearance. We glimpse their union in the action of "chance" or "coincidence."

4. Formal rules of art must be destroyed.

5. Once freed from the ego, we are able to contact the primeval myths of mankind which live permanently within the self, a place where love and death wage constant battle for possession of the soul.

The early surrealists went through a phase known as *l'époque des sommeils* ("sleep period") when there was a great interest in dreams as a source of strange new images for art and poetry. Robert Desnos learned to fall asleep at will and to recall his adventures in brilliant detail.

Desnos had a heavy opium habit and was obsessed with death and suicide. In 1923, he swore he'd kill Jean Cocteau. He heard his enemy would be at a dinner party honoring Ezra Pound at the Place de l'Odéon. Not finding Cocteau there, Desnos whipped out a large knife to kill Pound instead.

During the *époque des sommeils*, André Breton held large parties where everyone was hypnotized. At one such affair, he awoke at 2 A.M. to find the guests had disappeared. He searched the house, and in the dining room he discovered René Crevel urging two entranced young women with wires tied around their necks to hang themselves from a chandelier. In the kitchen he had to subdue Desnos, who was chasing his best friend, Paul Eluard, around the table with a meat cleaver. After that night, there was no more hypnotism at parties.

Picasso said, "I don't look for it. I find it."

Louis Aragon and Philippe Soupault started a craze for Nick Carter mystery novels among the surrealists, while the novel as an art form underwent attack because the surrealists saw the logical structure of novelistic realism as a restriction of the imagination. Time and space, in surrealist philosophy, were fluid, not lin-

ear. When France's greatest and most loved novelist, Anatole France, died in 1924, Breton and his circle issued *The Cadaver*, a scathing and vicious pamphlet about him that shocked the nation.

Surrealist writer Jacques Rigaut used to carry a tiny scissors everywhere. While talking to the doorman at the Ritz Hotel, Rigaut would quietly snip off a uniform button for his collection. He had hundreds of buttons from generals, politicians, dukes and beggars he chanced to meet along the Seine. Rigaut also was an opium fiend.

The opening line of André Breton's *Nadja*, the first surrealist antinovel, is "Who am I?"

By 1928, surrealism was a full-blown movement. Its poets, Eluard and Aragon, were published and read. Art dealers sold the works of de Chirico, Ernst, Masson. But another intellectual movement diametrically opposed surrealism—a popular return to Catholicism. Many French writers and artists, Maritain, Massis, even Cocteau—were showing up at Mass. The surrealists attacked this religious revival as a false solution to modern problems.

The next step from dadaism was communism," says critic Edmund Wilson. Indeed, Breton sought for many years to reconcile the two. While staying at the house of Diego Rivera in 1938, Breton met Leon Trotsky. They collaborated on a manifesto titled "Toward an Independent Revolutionary Art," but Trotsky would not allow his signature on it. Ten years later Breton's old friend Tristan Tzara was lecturing at the Sorbonne on surrealism. When Breton heard Tzara condemn the movement they had created together and extol instead the cause of communism and the virtues of *art engagé*, Breton disrupted the lecture and led a walkout.

The entrance of Salvador Dalí into the surrealist movement in 1928 was hailed by Breton and the others. Later, Dalí would be expelled from the movement by Breton, who anagrammatized the flamboyant Spaniard's name into "Avida Dollars." But Dalí had entered surrealism through its soft, white underbelly.

"The only difference between me and a madman," said Dalí, "is that I am not mad." Yet Dalí, costumed as a madman, forever crystallized the myth of the "crazy artist." He defined his "paranoiac-critical method" as the "spontaneous method of irrational knowledge based upon the critical and systematic objectification of delirious associations and interpretations." He claimed his art was the product of a transcendent self in the throes of temporary insanity. Dalí's effort was at first sincere, but gradually his images and symbols became cloying and cliché. He perused textbooks on abnormal psychology in search of way-out subjects for his paintings. For a time, Dalí bested Breton and his minions at their own

studied game. They caught on when he began making money like crazy.

Dali visited Freud in London shortly before the great man's death. Freud said, "It is not the unconscious I seek in your pictures, but the conscious. While in the pictures of the masters—Leonardo, or Ingres—that which interests me, that which seems mysterious and troubling to me, is precisely the search for unconscious ideas of an enigmatic order, hidden in the picture, your mystery is manifested outright. The picture is a mechanism to reveal it."

Sexual liberation was important to surrealists. They issued a pamphlet entitled *Hands Off Love* in support of Charlie Chaplin during the actor's prosecution in a paternity case.

Like the great coke-snorting psychologist, Dali is obsessed with sexual repression. Confronted in the late Thirties by Breton, Dali explained his increasingly fascist iconography and his personal fascination with Hitler with a solid surrealist defense: he could not help it if he dreamed of Hitler, if his unconscious self produced such images. Is not the unconscious the surrealist's paint, brush and canvas?

Surrealism is, by definition, an active antiauthoritarianism. It makes a spectacle of personal liberation but rarely goes beyond it.

Marcel Duchamp declared in 1920 that he had reincarnated himself as a woman named Rose Selavy (playing on the French *c'est la vie*), and he often appeared at surrealist functions in drag. The Baroness Elsa von Freytag-Loringhoven used to parade down the streets of Paris dressed in rags, her head ornamented with sardine tins. Bare-bosomed and wearing an Easter bonnet, the baroness is pictured in painter Man Ray's *New York Dada*.

The most famous surrealist object—a fur-covered cup, saucer and spoon at New York's Museum of Modern Art—was produced by M  rel Oppenheim.

In the last decade, the Vietnam War and a rigid Establishment provoked an outpouring of spontaneous surrealism in the psychedelic, yippie and women's movements. Andr   Breton must have laughed in his grave as yippies burned money at the Stock Exchange, feminists burned bras on TV and zippies held a "piss-in" during a national Democratic convention.

But surrealism has no place in the 1970s for its lessons have been learned too well. Gurus, est, winning through intimidation, conceptual art, performance art, occult cults, I'm OK-You're OK, the Polaroid SX70, outcall massage and Dial a Joke—all make the old surrealists look tame. The truth is, surrealism is irrelevant today. But in ten years it will happen all over again. □

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Records

LIVE AT CBGB'S (Atlantic SD2-500) and MAX'S KANSAS CITY 1976 (Ram 1213). Get ready for the big freakout.



There are those among us who realize that the late Seventies are upon us and that we are entering another period of furious creativity the likes of which has not been seen since 1967-68. And the new sound of rock is beginning to jell all over the place. People are wising up and turning off their radios and going out to hear something that has more to do with their own experience and desires.

Now here in New York a lot of us are going down to a rock club called CBGB's to hear a raw, tough, loud sound that makes us want to fight for our fun. CBGB's is down on the Bowery in about the scuzziest part of town imaginable. But in reality that is what is great about the place: you can get as blasted as you want and nobody gives a shit. You can shove somebody and they can shove you—it's part of the fun. It's a place where you can go too far and still be accepted.

Which brings me to the music. I think that it reflects the tougher attitude of today's kids—kids too young to be burned out on the acid music of the Sixties and who could care less about that sound anyway. They want a sound that's swift and violent. They want songs that play like professional football. Attack fast, develop furiously and end with a crunch. There is a lot of excitement in the current New York sound because the bands are, like I imagine early Sixties English bands once were, still hungry.

Live at CBGB's is a recent sampler of the bands that are still unsigned by record companies. Absent from this record are those great innovators of punk rock, the Ramones; the slick misfits the Dictators, and the darling of New York media, Patti Smith. But the eight bands represented on this two-album set are all great. Tuff Darts are great. The Shirts are the most musically together and literate. Mink Deville are almost great, but there are those who think that they are the greatest. The Laughing Dogs have the best song, "I Need a Million," which you'll never hear McCartney sing again as long as he lives.

Manster, though, are stinkers, but even they aren't bad enough to nix the purchase of these platters. They pass, barely. Sun has the most exciting lead guitarist. I give them four stars. Stuart's Hammer has only one song, "Everybody's Depraved." If only it were true. And last but not least the Miamis, who are great.

Some of these bands are bound to go to the top and you can say you knew them when. Go, buy, listen, quit your job, burn

down your school, freak out, fuck college, high school, relax, hang out.

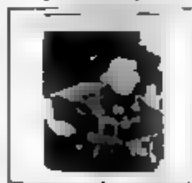


Max's Kansas City 1976, on the other hand, is a more uptown type of joint. It isn't as loose and funky as CBGB's and the sound is, for the most part, a little old fashioned. Buy this record only if you have enough money to buy the CBGB's album, the better investment as well. The Max's record is cleaner and more slickly produced because it was not done live but was recorded in cheapie studios all over the Big Apple.

It features two future has-beens—Cherry Vanilla and Wayne County. Of the two, Wayne County is almost amusing, but frankly, drag queen acts went out with Ziggy Stardust, perhaps with Little Richard.

There is one fantastic group on this disc. I hope they get a good record contract so that we can hear more of what they have to offer. They are Pierre Ubu, and they are from, of all places, Cleveland. Their cut is called "The Final Solution," and believe me, it sounds like it really is. A lot of groups promise the final solution, but few can bring it off. It's a superexciting, threatening and prophetic sound. In a word, it's got pathos. Everybody should hear it, they should play it in high schools between periods. It is the stuff that pirate radio stations are made of. Pierre Ubu, remember that name. But wait until they have their own record. —Douglas Kelley

CHORDS OF FAME, by Phil Ochs (A & M SP-4599). Newspapers across the world



headlined the news of war in the streets of America as thousands of activists huddled into a small theater in Chicago to celebrate President Lyndon Johnson's un-birthday party in 1968. The audience broke into huge applause as Phil Ochs triumphantly carried his guitar to the microphone. Phil's words rang out with ironic sarcasm: "Serve your country in her suicide/Find a flag so you can wave goodbye/But just before even treason may be worth a try. /This country is too young to die!" As Phil sang, people began burning their draft cards. The room was ablaze with fire. Phil sang, "You only are what you believe. I believe the war is over."

Phil Ochs's music turned out to be prophetic for a country bent on suicide in Asia. He sang until the war ended. The people who bled and suffered in the streets went alone into the isolation of the 1970s.

Phil Ochs found himself without a cause. He feared that he had burned himself out in the intensity of the Sixties. He walked the streets of New York a lonely man, in search of meaning in his life, a sensitive man in search of purpose. He felt a pain in his gut that no doctor could diagnose to his satisfaction. He ironically observed, "I ain't shitting anymore." The searing prophet of pacifism in the 1960s, Phil Ochs hung himself one morning in 1976.

Michael Ochs, Phil's brother and manager through much of his career, spent months after Phil's death listening to all his studio and live performances and putting together a double album that communicates the essence of Phil's work. Michael and the record companies donated all their work and time so that all profits go to Meegan, Phil's daughter. The album includes 24 songs and a post-mortem essay by Ed Sanders that brought me to tears. Phil combines military marching music and antiwar lyrics. It is an irresistible combination. In "I Ain't Marching Anymore," he captures the energy of war with the sensitivity of peace. In "Here's to the State of Richard Nixon," Phil sings, "Here's to the land you tore out the heart of/Richard Nixon find yourself another country to be part of." Phil's ironic humor comes forth in "Draft Dodger Rag" when he sings of a "typical American boy from a typical American town" with a ruptured spleen, flat feet, invalid aunt and a dislocated disc, who tries to avoid the draft to keep his job in a defense plant.

In "There But for Fortune," Phil captures the compassion that underlay the activist outburst of the Sixties. His soft voice creates the mood. And the words "Show me a prisonman whose face has gone pale/and I'll show you a young man with so many reasons why/That there but for fortune may go you and I."

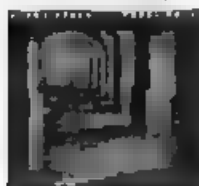
Is Phil Ochs really dead? His music is still our conscience. His words ring with relevance today. Listen to "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" and you would think that Phil Ochs was describing apathetic America in 1976. He movingly sings of people smoking marijuana, reading Playboy and the New York Times and avoiding hassles while in front of them: "the rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor."

In the title song, "Chords of Fame," Phil sings, "God help the troubadour who tries to be a star/If you want to keep your song, don't play the chords of fame/But it all fades so quickly, like a sunny summer day./Reporters ask you questions, they write down what you say/Rob you of your innocence put you up for sale./More that you find success, more that you will fail./I've had my share, I wonder who I left behind on the other side of fame."

Phil Ochs never received the commercial success he deserved. He was never a guest of Johnny Carson or Ed Sullivan. His lyrics were considered too hot for radio. He was a complex man. He hated himself because he wasn't a famous rock-and-roll star. He eulogized geniuses who died tragic, early deaths. Like many veterans of the 1960s, he lived his life as if he were a character in his own movie. He could not accept the amorphous shape of the Seventies.

—Jerry Rubin

FOCAL POINT, by McCoy Tyner (Milestone M-9072). Throughout the history of



improvised Afro-American music known to many as jazz there have been but a very chosen few who changed the very language of their instrument. Jazzmen come and go—some glib of tongue—brilliant rhetoricians who've mastered the language and continued to converse in the tradition. Now and then you'll even get a more exploratory type and he'll add a few words to the vocabulary, enlarging and enriching the dictionary of his "axe."

Tyner avoids electronics entirely² referring to stick with the natural wire and wood of the grand piano that has been his musical voice since his celebrated four years with Coltrane in the early Sixties. His muse, even then, was totally intact, and it is as difficult to imagine a Coltrane quartet from that era without a Tyner as it is to imagine one without Trane himself. But his playing today, although in many ways making use of the same Eastern modes and whole keyboard approach, has taken on even more religious fervor and complexity. He is probably wise in avoiding the electric piano, for it is doubtful that any exists with an action fast and resonant enough, or a physical structure strong enough, to withstand his inspired onslaughts.

As for *Focal Point*, Tyner's tenth album for Milestone (for which he's been recording since the early Seventies—he has another 20 or so on Impulse and Blue Note) the canvas is being enlarged even further. *Focal Point* could be thought of as Tyner's "horn choir" album, one where he's lined up no less than three multireedists and further overtracked them on four of the album's six cuts.

Focal Point is not necessarily the best pick for a Tyner neophyte, perhaps *Sahara*, his first, and still astonishing album would make for a more prototypical introduction. Other essential discs include the two-record *Reevaluations*, *The Impulse Years* (ABC 92352) and *Enlightenment*

(Milestone 55001, a live recording of his performance at the Montreux Jazz Festival in 1973).

It goes without saying that some '61-'65 Coltrane recordings are essential—it is there that the foundation of the religion is to be found. As for the previously initiated, there is certainly nothing about *Focal Point* that would interfere with their continuing devotion.

—Edgar Koshaika

TEA PAD SONGS, VOLUMES I & II (Stash ST-103 and ST-104) Grade A.



connoisseur dope songs from the days when the high was cheap, music swung and Minnie the Moocher left Harlem to visit Chinatown. These two volumes from Stash Records (the label that brought us *Reefer Songs* and *Copulatin' Blues*) are an anthology of drug songs mostly from the Thirties and Forties, including rare recordings, test pressings and air checks.

These mellow, bouncy tunes not only maintain a refreshing buzz, but provide new insight into old standards. The sweet-dreams message of *My Blue Heaven* becomes joyously apparent in this 1935 version by Jimmie Lunceford and his orchestra on *Tea Pad Songs Volume I*. Also check out "Tutti Frutti" by Slim and Sam of Flat Foot Floogie fame, "I Want Every Bit of It" by Rubberlegs Williams with Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie and Trummy Young and the cunningus-inspired "Hold Tight," all on volume 2.

Most songs are as blatant as a bong of Hawaiian buds. They include Fats Waller's *Reefer Song* ("You know you're high when your throat is dry"), "If You're a Viper" by Rosette Howard accompanied by the Harlem Hornfats, an excellent version of "Reefer Man" by Baron Lee and the Blue Rhythm Band, "Junk Man" by the 'Sprits of Rhythm, "What's the Use of Getting Sober (When You're Only Going to Get Drunk Again)" by Louis ("Choo Choo Cha Boogie") Jordan and His Tympany Five and Cab Calloway's classic *Minnie The Moocher*.

Tea Pad Songs features a variety of great artists and smokin' sidemen, including Cab Calloway, Stuff Smith, Cozy Cole, Jonah Jones, Gene Krupa, Anita O'Day, Benny Carter, Larry Adler, Helen Word, Roy Eldridge, Chu Berry, Babo Gonzalez and The Cats and the Fiddle.

Kudos to Stash Records for preserving these inimitable cultural artifacts from America's first drug-crazed generation. And unlike other superprocessed anthologies of old material, no pseudo or electronic rechanneling has been added to destroy the buzz-maintaining ambience

of these original songs.

To order your own copy of *Tea Pad Songs*, write to Stash Records at Box 252, Tenafly, N.J. 07670.

—Bob Rudnick

TOMORROW BARRETTO LIVE, by Ray Barretto (Atlantic SD2-509). Salsa is



the name common to the popular Latin music of the streets, "popular" in the sense of a "people's music," as opposed to middle-of-the-road.

Possessed of a driving energy that is easily the equal of anything in rock, salsa's rhythms have gone out from Puerto Rico, Cuba, Santo Domingo and the barrios of New York to influence the face of American contemporary music. Whether it's Stevie's "Don't You Worry 'Bout a Thing," Dizzy's "Manteca," Steely Dan's "Do It Again" or even Santana's "Dance Sister Dance," the source is the same Latin musical stream, heretofore considered "too heavy" in its basic form for the "general" audience.

This spring Barretto formed a 16-piece concert orchestra that could draw from salsa, jazz, rock and R & B; the orchestra's debut at New York's Beacon Theatre resulted in the present album. As an introduction to both Barretto and salsa, *Tomorrow* is invaluable. Sides Two and Four (one complete disc) contain new arrangements of past great hits, complete with guest appearances by former Barretto sidemen (and ex-boss Tito Puente, "the King of Latin Music").

But it is the companion disc in this two-record set that gives *Tomorrow* its bid for "crossover" status and firmly establishes salsa's progressive wing as more than a trend. Three of the four tunes are originals; the fourth, "Cocinando," is a reworking of a recent Barretto tune that deserves a wider listening. "Vaya" and *Ahora Si Que Vamos a Gozar* (which loosely translates as "Now We're Really Gonna Get Down") are uptempo, polyrhythmic blends that weave electric guitar and piano, Fender bass, a chorus of voices and a brass section whose big band Basie-by-way-of-Brecker Brothers swing is not to be believed. The most ambitious number in the collection is the "salsa suite's" "Night Flowers," a seductive mood piece perfect for the love-making afterglow.

As can be expected for a Ray Barretto work, the accent is heavy on percussion. The assembled battery is formidable: traps, African drums, bongos, cowbells, timbales and, of course, Señor Barretto's congas, guaranteed to satisfy the jones of any percussion freak. It's been said that the Spanish lyrics in salsa are the biggest obstacle against wider acceptance of the

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music. Maybe so, but if the potent beat in Tomorrow can't push past words and grab listeners, then forget it they're probably long gone anyhow

—Pablo 'Yuruba' Guzman

REEVALUATION: THE IMPULSE YEARS (Impulse AS 9236-2) and SAX- OPHONE COLOSSUS AND MORE (Prestige P-24050), by Sonny Rollins.



Throughout the Fifties—a golden period for the jazz tenor when black all-stars the likes of Gene Ammons, James Moody, Johnny Griffin, Sonny Stitt, Yusef Lateef, John Coltrane and Wayne Shorter were filling the urban centers of this country with the clarion call of hard bop and the gigantic Coleman Hawkins was still very much on the set—Sonny Rollins was the acknowledged saxophone colossus. On into the Sixties, with Coltrane ascendant, the poet LeRoi Jones (now known as Amiri Baraka) was still looking over his shoulder for the apocalyptic approach of "the old man of the mountain."

Most of the Impulse material was recorded during Sonny's mid Sixties' avant garde period, during which time he was integrating some of the advances of Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane. "East Broadway Run Down" is the show-stopper here, a monumental side-long exposition that develops into a free-jazz romp featuring Freddie Hubbard and Coltrane's rhythm section (Jimmy Garrison on bass, Elvin Jones on drums).

Alfie's Theme" and "On Impulse" flaunt hip, large-ensemble charts by Oliver Nelson and some of Sonny's most fertile improvising. And "Three Little Words" is a straight-ahead scorcher that concludes with a remarkable cadenza.



The Prestige set is comprised of three sessions recorded in 1956. The first of these features Sonny as a member of the Clifford Brown/Max Roach Quintet. Arguably the best small group in jazz of the day they are represented here by three barnburners. Pianist Richie Powell's arrangements are clever and pretty, the rhythm section smokes and Sonny's exchanges with trumpet virtuoso Brown are breathtaking.

The second session, featuring Tommy Flanagan on piano, Doug Watkins on bass and Roach on drums again, produced the classics "Blue 7" (which boasts some perfect Rollins solos) and the calypso-flavored "St. Thomas." Sonny basks in the limelight here, and one is afforded a particularly uncluttered opportunity to get next to that enormous, vibrant Hawkins-inspired and Ayler-inspired sound.

Trumpeter Kenny Dorham added to the beauty at the third session, originally en-

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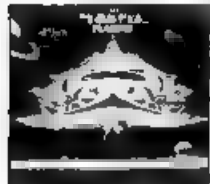
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titled "Sonny Rollins Plays for Bird" which produced several lovely if strikingly unsentimental ballad performances

Now it's your choice. Either package is a great introduction to a musician for the ages. Sonny is still alive and doing it

—Bill Adler

THE PLANETS, electronically performed by Isao Tomita (RCA ARL1-1919) Too bad Walt Disney never made a *Fantasia II*, if he had used Gustav Holst's seven-part tone poem *The Planets*, it might have been the trippiest cartoon ever



Most of us have gotten to know *The Planets*, though, by hanging out at planetariums, where it turns up as background music for star shows. So it was only a matter of time before RCA got around to aiming it directly at the head market. That front cover, with its glowing rocketship suspended in a cosmic void, reveals all that this one is meant for us and that Tokyo-born Isao Tomita has run an other classical score through his synthesizers. (How come the cover gives no credit to poor Holst—are they trying to tell us something?)

As with earlier Tomita albums, much of the ingenuity is of a spatial order, with all that overhead ping-ponging, crossways cannonballing, and round the-room whirling, you miss half the fun unless you hear it in quad. Unlike Walter Carlos of *Switched-On Bach* fame, Tomita doesn't go for straight tonal substitution in which musical values remain unchanged; his way is to make changes in the actual musical fabric, adding or subtracting lines at will. Typically, he starts off this disc with an introductory collage. We hear winds of outer space, an approaching celestial locomotive, a music box anticipation of the patriotic tune from the "Jupiter" movement, an orgasmic explosion.

That part works well. But once we get into Tomita's actual translation, we see what's been lost. Only compare his "Venus" movement with that by Haink and the London Philharmonic (on Phillips 6500 072). Tomita's is playful, full of spooky spaceship noises, corny. Haink's is infinitely the more beautiful. Also surprisingly, Haink offers the greater coloristic variety: listen to those long passages for massed strings where the tone goes from glassy at the top to polished silver in the middle to soulfully dark at the bottom. By comparison, Tomita is tacky: his simulated string choirs have a monotonous top-to-bottom sameness.

Tomita's intro is also his outro. We end as we started, with a reprise of those introductory special effects. Only now they don't sound so special; imagination has run dry. Holst may have given us the cosmos, Tomita has added only another spaceship.

Jack Flomenz



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THE GREAT BOOK OF MAGIC, INCLUDING 150 MYSTIFYING TRICKS YOU CAN PERFORM, by Wendy Rydell with George Gilbert (New York: Harry N. Abrams, \$19.95). On the "To-



morrow "show the other night Tom Snyder confessed, by the bye that he was gradually coming around to a belief in reincarnation. This is a sorrowful thing, illustrating the intellectu-

ally corrosive effects of talking to all those messiahs gurus, UFO hitchhikers, astrologers, Noah's Arkers and pyramid-power proselytes. Not that the man, from the looks of it, is gifted with a whole lot of your brights to begin with, but it's depressing to witness this fragmentation of a mind that was formerly so secure, in a mesomorphic sense at least.

Magic lies at the root of this thing. When the likes of Uri Geller appear on that show, bending spoons, reading minds and conjuring playing cards slap out of the deck, Snyder squats there goggling and gaping, struck dumb as the dumbest among us. I myself, paragon of superior mentality, have often smote my forehead in mingled awe and alarm, demanding, "How the fuck do they do that?" Goddam Snyder wrote that letter and sealed it hours ago, so how does that weirdo know exactly what's in it?"

Go, then, and get a magician dead drunk, or easier yet, his pretty assistant and ask how it's done. "You don't want to know," comes the invariable reply.

"Really, it's so simple, it's boring. If you ever find out, it'll take all the fun away." Fun? Understandably, they're protecting their livelihood. They do not know, or care, how that one tiny grain of doubt, planted in the mind by witnessing the Amazing Kreskin, can germinate and burrow and pry through your mind, like ivy in a brick wall, until something shifts, and you wind up holding passionately to the transmigration of souls according to Pythagoras and Jeanne Dixon.

This book, then, came as a godsend to me, and I recommend it urgently to Snyder and anybody else who can afford the \$19.95. Those magicians, make no mistake, are clever bastards, quicker slyer and handsomer than the general mob of us. Believe me, no constitutionally honest person could execute five of the tricks in this book without being beaten up as an obvious fraud, but a real magician, now, can pull the wool over

anyone's eyes, even Tom Snyder's.

Remember, they enjoy the benefit of several thousand years worth of extremely esoteric lore—whole millennia of "pick-a-card" fakery, rather poorly communicated in this book by the authors, who are embarrassingly incompetent as historians—and so they have the edge on you and me. The trouble is, once you find out how a beautiful lady really can be levitated in midair, and hoops passed all around her, the trick really does become so obvious that the thrill goes away forever. —Dean Latimer

QUETZALCOATL, by José López Portillo (New York: The Seabury Press, \$8.95). A synthesis of ancient



Teotihuacan Toltec Aztec, New Testament and New World mythologies, this is the story of the ninth-century incarnation of Quetzalcoatl, one of the major deities of the ancient Mexican pantheon. It encompasses the primal themes of war, sex, fortune, divine intervention, guilt and blood sacrifice. What makes the book doubly intriguing is that its author, José López Portillo, who wrote the book in 1965, was elected president of Mexico on July 4, 1976.

Quetzalcoatl has been worshiped by Indians since the third century and is usually pictured as a plumed serpent, although he can take any appearance for his dealings with mortals. The Aztec king Montezuma welcomed the conquistador Cortez with open arms because the fact and method of arrival of the Spaniards meshed with many of the particulars that signaled a reappearance of Quetzalcoatl.

The book deals with the earthly incarnation of Quetzalcoatl in which he becomes the priest-king of Tula, capital city of the Toltec civilization. Quetzalcoatl embodying love and sacrifice and his rival Tezcatlipoca, representing blood and ambition, form the essential dualism of Indian religion, each force reinforcing its opposite, while locked in permanent struggle.

When the identity of the author is considered the novel takes on an added dimension—through the king Quetzalcoatl's reflections on power, vanity, self-doubt and the pain inherent in

his reign, we see glimpses of the president López Portillo.

In 1975, outgoing President Luis Echeverría Álvarez appointed his old college buddy and then-minister of finance López Portillo standardbearer of the Institutional Revolutionary party (PRI), absolutely assuring him the presidency, in the reality of Mexican politics.

While cherishing the hardcore Christian values of peace and love, Quetzalcoatl allows followers to kidnap and enslave neighboring Indians for the construction of monuments. The humanist-oppressive duality that marked the administration of Quetzalcoatl in Tula was repeated in the six-year term of Echeverría in Mexico. While courting figures like Allende and Castro, Echeverría introduced some social reform and espoused leftwing rhetoric to a degree unprecedented in modern times. At the same time on the Mexican streets, students participating in demonstrations were shot. According to commentators, this same kind of apparently contradictory rule will almost certainly characterize the Portillo term. But Portillo is not discouraging comparisons. Before the election, although he ran unopposed, the man logged over 40,000 miles throughout Mexico in his campaign bus "Quetzalcoatl." —Robert Lemmo

AUTOMERICA, by Art Farm (New York: E.P. Dutton, \$6.95). Some of you



readers may not remember but once upon a time, American cars changed their body style every year! Instead of the anonymous, boxy, bumperless tins of today we had spacecraft with fins, jet intakes, instrument panels and tons of chrome. Just like Chip Lord, who wrote the text for *Automerica*, I was so hung up on these design changes that I'd visit showrooms as soon as the new models came out and cop as much illustrated literature as I could to take home and pore over at leisure.

But unlike Chip Lord, my interest passed, and I never gave a thought to the changes the auto was making in America. Through his involvement in the Art Farm design group, Lord has expanded his interest into a serious inquiry into the car's place as American totem, media

event and art-fact and has offered some of his preliminary findings in this well-written, fun-to-look-at book. Using ads, post cards, publicity shots, home snapshots and an extensive portfolio of 1950s "dream cars," *Automerica* lovingly reconstructs the zeal of auto consumption that the postwar prosperity brought, with all the dreams and symbolic appurtenances of car ownership left intact, and then tears it all down: the damn things are simply not going to be of much use much longer. They pollute, use up our resources and take up too much space. Ant Farm has, in fact, commented on this before, with the notorious Cadillac Ranch outside Amarillo (illustrated on the cover of *Automerica*) and their Media Burn event of July 4, 1974, in which a Cadillac converted into a Phantom Dream Car was driven through a pyramid of burning television sets.

The passing of the space-buggy-shaped gas hogs and the roadside culture that sprung up around them is mourned in this book as much as the need for saner ways of getting around is acknowledged. The graphics are similar to those that made the Ant Farm-designed *Guerrilla Television* so much fun to look at, and Lord's writing is evocative and informative. If you think your love affair with your car has gotten out of hand, or if you've stopped thinking of autos as transportation and started thinking of them as art, *Automerica* should jab your funny bone and your conscience. —Ed Ward

THE MONSTERS OF LOCH NESS, by Roy P. Mackal (Chicago: Swallow Press, \$12.50), and **THE SEARCH FOR BIG FOOT**, by Peter Byrne (New York: Pocket Books, \$1.75). It's oft been said



that if monsters didn't exist, humans would have had to invent them. In point of fact, they probably didn't, and we undoubtedly did. Leading the legendary and/or mythical creature contingent currently

in the public eye are the Loch Ness monster and Big Foot. Though many are the monster mavens who vigorously proselytize on behalf of one or both of the above mentioned beasts, it's surprising how little most people really know about either of them.

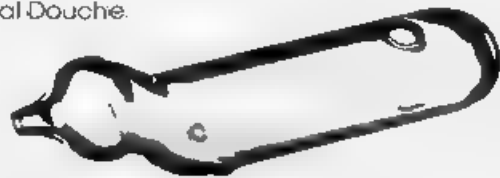
Roy P. Mackal's *The Monsters of Loch Ness* is the latest in a long line of books devoted to Loch Ness lore. With its painstaking presentation of the myriad theories surrounding the beast's supposed sightings, its detailed descriptions of the various scientific equipment employed in the thus-far-inconclusive quest and its 180 or so pages of appendices—

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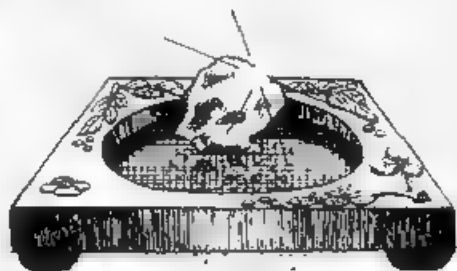
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replete with the expected photos, graphs, charts and maps — *The Monsters of Loch Ness* emerges as a substantial work, tailored for the dedicated enthusiast.



Just as well-documented as the Loch Ness monster is Big Foot, the object of an equally obsessive search. Do you know

That the suspected existence of the legendary Big Foot, or Sasquatch, Canadian-

American cousin of the Abominable Snowman, or Yeti, is a matter of utmost concern to thousands of North Americans? That there is an official Big Foot Information Center in The Dalles, Oregon? That there is a The Dalles, Oregon?

Well, you'll know all that and a great deal more if you read *Big Foot* stalker Peter Byrne's *The Search for Big Foot*, a modestly priced paperback containing all the latest inside info. and ample history on that hirsute hominid. Author Byrne "the only man alive who has made a profession out of this extraordinary search," integrates his own Big Foot adventures in the Northwest with myriad accounts of real and/or imagined Sasquatch sightings, and illustrates the work with a generous sprinkling of maps, charts and photos, which may or may not depict the object of this febrile quest.

According to Byrne, Big Foot represents "one of the last great unsolved and unexplained mysteries of this shrinking world of ours." While it's undoubtedly true that unsolved and unexplained mysteries generally have it all over those of the solved, explained variety, I must confess to having lost patience with the book. Lengthy descriptions of interminable "sightings" are, I fear, of ceaseless fascination to the hardcore Big Foot buff (e.g., a Butte County, California, Sasquatch-watcher reported seeing a creature "over six feet tall and heavily built," whose "head was small and came to a peak at the top." Sounds to us like nothing more mysterious than a typical state trooper).

While Byrne and cohorts come across as reasonable sorts, their obsession with tracking down Big Foot is one I frankly find disturbing. Obviously if the Big Foot (feet?) do indeed exist, they are perfectly content to go their separate ways, as evidenced by their habit of fleeing in dread from even a single *Homo sapiens*. If they are rounded up and forcibly annexed to the larger society, how long will it be before they suffer the inevitable cultural disintegration, emotional anomie, vile social diseases and rising alcoholism rate traditionally suffered by groups so annexed? And who is gonna foot the welfare bill?

Withal, while we find the Loch Ness quest the more serious empiric, our final

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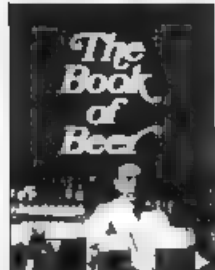
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advice is to let sleeping Sasquatch and Loch Ness monsters lie and rechannel human energies into more productive pursuits—like finally stocking all those empty unicorn cages at the Bronx Zoo.

—Joe Kane

THE BOOK OF BEER, by Bob Abel (Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, paperbound, \$6.95). Books on beer culture appear with eye-



closing regularity—everything from Dr LeMasters's sociological analysis *Blue Collar Aristocrats* to Mountain Brew *A Guide to Country Beer Making*—each contributing a slice to the pie of life seen through the bottom of a beer glass. If you read enough of them you can get cirrhosis of the brain. The latest, Bob Abel's *Book of Beer*, may put you on the wagon.

It is not the fraternity-bash tone of the book or the I-can-drink anybody-in-the-house-under-the-table braggadocio, a macho totem as revered as penis size, that so detracts from the work as much as it is the lack of informative substance. Beer freaks need a voice other than the front-office PR hype, someone to criticize such excesses as the 20-plus additives routinely added to most major beers or the power shenanigans that submerged hundreds of independent brewers under the frothy corporate tide.

But Bob Abel and his pastiche of contemporary beer lore, historical trivia and questionable tavern ratings have the strong scent of the megabrewer's publicity machine. In a chapter on "The Coor's Mystique," for instance, a variety of explanations is offered for Coor's sudden popularity in the late Sixties before it dropped off unexpectedly a few years later. Yet not a word is mentioned about the boycott against Coors, precipitated by archconservative University of Colorado Regent William Coors—a public belittlement that deteriorated the college market.

Such omissions notwithstanding, there is a wealth of intriguing oddities and historical details that makes for fast, easy reading. Beer has been around since at least 3,000 B.C. Noah stocked a few cases on the ark, Bavarians rioted when the king upped the price of a mug by a pfennig, real ale disappeared in the fifteenth century. Illustrations ranging from William Hogarth's etchings to photos of the Beer Museum in Pennsylvania testify to beer's ageless popularity as an aesthetic object as well as a drug. Brewing and cooking with beer are discussed and varieties of beer—lager, pilsner, stout—are defined.

It is an entertaining book, and more interesting than bottle labels.

—Michael Chance

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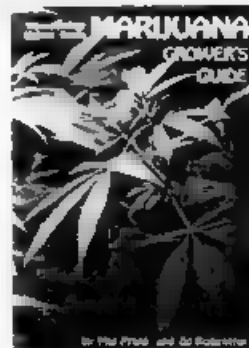
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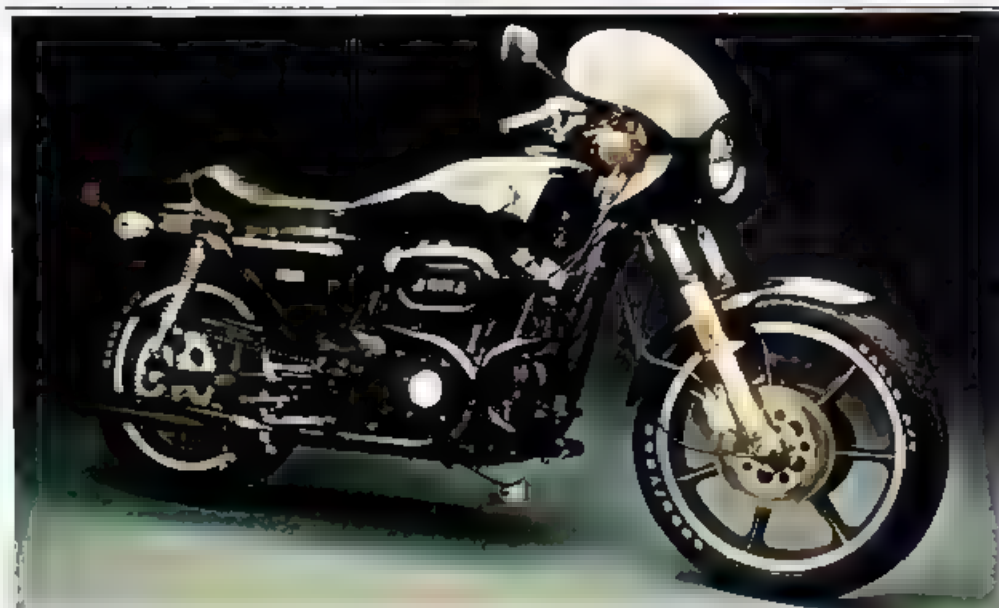
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Tired of riding with chickenshit clubs? Want to lay some tracks with a class gang? You know you need a Harley, and the hog to buy this year is the 1977 XLCR Café Racer. Possibly the masterpiece of Harley-Davidson customizing wizard Willie G. (Davidson), the Café Racer features the engine from the powerful 1977 Sportster, a

unique Siamese exhaust system with all-black pipes, aluminum cast wheels, XR-750 racer styling, dual front disk brakes, a specially designed gas tank and many other attractions that spell c-l-a-s-s. Ask your local Harley dealer for the price—or if you prefer, steal one. Down with middle-class property fetishism!

It's Beanie Time!

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Sam Oliver



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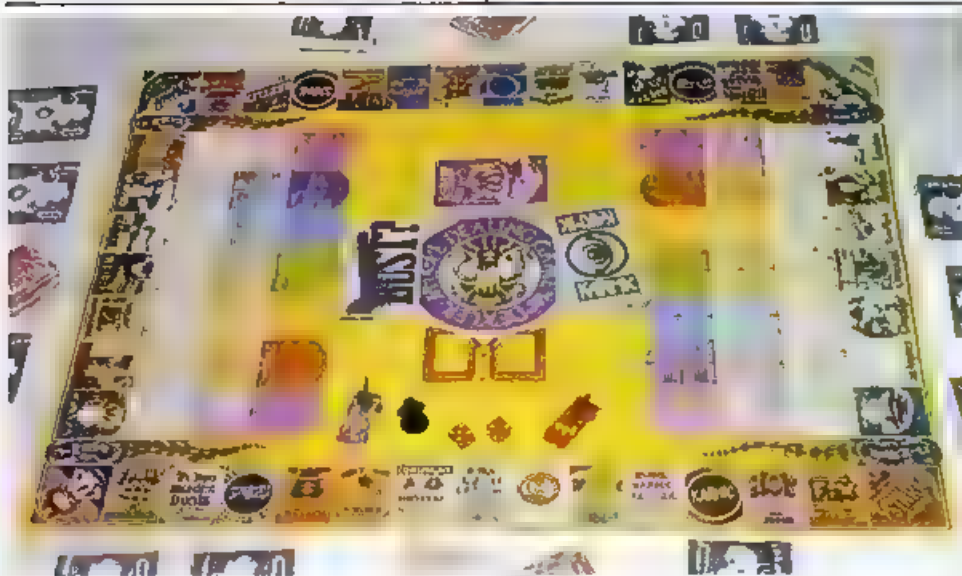
Living Color

Tian Harlan, a 36-year-old West German architect and artist, has the last word in decorator timepieces for 1977. His Chromachron features a signed black disk with a pie slice removed to indicate the hour as it revolves around a wheel of 12 distinct colors. Originally commissioned by Walt Disney to cheer him up with "living color" when he was cryogenically frozen until such time as a cure for cancer could be found, the Chromachron is now available in elegant but inexpensive (\$49.95) editions from Chromachron, P.O. Box 330963, Coconut Grove, Fla. 33133.



Turquoise Toots

If Geronimo were alive and sniffing, no doubt it would be with a utensil much like this spoon-straw by Uptown Hardware. Hand wrought of sterling silver (gold can be had at a slight premium), these nasal aids are inlaid with turquoise, coral, jet and mother-of-pearl in a number of canny designs including mushrooms, stars, ace of spades, Yin-Yang, the ever-popular Playboy bunny and the newly popular peanut. Prices start at \$25 for the basic silver spoon; the binostri blaster starts at \$50. A catalog is fifty cents, refundable with purchase from Uptown Hardware, Route 1, Box 585, Conifer, Colorado 80433.



Lost Without the Saturday Evening Post?

Then while away those sunset years with the Official Dealer McDope Dealing Game, based on the adventures of one of the more forgotten characters of Sixties underground comix, Dave Sheridan's Dealer McDope. A toss of the dice, a spin of the wheel, and you're off to Jamaica, Mexico, Colombia, Bolivia, Peru or even one of our own fine U.S. penitentiaries, where you can relive all the thrills of big-time dope dealing in the comfort of your own home. A great gift idea for a son or daughter who's

about to graduate, or at least get paroled. Comes in a discreet brown paper wrapper when you send \$12.95 to Last Gasp, 2180 Bryant, San Francisco, Ca. 94110.

"High Style" spotlights the latest accouterments of the high life, including playthings, paraphernalia, instruments of pleasure, gadgets for your work and for your home—anything that adds zest and style to your day. If you know of an item that should be reviewed in this department, please send it to the High Style editor. ☐

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AFGHANISTAN

Local Kabul hash	better available	oz	1 2
Water-pressed hash	decent	oz	50-100
Shirazi hash	very tasty	oz	1 2
Mazar-i-sharif	strong	oz	40-80
		oz	3-7
		kilo	100-200
		oz	5-9
		kilo	125-250

AUSTRALIA

Domestic grass	quality and quantity on increase	oz	20-35
Nepalese hash	good fingers	lb	200-325
		oz	75-150
Indian hash	OK	lb	900-1250
		oz	70-90
Alghani hash	excellent	lb	600-1100
		oz	100-140
LSD	when found	lb	1100-1550
	some good blotter	hit	2-5
Cocaine	nothing special	100 gm	100-225
		oz	75-125
		oz	1800-2200

AZORE ISLANDS

Angolan grass	poor supply, good quality	oz	35-80
Mozambique grass	tremendous	lb	400-700
Quasuludes	scarce	oz	80-90
		lb	500-800
Dormadinas	tranquil	one	2-3
		100	75-160
		one	1 2
		100	75-150

BELGIUM

Nigerian grass	excellent on occasion	oz	30-50
Chitral hash	fine high	lb	425-550
		gm	2 3
Lebanese hash	supply declining; fair quality	oz	45-75
Nepalese hash	good quality, quantity	lb	40-60
		oz	425-550
LSD	poor	oz	45-75
		hit	450-600
		hit	2-5
Cocaine	barely	100 gm	225-350
		oz	60-100
		oz	1050-1500

CANADA

Domestic	poor to good	oz	15-30
Regular Mexican	usually smokable	lb	150-325
Top-grade Mexican	excellent	oz	15-35
Commercial Colombian	when found	oz	175-325
Commercial Colombian	quality increasing	oz	35-55
Commercial Colombian		oz	450-575
Commercial Colombian	quantity on rise	oz	35-50
Hawaiian	very tasty	lb	400-550
		oz	50-85
Afghani hash	good when fresh	oz	450-700
		lb	200-275
Indian hash	some decent	lb	2200-3200
		oz	175-225
Kashmiri hash	scarce	lb	1400-2200
		oz	125-200
Afghani hash oil	supply drying up	oz	175-200
Honey oil	amber good	oz	1800-2600
		gm	30-50
LSD	blotter fair to good	oz	500-600
		oz	50-80
Cocaine	OK	oz	460-650
		hit	2 5
		100	150-250
		oz	75-125
		oz	1400-2000
	quality and supply on decline	gm	25-50

CHINA

Santa Maria gold, red	pick of the harvest	oz	5-15
Machu Picchu	good smoke	lb	40-75
		oz	5-10
Punta roja	extremely tasty	lb	40-75
		oz	5-10
Colombian hash	fair	oz	45-75
		lb	25-50
Colombian hash oil	not the best	100 lb	2000-3000
LSD	short supply	oz	150-225
		oz	1800-2600
Mushrooms	excellent	hit	3-5
		oz	260-400
Cocaine	good to amazing	oz	30-45
		oz	250-400
		lb	4000-8000

DENMARK

Lebanese hash	supply depleting	gm	2-5
Moroccan hash	fair to good	lb	600-900
		gm	1 50 2 50
LSD	OK blotter	hit	600-800
		hit	2 3
		100	125-175

ECUADOR

Colombian grass	good quality and quantity	oz	7 50-10
Ecuadorian red	very good	lb	75-150
Cocaine	excellent flake	oz	3-5
		lb	80-125
San Pedro cactus	OK supply	gm	25-40
		oz	450-700
		free	

ENGLAND

Moroccan hash	fair to good	oz	50-75
Lebanese hash	quantity depleting	lb	600-800
		oz	70-85
Afghani hash	high quality	lb	800-950
		oz	75-125
Colombian hash	terrible	lb	800-1200
		oz	50-65
Hash oil	usually good	oz	550-800
LSD	OK	gm	25-35
		hit	375-500
		hit	1-1 50
Cocaine	poor to fair rock	100 gm	75-150
		oz	50-125
Mandrax	stable	one	2200
		one	1-3
		100	75-200

FRANCE

Yamba	scarce	oz	40-75
Colombian	decent when found	lb	400-650
		oz	35-85
Moroccan	some good quality	lb	450-750
		oz	25-50
Afghani hash	strong	lb	350-500
		gm	5-10
Chitral hash	excellent, rare	lb	900-1200
		oz	50-75
LSD	continental high	lb	500-750
		hit	2 50 5
Opium	good	100 gm	200-325
		gm	10-15

GERMANY

Lebanese hash	poor supply	gm	2-5
		kilo	1200-1300
Afghani hash	quality and quantity on increase	oz	40-85
Moroccan hash	OK	lb	500-725
		oz	35-50
Thai sticks	potent	lb	475-575
		one	10-20
LSD	good blotter	oz	750-1000
		hit	2 50 5
Cocaine	fair rock	100 gm	200-350
		oz	65-110
		oz	425-750

HONG KONG

Mainland weed	just decent	oz	8-12
Thai grass	excellent, resin	lb	115-225
		oz	50-100
Thai sticks	powerful smoke	lb	750-1200
		one	8-15
Afghani hash	scarce	oz	75-175
		gm	7 50-15
		oz	75-175

ITALY

Colombian	usually commercial	oz	75-100
Lebanese hash	quality decent at best	oz	800-850
		lb	100-125
Afghani hash	black with white slabs, good	100 gm	300-400
Moroccan hash	soft green OK	oz	100-160
		oz	70-115
LSD	U.S. blotter	100 gm	200-275
		hit	3 50 5
Cocaine	poor to fair	100 gm	300-350
		oz	45-75
Speed	stable condition	gm	900-1150
		oz	50-75
		oz	1000-1300

JAPAN

Torneo violet	scarce	oz	5-10
Guadalajara green	very good	lb	80-125
Oaxacan tops	fair to excellent	oz	5-10
Guerrero gold	quality tasty weed	lb	75-125
		oz	5-10
Pueblo	steady quality	lb	65-100
		oz	5-10
Magic mushrooms	trippy	oz	85-115
Cocaine		gm	5-7 50
		oz	55-75
Opium	good	oz	400-500
		lb	5000

THE MIDDLE EAST

Senegalese & Congolese grass	poor supply	oz	50-85
Domestic grass	quality on increase	lb	450-600
Moroccan hash	thin green slabs OK	oz	20-40
		lb	250-350
Lebanese hash	fair	oz	50-75
		lb	400-575
Pakistani hash	thick slabs, some good	oz	50-85
Kashmiri hash	excellent	lb	500-600
		oz	60-75
Hash oil	Alghani several types	lb	450-850
LSD		hit	85-110
Cocaine	decent	lb	800-800
Burmese opium	dreamy	liter	1650-2100
		hit	2-4
		100 gm	150-225
		oz	75-125
		oz	1200-2100
		gm	3-5
		oz	60-85

TURKEY

Turkish hash	tremendous	oz	5-10
Antonia hash	excellent	lb	75-85
		oz	7 50-10
LSD	scarce	lb	100-175
		hit	5-12
Opium	terrific	100 gm	500-600
		oz	3-7 50
		lb	60-85

USA

Contiguous			
Regular Mexican	fair to good	oz	15-30
Top-grade Mexican	sinsemilla, excellent	lb	100-300
Jamaican	stringy and seedy	oz	75-150
		lb	1000-2000
Commercial Colombian	various kinds	oz	20-30
Comorasseur Colombian	gold, red, available	oz	250-450
Hawaiian	delicious	lb	25-40
		oz	275-450
Thai sticks	good to excellent	oz	40-75
		one	350-550
Nigerian grass	slash only	lb	200-250
		oz	2100-3000
Moroccan hash	OK when fresh	oz	20-30
		oz	190-250
Lebanese hash	good red, scarce	oz	40-65
		lb	500-650
Alghani hash	OK supply quality	oz	75-110
		lb	900-1200
Nepalese hash	some decent fingers	oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1500
Paki hash	supply declining	oz	120-200
		oz	1400-2000
Lebanese hash oil	rare	lb	120-185
Alghani hash oil	potent supply	oz	1300-1700
Honey oil	declining excellent	gm	20-30
		oz	325-450
THC	small green tabs; OK	gm	25-35
LSD	all kinds	oz	350-500
		oz	25-45
Palocycin mushrooms	available	oz	375-600
Cocaine	poor to good; rock and flake	one	1 3
Quasuludes	short supply	100 hit	75-175
		hit	1 3
		100	75-150
		oz	20-35
		lb	160-250
		gm	75-125
		oz	1200-1900
		one	3-5
		100	200-400
Alaska			
Domestic	quality on increase	oz	35-65
Regular Mexican	stable quality	lb	425-500
Cocaine	usually heavily stepped on	oz	20-35
		lb	250-400
		gm	75-125
		oz	1600-2300
Hawaii			
Kona gold	excellent smoke	oz	75-150
		lb	1100-1700
Mau	one of the best	oz	100-150
		lb	1200-1800

High Times welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMO is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope. [X]

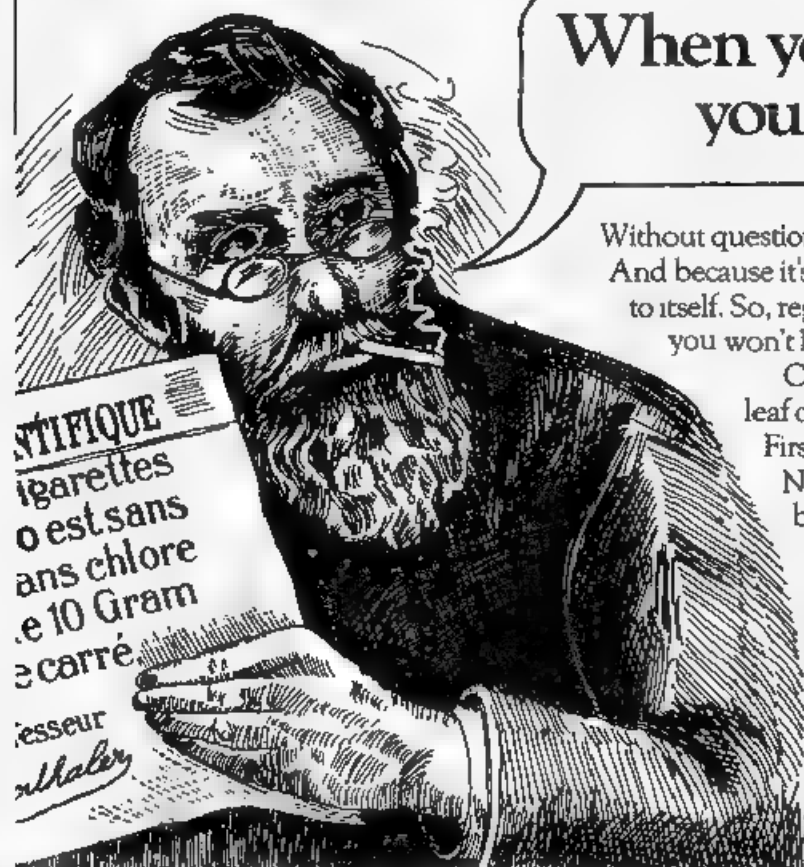
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High on the Hill

High Times now has a news bureau in Washington, D.C. Just a few blocks from the White House our reporters will be checking

up on Jimmy Carter's professed intention to clean up the Drug Enforcement Administration and keeping close tabs on the Carterization of the Washington ruling junta. Operating in conjunction with the Alternative Press Syndicate (APS), the bureau will be headed by APS reporter Chip Berlet, who will work with High Times editor A. Craig Copetas and Washington reporter Bill Choyke. Our spies on the hill will keep up with political developments around the world, sniffing out foul play and weeding out corruption wherever found, no matter how high.

Red Alert

Ron Rosenbaum, contributing editor for Esquire and contributing writer for New Times, recently left as executive editor of More, the media magazine, to return to writing full-time. Among the projects he says he's involved with is a study of the specialness and strangeness of the red-haired experience. Rosenbaum, himself a red-head—and beard—muttered something about the mysterious significance of the fact that the beard of Judas was red and asked that red-haired readers write him about their experiences, care of this magazine.



Don Juan Through de Mille

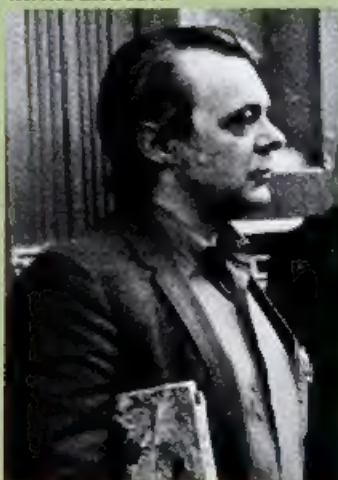
Yes, the author of "Carlos Castaneda—Fact or Fiction?" is the son of the great Hollywood producer-director Cecil B., so son Richard should know a showman when he sees one. Richard de Mille's other qualifications for investigating don Juan include a Ph.D. in psychology and years of study in philosophy, religion and science. In addition, he's been a TV producer and director, a professor at U.S.C. and U.C. Santa Barbara, a research psychologist and the author of many scientific, scholarly and technical articles in rags like Multivariate Behavioral Research, the Journal of Advertising Research, the University of



Southern California Psychological Laboratory Reports and Astounding Science Fiction. "Castaneda" is the grist (but by no means all the fun) of Castaneda's Journey, a book-length examination of the don Juan legend published this year by Capra Press of Santa Barbara.

Slumming?

Then you'll definitely check out this month's minimagazine "Nomad," an international travel guide for the young at heart and poor in pocket. "Nomad" was edited by John Wilcock, an early face or founder at the Village Voice, the East Village Other, the Underground Press Syndicate, the L.A. Free Press, Other Scenes, Andy Warhol's Interview, OZ and many others. Wilcock is also the author of many of the "\$5-a-Day" travel books. In "Nomad," Wilcock takes you to every kibbutz, ashram, nude beach and gyp joint from Ibiza (Eye-Bee-Za) to Goa (Yan-Kee A-Go-A Hom-A), leaving no purlieu of hip vacationing unblitzed in his search for dope, thrills and sex.



Snow-Use

Robert Sabbag was a Washington and Boston-based reporter for Hearst until three years ago, when his interest in "Peruvian affairs" got him started on Snowblind, which is excerpted in this issue. The book took two years and another year of waiting for a battery of lawyers to wipe off the fingerprints. Writing about the upper end of the cocaine business from the inside out is like operating in a free-fire zone, he says. "There is a hard edge to this kind of work on one side of which you find yourself looking down the open throat of the Law and on the other side of which you find you are neck-deep in the sand with the ocean rolling in over your face."

Shoplifters Will Be Prosecuted

Another good thing about America that you can't find in the Soviet Union is New Morning, operated by the Trans-High Corporation (THC), who publish this magazine. New Morning is located at Spring Street near the crossroads of the world (Spring St. and West Broadway) in beautiful downtown Soho, where New York's artistic avant-garde meet to drink. Possibly the finest bookstore in the English-speaking world (possibly not), New Morning contains a complete selection of foreign magazines and all domestic magazines in all fields, including all underground comix, as well as com-



plete selections of books on the occult, parapsychology, dope, anarchism, martial arts, music, comedies, tragedies, histories, pastorals, pastoral comedies, comical tragedies, historical, tragical pastoral comedies, tragical comical pastoral histories, paperbacks, hardcovers and scantily clad artists' models, who come in to get warm. ☐

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Grace Slick

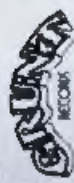
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